

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.



At the close of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, there was a general opinion among people familiar with world's fairs that the ambition to assemble the products and arts of the whole earth in enormous aggregations of raw materials, machinery, fabrics, and pictures had culminated and would go no further. Such great and costly displays, it was argued, had had their day and would be seen no more. Yet barely two years later Paris followed and in some respects surpassed Philadelphia; and now comes New Orleans, with seventy-six acres under roofs; and France is already preparing to outdo herself and all the rest of the world by a monstrous exhibition in 1889, to celebrate the Centennial of her Revolution. Evidently the world's fair, as a phase and means of human progress, is not growing obsolete, whatever

people may think who turn away weary and sated after efforts to mentally digest miles and miles of merchandise and machinery.

If anything would demonstrate beyond the possibility of question the continued vitality of the universal exhibition idea, it is the fact that such an exhibition has been successfully created on the extreme southern border of the United States, in a city of less than a quarter of a million inhabitants, surrounded by a sparsely peopled country on two sides and by the Gulf of Mexico and its bordering marshes on the other two. Of all great undertakings, the work of forming one of these enormous conglomerate displays is among the most difficult and arduous. It might well be compared to that of organizing an army out of raw levies; but in the case of the new army arbitrary power and military discipline are potent to bring order out of chaos, while in that of the exhibition the schemes, stubbornness, and often the stupidity of thousands of individuals must be dealt with respectfully. The coöperation of a multitude of exhibitors must be secured, and their clashing projects for precedence and advantage harmonized. Then there are always formidable financial difficulties, except when a generous government opens wide its treasury; and if the money required is forthcoming, a thousand obstacles arise to prevent the completion of the plan at the date specified—delays of exhibitors, the slowness of transportation lines, the failures of building contractors to come up to time, the inefficiency of officials, and an enormous amount of raveled threads of detail to carry along and tie at the last moment into the symmetrical knots of the general scheme. All who had obtained much knowledge by experience or observation of the great difficulty of the task of bringing into life a world's fair had grave doubts of the possibility of the success of the ambitious project put forth about two years ago by the ancient, easy-going, semi-tropical city near the mouth of the Mississippi. That this project has succeeded, and in a very notable way too, is due not so much to the efforts of the New Orleans

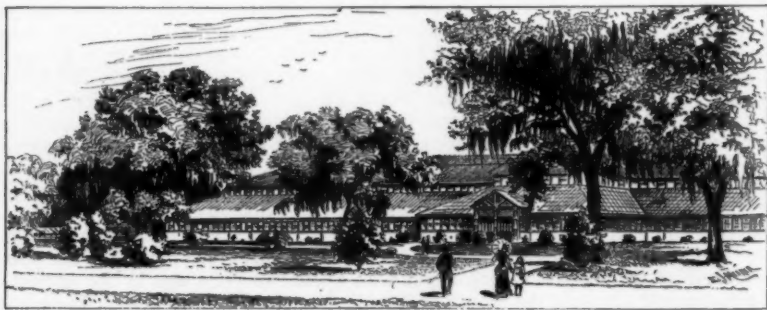
people as to the good fortune of very intelligent and energetic direction, and to the rise of a new national idea,—namely, that there are vast and inviting fields to the south of us waiting to be conquered for our industries and our commerce. This idea, which occasionally appears in our politics and governmental relations, has taken strong hold of the manufacturers of the North. They have sent their fabrics and machinery to New Orleans because it is the natural mart of all the regions bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, in which they hope to find a new outlet for their goods, and because they expect to meet here the people of those regions.

There is still another idea back of this remarkable exhibition, namely, that the Southern States of the Union, having recovered from the ravages of the civil war and mastered, at least for a time, their political and race problems, now stand in the portal of a great industrial development which is to exploit their mines and forests, establish manufactures, revivify their agriculture, and bring them an influx of capital and immigration. An eagerness to show their readiness for this development led the Southern communities warmly to advocate the plan of a great fair which should be largely Southern in its character. It is not, in fact, as markedly Southern as its projectors expected, but this is because the Northern States, and especially the new States of the West, came forward with striking displays of their resources and achievements.

Having thus glanced at the ideas which lay back of the New Orleans Exposition, let us see how the show itself was brought into existence. The first impetus was given by a letter written by Edward Atkinson, the political economist, and published in the "New York Herald" in August, 1880. Mr. Atkinson urged a celebration of the centennial of the cotton industry in the United States by an exhibition in the city of New York. The

project was taken up in Georgia, and its immediate result was the Cotton Exhibition at Atlanta in 1881, a very creditable display, of moderate dimensions, followed by a larger one at Louisville in 1883. Neither, however, greatly interested the people of the lower Mississippi Valley, who thought that the proper place to glorify King Cotton was in the chief city of the cotton-belt, and not in a town on the extreme northern border of that belt. This feeling led to an agitation among the cotton-planters of the Valley, who have an association which holds annual meetings. The president of this association, F. C. Morehead of Vicksburg, editor of a journal devoted to the cotton industry, took up the subject, stimulated the agitation, and pushed it forward into a popular demand for a cotton-show in New Orleans.

Cotton was first exported from America in the year 1784; so 1884 was the year talked of for the proposed fair. Among the early advocates of the project was E. A. Burke, editor of the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" and Treasurer of the State of Louisiana, a man of large activities in politics and public affairs and of wide acquaintance and influence throughout the South. Major Burke, as he is always called, in accordance with the Southern custom of preserving military titles originating in the civil war, had labored zealously with his newspaper to stimulate the industrial and commercial life of the Gulf States, and to foster trade-relations with the natives and colonies of the tropical regions of America. He had dispatched correspondents to Mexico and the Central American republics, and had fitted out an expedition which explored the *terra incognita* of southern Florida. In his active mind the plan of a show of cotton and its manufactures soon broadened into the conception of a universal exhibition in which the Southern States and their foreign neighbors should play the most prominent part, and to which the nations of the earth should be



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

invited—an exhibition which would spread the fame of New Orleans around the globe and emphasize its advantages as the commercial emporium of all the lands and islands surrounding the Gulf of Mexico.

Congress passed a bill in 1883 which in effect placed the Government in the attitude of forming a partnership with the National Cotton-Planters' Association to create the Exposition. It formed a governing body of thirteen directors, six named by the President on the recommendation of the Association, and seven by him on that of a majority of the subscribers to the enterprise in the city where it might be located.

The bill did not establish the exhibition at New Orleans, but left the location to the Board, who determined to give it to the city that would subscribe \$500,000. There was no competition for the honor. Half a million was a large sum for any Southern city to raise; besides, public opinion had clearly indicated New Orleans as the proper place for the fair. Of the Board of Directors, Edmund Richardson of Mississippi, the largest planter of cotton in the United States, and with the exception of the Khedive of Egypt the largest in the world, was made President, and Samuel Mullen Secretary. Mr. Morehead, Major Burke, and William B. Schmidt, a public-spirited New Orleans merchant, were made a committee to solicit subscriptions. The first subscription was that of the "Times-Democrat," of \$5000. Pledges of about \$225,000 were obtained, payable in installments, chiefly from the railroad companies, the banks, and the Cotton Exchange. Some effort was made to obtain Northern contributors to the fund, but only one subscription came from that section—\$1000 from Potter Palmer of Chicago. The city government of New Orleans gave \$100,000. Thus there was in all \$325,000 in sight—a pitiful sum with which to venture upon the gigantic enterprise of creating a world's fair. At that time, however, few people, perhaps nobody besides Major Burke, had



A CORNER IN JAPAN.

any notions beyond a small exhibition like those so successfully conducted at Atlanta and Louisville. The directors offered Burke the management of the enterprise, with the title of Director-General and a salary of \$25,000 a year. He was not willing to neglect his newspaper and his other business interests, and declined. They came to him again, saying that they could find no other man in the South competent for the task, and that if he did not accept they would be forced to go North and engage an exhibition expert. He finally told them he would take the place, but with a salary of \$10,000 only, which should be invested in exhibition stock and the stock presented to the Agricultural and Mechanical College of the State of Louisiana.

Once at the head of the undertaking, Mr. Burke proceeded to expand the original plan from that of a regional show in honor of cotton to the ambitious dimensions of a universal exhibition of all products, industries,

and arts. When there was only \$300,000 available in money, and no definite prospect beyond another hundred thousand, he began the erection of a building to cost \$325,000. In face of some opposition and much inertia on the part of members of the Board who could not get far beyond the conception of a county fair, he pushed his ideas into execution. Mr. Morehead was made Commissioner-General to travel and interest State governments, manufacturing firms, and foreign nations in making displays. For the money absolutely requisite to go forward with the scheme, Congress was appealed to. Major Burke went to Washington, where his large acquaintance as a politician came into play, aroused an interest in the project among the leaders of both parties, and succeeded, in May, 1884, in having a bill passed loaning the exhibition \$1,000,000, to be paid back out of the receipts, if there should be any surplus over expenses. This appropriation gave life to the whole project, which before had been dragged along by the hardest by a few earnest men through many difficulties, the greatest of which was that of awakening a general interest in the public mind. The Congressional fund was tied up by a restrictive clause making it available only when \$500,000 had been raised from other sources. Only about \$400,000 had been pledged in all, and much

of that was to come in in installments. The Director-General hastened to Baton Rouge, where the Legislature of Louisiana was luckily in session, obtained a grant of a hundred thousand from the State, and then persuaded the subscribers to pay up their deferred installments. Much precious time was lost, and it was not until August 7th, 1884, that the million was obtained from the United States Treasury.

In all there was only \$1,500,000 with which to create the exhibition—a meager amount, in view of the fact that the buildings alone at the Philadelphia Centennial cost over \$5,000,000. Of this scanty fund, \$5000 was given to each State and Territory, to be expended, under the direction of the governor, by a commissioner nominated by him and appointed by the President of the United States, in forming a State exhibit. This seeming act of extravagance, which disposed at one stroke of nearly a quarter of a million, was sagacious and far-sighted. It stimulated the State commissioners, who would otherwise have looked upon their appointments as honorary only, to efforts to organize creditable displays of the resources and attainments of their several communities. Five thousand dollars would not go far, but it was a nucleus for a State fund, which was increased by public subscriptions, or by legislative appropriations, where legislatures were in session. State pride was aroused, and the result was a collective national exhibit embracing every State and Territory except Utah. These exhibits constitute the strongest feature of the entire exhibition. Here New Orleans far surpasses the Philadelphia Centennial. Indeed, there have never before been shown under one roof the products of the mines, fields, orchards, and forests of all our American commonwealths, and the attainments of each in education and industry. To contain this display, a second building was erected, almost as large as the first. It was not begun until August, and it was finished in November. The original plan was that the huge Main Building should contain all the exhibits, but by this time the applications for space had shown that it was going to prove wholly inadequate. The act of Congress provided that the Exposition should be held in 1884; and, to comply with this requirement, it



MEXICAN SILVER.

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was opened to the public on the 16th day of December, although in a very inchoate condition. Not until about the 1st of February were all departments of the fair brought into a tolerably complete state. At that time a debt of about \$300,000 had been incurred by the management beyond the \$1,500,000 placed at their disposition and the money obtained from gate receipts and the sale of concessions.

We have thus seen how the Exposition came into existence; now let us glance at the result as a whole. It is manifestly unfair to compare the New Orleans display, made so hastily, with such scanty means and at such a great distance from the chief centers of population, with the Philadelphia Centennial, which was three years in preparation, which was strongly supported by the United States Government, a rich city, and a great State, and had behind it a powerful sentiment of patriotism; and still more unfair to draw the parallel with the last Paris Exposition, of which the French Government took entire charge, and for which it expended more than ten millions of dollars. Yet as far as magnitude is concerned this show in the Far South can well claim rank with the two greatest world's fairs ever held. Witness the following figures as to areas of buildings:

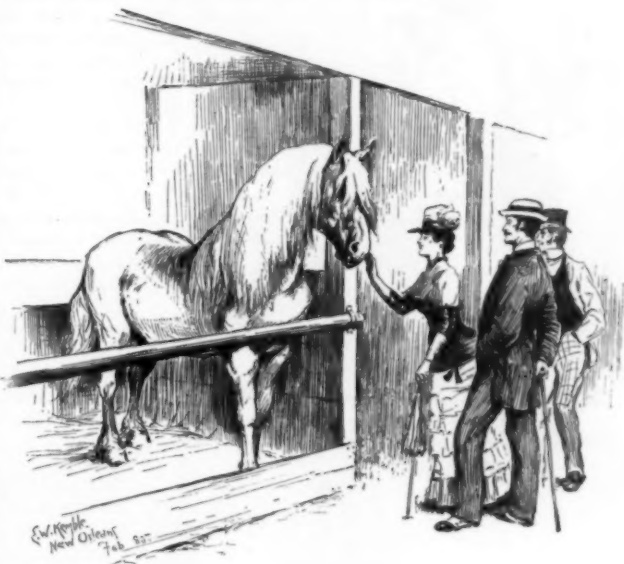
Philadelphia, 1876.	Main Building	.....	20.11 acres
Paris, 1878.	"	"	54 "
New Orleans, 1885.	"	"	31.3 "

At Philadelphia the machinery was in a separate structure; at New Orleans it is placed in the Main Building. Perhaps a better comparison is that of the total areas under roof at the three exhibitions.

Philadelphia, 1876.	All buildings	.....	71.5 acres
Paris, 1878.	"	"	100 "
New Orleans, 1885.	"	"	76 "

The area of the principal buildings at Philadelphia was forty-eight acres, a multitude of small structures—restaurants and special buildings erected by exhibitors—making up

the total of 71.5 acres. At New Orleans the corresponding principal buildings cover 62 acres. Their several areas in square feet are shown in the following table:



THE WHITE STALLION.

Main Building	.....	1,656,300 sq. ft.
Government Building	.....	616,400 "
Art Gallery	.....	25,000 "
Saw-mill Building	.....	36,000 "
Brick-making Machinery Building	.....	12,000 "
Machinery Annex.	.....	60,300 "
Horticultural Hall	.....	69,600 "
Boiler House	.....	20,000 "
Furniture Pavilion	.....	13,500 "
2 Pump Houses, 2304 sq. ft. each	.....	4,608 "
6 Live Stock Stables, 22,800 sq. ft. each	.....	136,800 "
Wagon Building	.....	23,080 "

Total amount, 2,673,588 sq. ft.  
or 62 acres.

The Mexican buildings, restaurants, etc., make up a total area of about 76 acres.

When we come to the cost of the buildings at these three recent world's fairs, New Orleans can boast of having accomplished great results with a surprisingly small outlay. After the French had dismantled and sold their main building, and disposed of the palace of Trocadero to the city of Paris, the Government was still out of pocket on account of the fair in the round sum of five millions of dollars. The buildings at the Philadelphia Centennial cost \$5,242,295, and the improvements of the grounds \$922,782. At New Orleans only \$978,000 has been spent on both buildings



PIG-SHOW.

and grounds; yet for all practical purposes of housing an exhibition the New Orleans structures are good enough. The rigid economy applied to their construction is apparent in the cheapness of material, the lack of ornamentation, and the bareness of walls and pillars; but here are the enormous areas, well floored, well roofed, and admirably well lighted. Besides, here are stately portals, and the great size of the structures gives them dignity. To have obtained an area of exhibition-space greater than that at Philadelphia at one-fourth the cost is an achievement of which Director-General Burke and his architect, Mr. G. M. Torgersen, have a right to be proud. They have shown that great exhibitions can be effectually housed without the heavy outlay hitherto supposed to be necessary.

This cheapness has not been at the cost of effective equipment in any department. At Philadelphia the great Corliss engine furnished 1400 horse-power, to which about 600 more was added by other engines. At New Orleans the aggregate of motor force is 3500 horse-power, supplied by a group of thirty-two engines of all sizes, from one to five hundred horse-power. This plan enables a number of engine-builders to show their machines in motion. For the electric lights 1900 horse-

power is required. Steam is supplied by the largest boiler-plant in the world. So quietly does the two and a half miles of shafting run that it was prematurely set in motion, on the opening day, three minutes before the telegraphic signal came from Washington, without any of the visitors assembled for the ceremonial exercises knowing of the mistake. The water supply comes from the Mississippi River close at hand, and the two Worthington pumps that force the yellow flood to the top of the 100 feet of stand-pipe have a capacity of 4,000,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. There are over five miles of pipes. Around the two principal buildings are ten-inch mains, and every hundred feet there are four-inch mains running across. Water can thus be thrown on the roof at intervals of one hundred feet, and upon every part of the interior spaces. The Mississippi water carries a large amount of yellow mud, and to purify it the greatest filtering-plant ever constructed is employed, cleansing 80,000 gallons per hour. This is a new feature in exhibition work, and so is the huge refrigerating and cold storage house, inside of the Main Building, which is three hundred and seventy feet long, and which preserves fruits,

fish, flowers, and dairy products, and makes five tons of ice a day. Another new feature is the elevator system to convey visitors to the gallery, and at the same time display the various inventions in the way of vertical locomotion. There are eighteen elevators in the Main Building and eight in the Government Building.

We have thus seen that in magnitude of structures and efficiency of motive power the "World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition," as it is officially called, compares very well with the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and has a right to take rank beside the greatest world's fairs of history. Let us carry a little further the comparison with the Philadelphia show, which is still, no doubt, fresh in the memories of thousands of CENTURY readers. In brilliancy of general effect, in variety of interest, and in its foreign features, the New Orleans fair does not equal that held in Fairmount Park. We miss here the multitude of structures erected by the States and by foreign governments, the picturesque restaurants of many nationalities, the costly fabrics and wares displayed from motives of national pride, such as the Sèvres and Limoges porcelains, the Doulton potteries, the Elkington silver, the

Japanese and Paris bronzes, the tapestries and laces, the diamonds and jewelry. The foreign departments, except those of Mexico and Belgium, are weak and of very slight interest to people who have made a study of the exhibitions at Vienna, Paris, or Philadelphia. What one finds in them is mainly the goods of the shops, displayed with an evident commercial motive. On the other

the resources, activities, and social condition of the people of every political division of this great continental republic. Nothing approaching this immense and admirable exhibit was ever before attempted. There is talk of a movement to transfer the whole collection to London, and make of it there a distinctively American exhibition; but for this Congress would have to supply the funds, and Con-



SUGAR-CANE AND RICE-HOUSE.

hand, there are some notably strong and original features. The Government Building, with its display from the National Museum in Washington, its departmental exhibits, and its striking arrays of the products and educational achievements of forty-four States and Territories, is itself a university, teaching by object lessons all the essential facts concerning our national resources and national life. Upon its fourteen acres of floor space every important industry can be studied, and all essential information obtained concerning

gress will not be in session when the Exposition here closes.

The general American display in the Main Building is more impressive than that made at Philadelphia, although there are fewer exhibitors. Very liberal allotments of space were made when doubters were arguing that the building could not be filled, and the result is many novel and picturesque methods of display. A severe taste might object to Greek temples of soap and cathedrals of cracker-boxes; to the representation of the

old tower at Newport in spools of thread, and to costumed pigs holding a reception and inviting to a luncheon of cold ham; but it must be borne in mind that the object of an exhibition is to exhibit, and that each exhibitor naturally seeks to catch for his wares the notice of the passing crowd. The view from the galleries in the Main Building over the broad acres covered with exhibits of brilliant colors and novel forms, and over the adjoining acres of machinery in motion, is a fascinating spectacle. These galleries, twenty-three feet wide and encircling the entire building, are one of the best features of the structure. They enable visitors in a lounging mood to escape from the crowds and to look down upon the show with a sense of peaceful superiority.

Here is, perhaps, a good place to interject a few words about the floor-plan, arranged and carried out by Mr. Samuel Mullen, Chief of Installation, in the face of much pressure from exhibitors seeking prominent positions. All aisles are fourteen feet wide, and the ex-

hibiting spaces are based on the unit of four feet square, allotments being made in multiples of that space. The aisles have been kept absolutely free, and extend unbroken from end to end of the building, except in the machinery space, where the group of engines obstructs them, and in the center of the edifice, where the gigantic music-hall is a distinct architectural feature. As all are of the same width, there is no main aisle. This detracts from the general effect; for there is wanting the stately central avenue of the Philadelphia Exhibition, with its symbolical national façades and its rich displays. The advantage of this plan is that it relieves the management from the strife of exhibitors for the desirable positions on a central broad aisle, and from resulting accusations of partiality, and facilitates a systematic classification. Another of Mr. Mullen's ideas is not to put exhibits of a kind side by side, but to separate them within the space allotted to the class, in order to produce a varied effect.

The foreign countries which accepted the invitation of the President to the Exposition, and appointed commissioners to look after their exhibits, were Great Britain, France, Belgium, Russia, China, Japan, Siam, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, British Honduras, and Jamaica.

This is a curious list, remarkable for its omissions as well as for some of the names it includes. It is supplemented by a number of exhibits made by individual firms without governmental aid, which have been grouped under their respective national banners. Thus there is a very fair display of Italian goods, and especially of Venetian glass, extensive enough to form a creditable Italian department; and Bohemian glass, Viennese bent-wood furniture, and a few other articles are displayed beneath the imperial black and yellow of Austria-Hungary. Bismarck's prejudice against the United States was, perhaps, the cause of Germany's refusal to contribute to the



AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

Exposition; but it has not prevented a number of German manufacturers from grouping their goods into an unofficial German department. Spain, from which much might have been expected on account of the proximity of her colony of Cuba to New Orleans, has done nothing officially, and very little by the private enterprise of her people. A Hawaiian exhibit is coming, but at the time this article is written has not yet appeared. China seems to have read the invitation by its title, and, supposing the show was to be mainly of cotton, has sent an admirable exhibit of cotton in all its forms and fabrics, with life-sized costumed figures, and nothing else. In its way this exhibit is the best thing in the whole Exposition. It is accompanied by a catalogue in Chinese and English, prefaced by a monograph on the cultivation and manufacture of cotton in China, that is so thorough and instructive as to put to the blush all the catalogue-making of the self-styled advanced nations of Europe and America. On one of the screens at the entrance of the yellow-roofed pagoda which is the central object

of the display is the following quaint legend: "As from far beyond the clouds in spring, the moon, with liquid refulgence, shines, so the luster of a proper observance of what is right is reflected upon our country and our literature, causing both to flourish."

Japan has sent an educational exhibit strongly colored by the new Western ideas that have revolutionized life and thought in the ancient empire; to this is added, by the enterprise of two of the great commercial companies, a mercantile exhibit of porcelain and other wares, such as can be found in the Japanese shops in Broadway. Siam has a small display of cotton fabrics.

At the head of all foreign countries in space occupied and liberality shown towards the Exposition is our southern neighbor Mexico, whose exhibit is governmental in its character, thoroughly classified, and comprehensive in its presentation of all national products and



THE COTTON PAVILION.

industries. The advertising feature so conspicuous in most foreign departments, and so obtrusive in nearly all the American displays, is wholly absent here. One walks among the long lines of uniform black cases containing the Mexican contributions with the satisfactory feeling that his intelligence is alone appealed to, and that an honest effort has been made to instruct him as to what the Mexican people are doing, and what resources their country possesses inviting further development. The Mexican Government has erected two handsome buildings on the exhibition grounds. One is a pavilion in the Moorish style of architecture, containing a display of mining products; the other a graceful and dignified structure forming a quadrangle around a large court-yard in the style of the houses of the wealthy classes, and serving for the offices of the commissioners and for quarters for a detachment of soldiers and a military band. All

this is significant of the new life that is stirring in Mexico since the building of railways from the United States, and of the ambition of the educated element to put their country in line with the forward march of civilization.

Three of the Central American countries, Guatemala, Honduras, and British Honduras, make small but well-classified and instructive exhibits of natural products, giving especial prominence to their native woods, and show-

of all, a few admirable *genre* bronzes, representing peasant life and hunting scenes, by Professor Lieberich of St. Petersburg, who died in 1883, and A. Poseneve, of Pultowa, a living artist. Belgium's exhibit occupies more space than at Philadelphia. This busy little hive of varied industry appreciates the commercial value of world's fairs, and is never absent from them. Her display here covers the whole field of her chief manufactures, of iron, cotton, linen, woolen, and glass, and contains examples of the map-making work of her Geographical Society. The Belgian goods have not all emerged from the packing-cases at the time I write, and I hope to be able to return to this praiseworthy department in another article.

In the general exhibit of American manufactures there are many evidences of progress in taste and artistic feeling since the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. This is especially manifest in the Trenton pottery, which has advanced from the production of coarse, stout wares, plain or crudely decorated, to the making of many graceful shapes almost as delicate as porcelain, and beautifully ornamented with original designs. It is equally manifest in the furniture. Chairs and sofas have progressed from stiff and stereotyped forms to things of beauty and individuality, each a separate and original conception of the artisan's brain. Here the West rivals the East, and Cincinnati competes successfully with New

York and Boston. I have seen nothing at any world's fair finer than some of the carved walnut and mahogany in the Cincinnati exhibit. Oddly enough, the graceful bent-wood, cane-seat furniture, an Austrian specialty, first introduced in this country in 1876, is now exactly imitated by a factory in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The chief seat of furniture-making in the West is Grand Rapids, Michigan. The manufacturers of that place have joined in the erection of a special building to show their goods. Stained glass is a new art industry which shows decided progress. So does the weaving of silk and of carpets, imitating Oriental fabrics. Other noticeable industries growing out of the new feeling for combining art and utility are the manufacture of encaustic tiles and of terra-cotta architectural ornaments, both of which are strikingly displayed. In the direction of the progress of invention, the striking and only notable feature of the Exposition is the electric lighting, which is applied to buildings and grounds. Never before has a world's fair been brilliantly illuminated throughout at night. The



CHINA'S DUMMY.

ing many hard, handsome furniture woods as yet unknown to commerce, besides their mahogany, rose-wood and red-wood. Jamaica sends sugar, rum, coffee, woods, fibers, and fruits, and adds a case of work from the Woman's Self-help Society, whose president is Lady Musgrave, a daughter of David Dudley Field, Esq., of New York. The South American countries are all absent, save Brazil, which shows only coffee; and the movement to extend our commercial relations southward, as symbolized by the Exposition, stops, therefore, at the Isthmus of Panama.

Returning now to the European departments, one is disappointed to find nothing but an ordinary shop-keeping exhibit of very limited extent and variety from Great Britain, and nothing much better from France, save the excellent educational exhibit sent in charge of a special commissioner, and placed in the gallery of the Government Building. Russia has sent a few fine furs, some costly malachite and lapis-lazuli tables, a number of droll little droskys, sumptuous Moscow fabrics of gold, green, and crimson for wall-hangings, and, most attractive

illumination of the two chief structures is perfect, but it is in the glass palace of the Horticultural Hall that it produces the finest effects, falling upon the luxuriant tropical foliage and the piles and pyramids of fruit. Machinery is amply represented in its chief lines; best of all in those of locomotive and stationary engines, cotton-ginning, milling (and here Hungary competes with Minneapolis), thread-spinning, and wood-working. The machines at work making barbed wire afford a glimpse of a new and important industry which has grown up with the settlement of the treeless plains of the Far West. An electric railway in the grounds is a novelty to most visitors.

Enormous sheds, well lighted, and with broad passages running from end to end, are provided for the temporary displays of live stock and poultry, which have been notably good. The huge Norman and Clydesdale draft horses, sent from the stock-farms of Illinois, amaze the Southern farmers, whose ideas on the subject of draft animals do not go much beyond the lean and stolid mule.

In the Government Building the Federal Government occupies perhaps a third of the floor-space with the great glass globe of the State Department, the Post-Office building, the War and Navy displays, the maps of the Land Department, the striking pictorial presentation of the progress of railway building made by the Commissioner of Railroads, the instructive exhibits of the National Museum and the Agricultural Department, and the melancholy memorials of arctic exploration. The rest of the space is given to the States in varying areas, according to their demands; and they have filled it in various ways, each commissioner doing as he pleased in his little domain, with the means provided him by legislative grants or private subscriptions. The result is an enormous aggregate of interesting objects, and a pleasing absence of monotony in arrangement. One wanders from State to State, sure of finding everywhere something novel and striking, and sure also with a little examination to find much that is characteristic of the life and industry of each division of our great federated Republic. Thus Kansas and Nebraska are rich in wheat and corn; Mississippi erects a pavilion of cotton, and Louisiana a trophy of sugar-cane; while Massachusetts shows her fisheries and the work of her art-schools and benevolent institutions. Vermont raises a marble arch, and Connecticut arrays the multiform products of her manufacturing industries. As a rule all seek to present a few of their natural resources and farm and mine products. Some add educational exhibits and displays of women's work. Ohio makes a cornice for her pavilion of the

portraits of her governors. Kentucky shows her towns, scenery, and rural life by transparent photographs. Missouri shows relics of the Mound-builders. Colorado makes of rocks and painted canvas a picture of the Rocky Mountains, and heaps around it her gold and silver ores. Dakota builds a house of corn, arranges a little artificial park with specimens of her wild animals, sets in motion a model of a grain elevator, and under the shadow of her wheat trophy pitches the wigwam of a Sioux war-chief, who sits all day with wife and child to be stared at by the passing multitude.

In the galleries on two sides of the Government Building are the educational exhibits, in the midst of which the hairy mammoth, in the zoölogical collection of Ward of Rochester, looms up. Another gallery space is devoted to the display of the work of the colored race, and the fourth to the Women's Department. I hope to return to these two significant departments when they shall be more fully arranged than they are at this date (February 1st).

The iron building of the Art Gallery is not open to the public at this writing, and more than half the pictures have not emerged from their packing-cases. Of those that are unpacked I have seen enough to say that this department of the fair will be successful. Within rather narrow bounds as to space and foreign coöperation, Belgium, alone of the European countries, has sent a good representative exhibit of the works of contemporary painters. The collection was made up by the Society of Belgian Artists, and was accompanied by a diagram indicating where each picture should be hung. France and England send a few canvases, but by no means enough in either case to form a national collection. Mexico occupies as much space as Belgium, and has formed an interesting historical collection, beginning three centuries ago, and divided into periods of twenty-five years. The older pictures, inspired by the genius of the great Spanish masters, are the best. In the American gallery there are many attractive canvases, and a tolerably good representation of the younger artists of established reputation. A few of the old Academicians have also contributed.

There remain to mention the Exposition grounds, which are as level as a billiard table, and just as green in this midwinter season, and are diversified by groups and avenues of stately, wide-spreading live oaks hung with a profusion of the trailing gray tree-moss which decks all forest growths in the lowland regions of the South. To many visitors, fresh from lands of snow, these magnificent trees and the verdant turf they shade form the most pleasing sight in all the great show. The

grounds front upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, and lie within the upper suburbs of the city, four miles and a half from the heart of the business district. They are reached by steamboats from the foot of Canal street, and by four lines of street railway, upon which the one-mule cars, rarely crowded, travel at a jog-trot, and carry passengers out to the gates in three-quarters of an hour, from the Clay statue in Canal street, the focus of all tramway movement.

It may occur to the reader that it is time something should be said about cotton in a description of a Cotton Centennial Exposition, but there is really little to say. Besides the machinery for ginning and pressing the Southern staple in the annex to the Main Building, and a few attempts to display it symbolically in tro-

phies and decorations in the State departments of the Government Building, no prominence is given to it. Indeed, the grains of the West are much more strikingly presented. The supremacy of King Cotton is audaciously challenged here in the chief city of his dominions by the new State of Nebraska, which proclaims on an enormous screen, in letters of golden ears, that "Corn is King," and shows a huge portrait of the rival sovereign formed of red and yellow kernels. Many other States join in allegiance to maize, or proclaim by trophies and pyramids and emblematic figures the praise of wheat; while Mississippi alone in her pretty temple of white fiber surmounted by the cotton-plant announces in a striking way her fidelity to the old traditions of Southern agriculture.

*Eugene V. Smalley.*



F. D. L.

(Died February 19th, 1885.)

ALL praise her goodness, talents, loveliness,  
And weep that such should perish; but alone  
One thought repeats within me, like the moan  
Of the monotonous sea, with surging stress,  
Beating upon the wind-swept sand where press  
The sobbing waves, with dull persistence thrown  
Against the hollow shore when day is flown  
And cold night reigns without one star to bless.  
I loved her! Oh, I loved her! This one thought  
Is all my heart has room for. Let them praise  
Who loved her less. I'll sit outside the door  
Of him whom most she loved, nor strive to raise  
The voice of consolation, for no more  
I know: I loved her, and all else is naught.

*L.*

## THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

xv.

LAPHAM'S strenuous face was broken up with the emotions that had forced him to this question: shame, fear of the things that must have been thought of him, mixed with a faint hope that he might be mistaken, which died out at the shocked and pitying look in Corey's eyes.

"Was I drunk?" he repeated. "I ask you, because I was never touched by drink in my life before, and I don't know." He stood with his huge hands trembling on the back of his chair, and his dry lips apart, as he stared at Corey.

"That is what every one understood, Colonel Lapham," said the young man. "Every one saw how it was. Don't——"

"Did they talk it over after I left?" asked Lapham, vulgarly.

"Excuse me," said Corey, blushing, "my father doesn't talk his guests over with one another." He added, with youthful superfluity, "You were among gentlemen."

"I was the only one that wasn't a gentleman there!" lamented Lapham. "I disgraced you! I disgraced my family! I mortified your father before his friends!" His head dropped. "I showed that I wasn't fit to go with you. I'm not fit for any decent place. What did I say? What did I do?" he asked, suddenly lifting his head and confronting Corey. "Out with it! If you could bear to see it and hear it, I had ought to bear to know it!"

"There was nothing—really nothing," said Corey. "Beyond the fact that you were not quite yourself, there was nothing whatever. My father *did* speak of it to me," he confessed, "when we were alone. He said that he was afraid we had not been thoughtful of you, if you were in the habit of taking only water; I told him I had not seen wine at your table. The others said nothing about you."

"Ah, but what did they think!"

"Probably what we did: that it was purely a misfortune—an accident."

"I wasn't fit to be there," persisted Lap-

ham. "Do you want to leave?" he asked, with savage abruptness.

"Leave?" faltered the young man.

"Yes; quit the business? Cut the whole connection?"

"I haven't the remotest idea of it!" cried Corey in amazement. "Why in the world should I?"

"Because you're a gentleman, and I'm not, and it ain't right I should be over you. If you want to go, I know some parties that would be glad to get you. I will give you up if you want to go before anything worse happens, and I sha'n't blame you. I can help you to something better than I can offer you here, and I will."

"There's no question of my going, unless you wish it," said Corey. "If you do——"

"Will you tell your father," interrupted Lapham, "that I had a notion all the time that I was acting the drunken blackguard, and that I've suffered for it all day? Will you tell him I don't want him to notice me if we ever meet, and that I know I'm not fit to associate with gentlemen in anything but a business way, if I am that?"

"Certainly, I shall do nothing of the kind," retorted Corey. "I can't listen to you any longer. What you say is shocking to me—shocking in a way you can't think."

"Why, man!" exclaimed Lapham, with astonishment; "if I can stand it, *you* can!"

"No," said Corey, with a sick look, "that doesn't follow. You may denounce yourself, if you will; but I have my reasons for refusing to hear you—my reasons why I *can't* hear you. If you say another word I must go away."

"I don't understand you," faltered Lapham, in bewilderment, which absorbed even his shame.

"You exaggerate the effect of what has happened," said the young man. "It's enough, more than enough, for you to have mentioned the matter to me, and I think it's unbecoming in me to hear you."

He made a movement toward the door, but Lapham stopped him with the tragic humility of his appeal. "Don't go yet! I

can't let you. I've disgusted you,—I see that; but I didn't mean to. I—I take it back."

"Oh, there's nothing to take back," said Corey, with a repressed shudder for the abasement which he had seen. "But let us say no more about it—think no more. There wasn't one of the gentlemen present last night who didn't understand the matter precisely as my father and I did, and that fact must end it between us two."

He went out into the larger office beyond, leaving Lapham helpless to prevent his going. It had become a vital necessity with him to think the best of Lapham, but his mind was in a whirl of whatever thoughts were most injurious. He thought of him the night before in the company of those ladies and gentlemen, and he quivered in resentment of his vulgar, braggart, uncouth nature. He recognized his own allegiance to the exclusiveness to which he was born and bred, as a man perceives his duty to his country when her rights are invaded. His eye fell on the porter going about in his shirt-sleeves to make the place fast for the night, and he said to himself that Dennis was not more plebeian than his master; that the gross appetites, the blunt sense, the purblind ambition, the stupid arrogance were the same in both, and the difference was in a brute will that probably left the porter the gentler man of the two. The very innocence of Lapham's life in the direction in which he had erred wrought against him in the young man's mood: it contained the insult of clownish inexperience. Amidst the stings and flashes of his wounded pride, all the social traditions, all the habits of feeling, which he had silenced more and more by force of will during the past months, asserted their natural sway, and he rioted in his contempt of the offensive boor, who was even more offensive in his shame than in his trespass. He said to himself that he was a Corey, as if that were somewhat; yet he knew that at the bottom of his heart all the time was that which must control him at last, and which seemed sweetly to be suffering his rebellion, secure of his submission in the end. It was almost with the girl's voice that it seemed to plead with him, to undo in him, effect by effect, the work of his indignant resentment, to set all things in another and fairer light, to give him hopes, to suggest palliations, to protest against injustices. It was in Lapham's favor that he was so guiltless in the past, and now Corey asked himself if it were the first time he could have wished a guest at his father's table to have taken less wine; whether Lapham was not rather to be honored for not knowing how to contain his folly where a veteran transgressor might have held his tongue. He asked him-

self, with a thrill of sudden remorse, whether, when Lapham humbled himself in the dust so shockingly, he had shown him the sympathy to which such *abandon* had the right; and he had to own that he had met him on the gentlemanly ground, sparing himself and asserting the superiority of his sort, and not recognizing that Lapham's humiliation came from the sense of wrong, which he had helped to accumulate upon him by superfinely standing aloof and refusing to touch him.

He shut his desk and hurried out into the early night, not to go anywhere, but to walk up and down, to try to find his way out of the chaos, which now seemed ruin, and now the materials out of which fine actions and a happy life might be shaped. Three hours later he stood at Lapham's door.

At times what he now wished to do had seemed forever impossible, and again it had seemed as if he could not wait a moment longer. He had not been careless, but very mindful of what he knew must be the feelings of his own family in regard to the Laphams, and he had not concealed from himself that his family had great reason and justice on their side in not wishing him to alienate himself from their common life and associations. The most that he could urge to himself was that they had not all the reason and justice; but he had hesitated and delayed because they had so much. Often he could not make it appear right that he should merely please himself in what chiefly concerned himself. He perceived how far apart in all their experiences and ideals the Lapham girls and his sisters were; how different Mrs. Lapham was from his mother; how grotesquely unlike were his father and Lapham; and the disparity had not always amused him.

He had often taken it very seriously, and sometimes he said that he must forego the hope on which his heart was set. There had been many times in the past months when he had said that he must go no farther, and as often as he had taken this stand he had yielded it, upon this or that excuse, which he was aware of trumping up. It was part of the complication that he should be unconscious of the injury he might be doing to some one besides his family and himself; this was the defect of his diffidence; and it had come to him in a pang for the first time when his mother said that she would not have the Laphams think she wished to make more of the acquaintance than he did; and then it had come too late. Since that he had suffered quite as much from the fear that it might not be as that it might be so; and now, in the mood, romantic and exalted, in which he found himself concerning Lapham, he was as

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far as might be from vain confidence. He ended the question in his own mind by affirming to himself that he was there, first of all, to see Lapham and give him an ultimate proof of his own perfect faith and unabated respect, and to offer him what reparation this involved for that want of sympathy—of humanity—which he had shown.

## XVI.

THE Nova Scotia second-girl who answered Corey's ring said that Lapham had not come home yet.

"Oh," said the young man, hesitating on the outer step.

"I guess you better come in," said the girl. "I'll go and see when they're expecting him."

Corey was in the mood to be swayed by any chance. He obeyed the suggestion of the second-girl's patronizing friendliness, and let her shut him into the drawing-room, while she went upstairs to announce him to Penelope.

"Did you tell him father wasn't at home?"

"Yes. He seemed so kind of disappointed, I told him to come in, and I'd see when he *would* be in," said the girl, with the human interest which sometimes replaces in the American domestic the servile deference of other countries.

A gleam of amusement passed over Penelope's face, as she glanced at herself in the glass. "Well," she cried, finally, dropping from her shoulders the light shawl in which she had been huddled over a book when Corey rang, "I will go down."

"All right," said the girl, and Penelope began hastily to amend the disarray of her hair, which she tumbled into a mass on the top of her little head, setting off the pale dark of her complexion with a flash of crimson ribbon at her throat. She moved across the carpet once or twice with the quaint grace that belonged to her small figure, made a dissatisfied grimace at it in the glass, caught a handkerchief out of a drawer and slid it into her pocket, and then descended to Corey.

The Lapham drawing-room in Nankeen Square was in the parti-colored paint which the Colonel had hoped to repeat in his new house: the trim of the doors and windows was in light green and the panels in salmon; the walls were a plain tint of French gray paper, divided by gilt moldings into broad panels with a wide stripe of red velvet paper running up the corners; the chandelier was of massive imitation bronze; the mirror over the mantel rested on a fringed mantel-cover of green reps, and heavy curtains of that stuff hung from gilt lambrequin frames at the window; the carpet was of a small pattern in

crude green, which, at the time Mrs. Lapham bought it, covered half the new floors in Boston. In the paneled spaces on the walls were some stone-colored landscapes, representing the mountains and cañons of the West, which the Colonel and his wife had visited on one of the early official railroad excursions. In front of the long windows looking into the square were statues, kneeling figures which turned their backs upon the company within doors, and represented allegories of Faith and Prayer to people without. A white marble group of several figures, expressing an Italian conception of Lincoln Freeing the Slaves,—a Latin negro and his wife,—with our Eagle flapping his wings in approval, at Lincoln's feet, occupied one corner, and balanced the what-not of an earlier period in another. These phantasms added their chill to that imparted by the tone of the walls, the landscapes, and the carpets, and contributed to the violence of the contrast when the chandelier was lighted up full glare, and the heat of the whole furnace welled up from the registers into the quivering atmosphere on one of the rare occasions when the Laphams invited company.

Corey had not been in this room before; the family had always received him in what they called the sitting-room. Penelope looked into this first, and then she looked into the parlor, with a smile that broke into a laugh as she discovered him standing under the single burner, which the second-girl had lighted for him in the chandelier.

"I don't understand how you came to be put in there," she said, as she led the way to the cozier place, "unless it was because Alice thought you were only here on probation, anyway. Father hasn't got home yet, but I'm expecting him every moment; I don't know what's keeping him. Did the girl tell you that mother and Irene were out?"

"No, she didn't say. It's very good of you to see me." She had not seen the exaltation which he had been feeling, he perceived with half a sigh; it must all be upon this lower level; perhaps it was best so. "There was something I wished to say to your father—I hope," he broke off, "you're better to-night."

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Penelope, remembering that she had not been well enough to go to dinner the night before.

"We all missed you very much."

"Oh, thank you! I'm afraid you wouldn't have missed me if I had been there."

"Oh, yes, we should," said Corey, "I assure you."

They looked at each other.

"I really think I believed I was saying something," said the girl.

"And so did I," replied the young man.

They laughed rather wildly, and then they both became rather grave.

He took the chair she gave him, and looked across at her, where she sat on the other side of the hearth, in a chair lower than his, with her hands dropped in her lap, and the back of her head on her shoulders as she looked up at him. The soft-coal fire in the grate purred and flickered; the drop-light cast a mellow radiance on her face. She let her eyes fall, and then lifted them for an irrelevant glance at the clock on the mantel.

"Mother and Irene have gone to the Spanish Students' concert."

"Oh, have they?" asked Corey; and he put his hat, which he had been holding in his hand, on the floor beside his chair.

She looked down at it for no reason, and then looked up at his face for no other, and turned a little red. Corey turned a little red himself. She who had always been so easy with him now became a little constrained.

"Do you know how warm it is out-of-doors?" he asked.

"No; is it warm? I haven't been out all day."

"It's like a summer night."

She turned her face towards the fire, and then started abruptly. "Perhaps it's too warm for you here?"

"Oh, no, it's very comfortable."

"I suppose it's the cold of the last few days that's still in the house. I was reading with a shawl on when you came."

"I interrupted you."

"Oh, no. I had finished the book. I was just looking over it again."

"Do you like to read books over?"

"Yes; books that I like at all."

"What was it?" asked Corey.

The girl hesitated. "It has rather a sentimental name. Did you ever read it?—'Tears, Idle Tears.'"

"Oh, yes; they were talking of that last night; it's a famous book with ladies. They break their hearts over it. Did it make you cry?"

"Oh, it's pretty easy to cry over a book," said Penelope, laughing; "and that one is very natural till you come to the main point. Then the naturalness of all the rest makes that seem natural too; but I guess it's rather forced."

"Her giving him up to the other one?"

"Yes; simply because she happened to know that the other one had cared for him first. Why should she have done it? What right had she?"

"I don't know. I suppose that the self-sacrifice——"

"But it *wasn't* self-sacrifice—or not self-sacrifice alone. She was sacrificing him, too; and for some one who couldn't appreciate him

half as much as she could. I'm provoked with myself when I think how I cried over that book—for I did cry. It's silly—it's wicked for any one to do what that girl did. Why can't they let people have a chance to behave reasonably in stories?"

"Perhaps they couldn't make it so attractive," suggested Corey, with a smile.

"It would be novel, at any rate," said the girl. "But so it would in real life, I suppose," she added.

"I don't know. Why shouldn't people in love behave sensibly?"

"That's a very serious question," said Penelope, gravely. "I couldn't answer it," and she left him the embarrassment of supporting an inquiry which she had certainly instigated herself. She seemed to have finally recovered her own ease in doing this. "Do you admire our autumnal display, Mr. Corey?"

"Your display?"

"The trees in the square. *We* think it's quite equal to an opening at Jordan & Marsh's."

"Ah, I'm afraid you wouldn't let me be serious even about your maples."

"Oh, yes, I should—if you like to be serious."

"Don't you?"

"Well, not about serious matters. That's the reason that book made me cry."

"You make fun of everything. Miss Irene was telling me last night about you."

"Then it's no use for me to deny it so soon. I must give Irene a talking to."

"I hope you won't forbid her to talk about you!"

She had taken up a fan from the table, and held it, now between her face and the fire, and now between her face and him. Her little visage, with that arch, lazy look in it, topped by its mass of dusky hair, and dwindling from the full cheeks to the small chin, had a Japanese effect in the subdued light, and it had the charm which comes to any woman with happiness. It would be hard to say how much of this she perceived that he felt. They talked about other things awhile, and then she came back to what he had said. She glanced at him obliquely round her fan, and stopped moving it. "Does Irene talk about me?" she asked.

"I think so—yes. Perhaps it's only I who talk about you. You must blame me if it's wrong," he returned.

"Oh, I didn't say it was wrong," she replied. "But I hope if you said anything very bad of me, you'll let me know what it was, so that I can reform——"

"No, don't change, please!" cried the young man.

Penelope caught her breath, but went on

resolutely, "Or rebuke you for speaking evil of dignities." She looked down at the fan, now flat in her lap, and tried to govern her head, but it trembled, and she remained looking down. Again they let the talk stray, and then it was he who brought it back to themselves, as if it had not left them.

"I have to talk *of* you," said Corey, "because I get to talk *to* you so seldom."

"You mean that I do all the talking, when we're — together?" She glanced sidewise at him; but she reddened after speaking the last word.

"We're so seldom together," he pursued.

"I don't know what you mean —"

"Sometimes I've thought — I've been afraid — that you avoided me."

"Avoided you?"

"Yes! Tried not to be alone with me."

She might have told him that there was no reason why she should be alone with him, and that it was very strange he should make this complaint of her. But she did not. She kept looking down at the fan, and then she lifted her burning face and looked at the clock again. "Mother and Irene will be sorry to miss you," she gasped.

He instantly rose and came towards her. She rose too, and mechanically put out her hand. He took it as if to say good-night. "I didn't mean to send you away," she besought him.

"Oh, I'm not going," he answered, simply. "I wanted to say — to say that it's I who make her talk about you. To say I — There is something I want to say to you; I've said it so often to myself that I feel as if you must know it." She stood quite still, letting him keep her hand, and questioning his face with a bewildered gaze. "You *must* know — she must have told you — she must have guessed —" Penelope turned white, but outwardly quelled the panic that sent the blood to her heart. "I — I didn't expect — I hoped to have seen your father — but I must speak now, whatever — I love you!"

She freed her hand from both of those he had closed upon it, and went back from him across the room with a sinuous spring. "*Me!*" Whatever potential complicity had lurked in her heart, his words brought her only immeasurable dismay.

He came towards her again. "Yes, *you*. Who else?"

She fended him off with an imploring gesture. "I thought — I — it was —"

She shut her lips tight, and stood looking at him where he remained in silent amaze. Then her words came again, shudderingly. "Oh, what have you done?"

"Upon my soul," he said, with a vague smile, "I don't know. I hope no harm?"

"Oh, don't laugh!" she cried, laughing hysterically herself. "Unless you want me to think you the greatest wretch in the world!"

"I?" he responded. "For heaven's sake tell me what you mean!"

"You know I can't tell you. Can you say — can you put your hand on your heart and say that — you — say you never meant — that you meant me — all along?"

"Yes! — Yes! Who else? I came here to see your father, and to tell him that I wished to tell you this — to ask him — But what does it matter? You must have known it — you must have seen — and it's for you to answer me. I've been abrupt, I know, and I've startled you; but if you love me, you can forgive that to my loving you so long before I spoke."

She gazed at him with parted lips.

"Oh, mercy! What shall I do? If it's true — what you say — you must go!" she said.

"And you must never come any more. Do you promise that?"

"Certainly not," said the young man. "Why should I promise such a thing — so abominably wrong? I could obey if you didn't love me —"

"Oh, I don't! Indeed I don't! Now will you obey?"

"No. I don't believe you."

"Oh!"

He possessed himself of her hand again.

"My love — my dearest! What is this trouble, that you can't tell it? It can't be anything about yourself. If it is anything about any one else, it wouldn't make the least difference in the world, no matter what it was. I would be only too glad to show by any act or deed I could that nothing could change me towards you."

"Oh, you don't understand!"

"No, I don't. You must tell me."

"I will never do that."

"Then I will stay here till your mother comes, and ask her what it is."

"Ask *her*?"

"Yes! Do you think I will give you up till I know why I must?"

"You force me to it! Will you go if I tell you, and never let any human creature know what you have said to me?"

"Not unless you give me leave."

"That will be never. Well, then —" She stopped, and made two or three ineffectual efforts to begin again. "No, no! I can't. You must go!"

"I will not go!"

"You said you — loved me. If you do, you will go."

He dropped the hands he had stretched towards her, and she hid her face in her own.

"There!" she said, turning it suddenly

upon him. "Sit down there. And will you promise me — on your honor — not to speak — not to try to persuade me — not to — touch me? You won't touch me?"

"I will obey you, Penelope."

"As if you were never to see me again? As if I were dying?"

"I will do what you say. But I shall see you again; and don't talk of dying. This is the beginning of life —"

"No. It's the end," said the girl, resuming at last something of the hoarse drawl which the tumult of her feeling had broken into those half-articulate appeals. She sat down too, and lifted her face towards him. "It's the end of life for me, because I know now that I must have been playing false from the beginning. You don't know what I mean, and I can never tell you. It isn't my secret — it's some one else's. You — you must never come here again. I can't tell you why, and you must never try to know. Do you promise?"

"You can forbid me. I must do what you say."

"I do forbid you, then. And you shall not think I am cruel —"

"How could I think that?"

"Oh, how hard you make it!"

Corey laughed for very despair. "Can I make it easier by disobeying you?"

"I know I am talking crazily. But I'm not crazy."

"No, no," he said, with some wild notion of comforting her; "but try to tell me this trouble! There is nothing under heaven — no calamity, no sorrow — that I wouldn't gladly share with you, or take all upon myself if I could!"

"I know! But this you can't. Oh, my —"

"Dearest! Wait! Think! Let me ask your mother — your father —"

She gave a cry.

"No! If you do that, you will make me hate you! Will you —"

The rattling of a latch-key was heard in the outer door.

"Promise!" cried Penelope.

"Oh, I promise!"

"Good-bye!" She suddenly flung her arms round his neck, and, pressing her cheek tight against his, flashed out of the room by one door as her father entered it by another.

Corey turned to him in a daze. "I — I called to speak with you — about a matter — But it's so late now. I'll — I'll see you to-morrow."

"No time like the present," said Lapham, with a fierceness that did not seem referable to Corey. He had his hat still on, and he glared at the young man out of his blue eyes with a fire that something else must have kindled there.

"I really can't, now," said Corey, weakly.

"It will do quite as well to-morrow. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night," answered Lapham abruptly, following him to the door, and shutting it after him. "I think the devil must have got into pretty much everybody to-night," he muttered, coming back to the room, where he put down his hat. Then he went to the kitchen-stairs and called down, "Hello, Alice! I want something to eat!"

## XVII.

"WHAT'S the reason the girls never get down to breakfast any more?" asked Lapham when he met his wife at the table in the morning. He had been up an hour and a half, and he spoke with the severity of a hungry man. "It seems to me they don't amount to anything. Here I am, at my time of life, up the first one in the house. I ring the bell for the cook at quarter-past six every morning, and the breakfast is on the table at half-past seven right along, like clock-work, but I never see anybody but you till I go to the office."

"Oh, yes, you do, Si," said his wife, soothingly. "The girls are nearly always down. But they're young, and it tires them more than it does us to get up early."

"They can rest afterwards. They don't do anything after they *are* up," grumbled Lapham.

"Well, that's your fault, ain't it? You oughtn't to have made so much money, and then they'd have had to work." She laughed at Lapham's Spartan mood, and went on to excuse the young people. "Irene's been up two nights hand running, and Penelope says she ain't well. What makes you so cross about the girls? Been doing something you're ashamed of?"

"I'll tell you when I've been doing anything to be ashamed of," growled Lapham.

"Oh, no, you won't!" said his wife, jollily. "You'll only be hard on the rest of us. Come, now, Si; what is it?"

Lapham frowned into his coffee with sulky dignity, and said, without looking up, "I wonder what that fellow wanted here last night?"

"What fellow?"

"Corey. I found him here when I came home, and he said he wanted to see me; but he wouldn't stop."

"Where was he?"

"In the sitting-room."

"Was Pen there?"

"I didn't see her."

Mrs. Lapham paused, with her hand on the cream-jug. "Why, what in the land *did* he want? Did he say he wanted you?"

"That's what he said."

"And then he wouldn't stay?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you just what it is, Silas Lapham. He came here"—she looked about the room and lowered her voice—"to see you about Irene, and then he hadn't the courage."

"I guess he's got courage enough to do pretty much what he wants to," said Lapham, glumly. "All I know is, he was here. You better ask Pen about it, if she ever gets down."

"I guess I sha'n't wait for her," said Mrs. Lapham; and, as her husband closed the front door after him, she opened that of her daughter's room and entered abruptly.

The girl sat at the window, fully dressed, and as if she had been sitting there a long time. Without rising, she turned her face towards her mother. It merely showed black against the light, and revealed nothing till her mother came close to her with successive questions. "Why, how long have you been up, Pen? Why don't you come to your breakfast? Did you see Mr. Corey when he called last night? Why, what's the matter with you? What have you been crying about?"

"Have I been crying?"

"Yes! Your cheeks are all wet!"

"I thought they were on fire. Well, I'll tell you what's happened." She rose and then fell back in her chair. "Lock the door!" she ordered, and her mother mechanically obeyed. "I don't want Irene in here. There's nothing the matter. Only, Mr. Corey offered himself to me last night."

Her mother remained looking at her, helpless, not so much with amaze, perhaps, as dismay.

"Oh, I'm not a ghost! I wish I was! You had better sit down, mother. You have got to know all about it."

Mrs. Lapham dropped nervelessly into the chair at the other window, and while the girl went slowly but briefly on, touching only the vital points of the story, and breaking at times into a bitter drollery, she sat as if without the power to speak or stir.

"Well, that's all, mother. I should say I had dreamt it, if I had slept any last night; but I guess it really happened."

The mother glanced round at the bed, and said, glad to occupy herself delayingly with the minor care: "Why, you have been sitting up all night! You will kill yourself."

"I don't know about killing myself, but I've been sitting up all night," answered the girl. Then, seeing that her mother remained blankly silent again, she demanded, "Why don't you blame me, mother? Why don't you say that I led him on, and tried to get him away from her? Don't you believe I did?"

Her mother made her no answer, as if these

ravings of self-accusal needed none. "Do you think," she asked, simply, "that he got the idea you cared for him?"

"He knew it! How could I keep it from him? I said I didn't—at first!"

"It was no use," sighed the mother. "You might as well said you did. It couldn't help Irene any, if you didn't."

"I always tried to help her with him, even when I——"

"Yes, I know. But she never was equal to him. I saw that from the start; but I tried to blind myself to it. And when he kept coming——"

"You never thought of me!" cried the girl, with a bitterness that reached her mother's heart. "I was nobody! I couldn't feel! No one could care for me!" The turmoil of despair, of triumph, of remorse and resentment, which filled her soul, tried to express itself in the words.

"No," said the mother humbly. "I didn't think of you. Or I didn't think of you enough. It did come across me sometimes that maybe—— But it didn't seem as if—— And your going on so for Irene——"

"You let me go on. You made me always go and talk with him for her, and you didn't think I would talk to him for myself. Well, I didn't!"

"I'm punished for it. When did you—— begin to care for him?"

"How do I know? What difference does it make? It's all over now, no matter when it began. He won't come here any more, unless I let him." She could not help betraying her pride in this authority of hers, but she went on anxiously enough: "What will you say to Irene? She's safe as far as I'm concerned; but if he don't care for her, what will you do?"

"I don't know what to do," said Mrs. Lapham. She sat in an apathy from which she apparently could not rouse herself. "I don't see as anything can be done."

Penelope laughed in a pitying derision.

"Well, let things go on then. But they won't go on."

"No, they won't go on," echoed her mother. "She's pretty enough, and she's capable; and your father's got the money—I don't know what I'm saying! She ain't equal to him, and she never was. I kept feeling it all the time, and yet I kept blinding myself."

"If he had ever cared for her," said Penelope, "it wouldn't have mattered whether she was equal to him or not. I'm not equal to him either."

Her mother went on: "I might have thought it was you; but I had got set—— Well! I can see it all clear enough, now it's too late. I don't know what to do."

"And what do you expect me to do?"

demanded the girl. "Do you want *me* to go to Irene and tell her that I've got him away from her?"

"Oh, good Lord!" cried Mrs. Lapham. "What shall I do? What do you want I should do, Pen?"

"Nothing for me," said Penelope. "I've had it out with myself. Now do the best you can for Irene."

"I couldn't say you had done wrong, if you was to marry him to-day."

"Mother!"

"No, I couldn't. I couldn't say but what you had been good and faithful all through, and you had a perfect right to do it. There ain't any one to blame. He's behaved like a gentleman, and I can see now that he never thought of her, and that it was you all the while. Well, marry him, then! He's got the right, and so have you."

"What about Irene? I don't want you to talk about me. I can take care of myself."

"She's nothing but a child. It's only a fancy with her. She'll get over it. She hain't really got her heart set on him."

"She's got her heart set on him, mother. She's got her whole life set on him. You know that."

"Yes, that's so," said the mother, as promptly as if she had been arguing to that rather than the contrary effect.

"If I could give him to her, I would. But he isn't mine to give." She added in a burst of despair, "He isn't mine to keep!"

"Well," said Mrs. Lapham, "she has got to bear it. I don't know what's to come of it all. But she's got to bear her share of it." She rose and went toward the door.

Penelope ran after her in a sort of terror. "You're not going to tell Irene?" she gasped, seizing her mother by either shoulder.

"Yes, I am," said Mrs. Lapham. "If she's a woman grown, she can bear a woman's burden."

"I can't let you tell Irene," said the girl, letting fall her face on her mother's neck.

"Not Irene," she moaned. "I'm afraid to let you. How can I ever look at her again?"

"Why, you haven't done anything, Pen," said her mother, soothingly.

"I wanted to! Yes, I must have done something. How could I help it? I did care for him from the first, and I must have tried to make him like me. Do you think I did? No, no! You mustn't tell Irene! Not—not yet! Mother! Yes! I did try to get him from her!" she cried, lifting her head, and suddenly looking her mother in the face with those large dim eyes of hers. "What do you think? Even last night! It was the first time I ever had him all to myself, for myself,

and I know now that I tried to make him think that I was pretty and—funny. And I didn't try to make him think of her. I knew that I pleased him, and I tried to please him more. Perhaps I could have kept him from saying that he cared for me; but when I saw he did—I must have seen it—I couldn't. I had never had him to myself, and for myself, before. I needn't have seen him at all, but I wanted to see him; and when I was sitting there alone with him, how do I know what I did to let him feel that I cared for him? Now, will you tell Irene? I never thought he did care for me, and never expected him to. But I liked him. Yes—I did like him! Tell her that! Or else I will."

"If it was to tell her he was dead," began Mrs. Lapham, absently.

"How easy it would be!" cried the girl in self-mockery. "But he's worse than dead to her; and so am I. I've turned it over a million ways, mother; I've looked at it in every light you can put it in, and I can't make anything but misery out of it. You can see the misery at the first glance, and you can't see more or less if you spend your life looking at it." She laughed again, as if the hopelessness of the thing amused her. Then she flew to the extreme of self-assertion. "Well, I *have* a right to him, and he has a right to me. If he's never done anything to make her think he cared for her,—and I know he hasn't; it's all been our doing,—then he's free and I'm free. We can't make her happy, whatever we do; and why shouldn't I— No, that won't do! I reached that point before!" She broke again into her desperate laugh. "You may try now, mother!"

"I'd best speak to your father first —"

Penelope smiled a little more forlornly than she had laughed.

"Well, yes; the Colonel will have to know. It isn't a trouble that I can keep to myself exactly. It seems to belong to too many other people."

Her mother took a crazy encouragement from her return to her old way of saying things.

"Perhaps he can think of something."

"Oh, I don't doubt but the Colonel will know just what to do!"

"You mustn't be too down-hearted about it. It—it'll all come right —"

"You tell Irene that, mother."

Mrs. Lapham had put her hand on the door-key; she dropped it, and looked at the girl with a sort of beseeching appeal for the comfort she could not imagine herself. "Don't look at me, mother," said Penelope, shaking her head. "You know that if Irene were to die without knowing it, it wouldn't come right for me."

"Pen!"

"I've read of cases where a girl gives up the man that loves her so as to make some other girl happy that the man doesn't love. That might be done."

"Your father would think you were a fool," said Mrs. Lapham, finding a sort of refuge in her strong disgust for the pseudo-heroism. "No! If there's to be any giving up, let it be by the one that sha'n't make anybody but herself suffer. There's trouble and sorrow enough in the world, without *making* it on purpose!"

She unlocked the door, but Penelope slipped round and set herself against it. "Irene shall not give up!"

"I will see your father about it," said the mother. "Let me out now —"

"Don't let Irene come here!"

"No. I will tell her that you haven't slept. Go to bed now, and try to get some rest. She isn't up herself yet. You must have some breakfast."

"No; let me sleep if I can. I can get something when I wake up. I'll come down if I can't sleep. Life has got to go on. It does when there's a death in the house, and this is only a little worse."

"Don't you talk nonsense!" cried Mrs. Lapham, with angry authority.

"Well, a little better, then," said Penelope, with meek concession.

Mrs. Lapham attempted to say something, and could not. She went out and opened Irene's door. The girl lifted her head drowsily from her pillow. "Don't disturb your sister when you get up, Irene. She hasn't slept well —"

"*Please* don't talk! I'm almost *dead* with sleep!" returned Irene. "Do go, mamma! I sha'n't disturb her." She turned her face down in the pillow, and pulled the covering up over her ears.

The mother slowly closed the door and went down-stairs, feeling bewildered and baffled almost beyond the power to move. The time had been when she would have tried to find out why this judgment had been sent upon her. But now she could not feel that the innocent suffering of others was inflicted for her fault; she shrank instinctively from that cruel and egotistic misinterpretation of the mystery of pain and loss. She saw her two children, equally if differently dear to her, destined to trouble that nothing could avert, and she could not blame either of them; she could not blame the means of this misery to them; he was as innocent as they, and though her heart was sore against him in this first moment, she could still be just to him in it. She was a woman who had been used to

seek the light by striving; she had hitherto literally worked to it. But it is the curse of prosperity that it takes work away from us, and shuts that door to hope and health of spirit. In this house, where everything had come to be done for her, she had no tasks to interpose between her and her despair. She sat down in her own room and let her hands fall in her lap,—the hands that had once been so helpful and busy,—and tried to think it all out. She had never heard of the fate that was once supposed to appoint the sorrows of men irrespective of their blamelessness or blame, before the time when it came to be believed that sorrows were penalties; but in her simple way she recognized something like that mythic power when she rose from her struggle with the problem, and said aloud to herself, "Well, the witch is in it." Turn which way she would, she saw no escape from the misery to come—the misery which had come already to Penelope and herself, and that must come to Irene and her father. She started when she definitely thought of her husband, and thought with what violence it would work in every fiber of his rude strength. She feared that, and she feared something worse—the effect which his pride and ambition might seek to give it; and it was with terror of this, as well as the natural trust with which a woman must turn to her husband in any anxiety at last, that she felt she could not wait for evening to take counsel with him. When she considered how wrongly he might take it all, it seemed as if it were already known to him, and she was impatient to prevent his error.

She sent out for a messenger, whom she dispatched with a note to his place of business: "Silas, I should like to ride with you this afternoon. Can't you come home early? Persis." And she was at dinner with Irene, evading her questions about Penelope, when answer came that he would be at the house with the buggy at half-past two. It is easy to put off a girl who has but one thing in her head; but, though Mrs. Lapham could escape without telling anything of Penelope, she could not escape seeing how wholly Irene was engrossed with hopes now turned so vain and impossible. She was still talking of that dinner, of nothing but that dinner, and begging for flattery of herself and praise of him, which her mother had till now been so ready to give.

"Seems to me you don't take very much interest, mamma!" she said, laughing and blushing, at one point.

"Yes,—yes, I do," protested Mrs. Lapham, and then the girl prattled on.

"I guess I shall get one of those pins that

Nanny Corey had in her hair. I think it would become me, don't you?"

"Yes; but, Irene—I don't like to have you go on so, till—unless he's said something to show— You oughtn't to give yourself up to thinking——" But at this the girl turned so white, and looked such reproach at her, that she added, frantically: "Yes, get the pin. It is just the thing for you! But don't disturb Penelope. Let her alone till I get back. I'm going out to ride with your father. He'll be here in half an hour. Are you through? Ring, then. Get yourself that fan you saw the other day. Your father won't say anything; he likes to have you look well. I could see his eyes on you half the time the other night."

"I should have liked to have Pen go with me," said Irene, restored to her normal state of innocent selfishness by these flatteries. "Don't you suppose she'll be up in time? What's the matter with her that she didn't sleep?"

"I don't know. Better let her alone."

"Well," submitted Irene.

#### XVIII.

MRS. LAPHAM went away to put on her bonnet and cloak, and she was waiting at the window when her husband drove up. She opened the door and ran down the steps. "Don't get out; I can help myself in," and she clambered to his side, while he kept the fidgeting mare still with voice and touch.

"Where do you want I should go?" he asked, turning the buggy.

"Oh, I don't care. Out Brookline way, I guess. I wish you hadn't brought this fool of a horse," she gave way, petulantly. "I wanted to have a talk."

"When I can't drive this mare and talk too, I'll sell out altogether," said Lapham. "She'll be quiet enough when she's had her spin."

"Well," said his wife; and while they were making their way across the city to the Mill-dam she answered certain questions he asked about some points in the new house.

"I should have liked to have you stop there," he began; but she answered so quickly, "Not to-day," that he gave it up and turned his horse's head westward, when they struck Beacon street.

He let the mare out, and he did not pull her in till he left the Brighton road and struck off under the low boughs that met above one of the quiet streets of Brookline, where the stone cottages, with here and there a patch of determined ivy on their northern walls, did what they could to look English amid the glare of the autumnal foliage. The

smooth earthen track under the mare's hoofs was scattered with flakes of the red and yellow gold that made the air luminous around them, and the perspective was gay with innumerable tints and tones.

"Pretty sightly," said Lapham, with a long sigh, letting the reins lie loose in his vigilant hand, to which he seemed to relegate the whole charge of the mare. "I want to talk with you about Rogers, Persis. He's been getting in deeper and deeper with me; and last night he pestered me half to death to go in with him in one of his schemes. I ain't going to blame anybody, but I hain't got very much confidence in Rogers. And I told him so last night."

"Oh, don't talk to me about Rogers!" his wife broke in. "There's something a good deal more important than Rogers in the world, and more important than your business. It seems as if you couldn't think of anything else—that and the new house. Did you suppose I wanted to ride so as to talk Rogers with you?" she demanded, yielding to the necessity a wife feels of making her husband pay for her suffering, even if he has not inflicted it. "I declare——"

"Well, hold on, now!" said Lapham. "What *do* you want to talk about? I'm listening."

His wife began, "Why, it's just this, Silas Lapham!" and then she broke off to say, "Well, you may wait, now—starting me wrong, when it's hard enough anyway."

Lapham silently turned his whip over and over in his hand and waited.

"Did you suppose," she asked at last, "that that young Corey had been coming to see Irene?"

"I don't know what I supposed," replied Lapham sullenly. "You always said so." He looked sharply at her under his lowering brows.

"Well, he hasn't," said Mrs. Lapham; and she replied to the frown that blackened on her husband's face, "And I can tell you what, if you take it in that way I sha'n't speak another word."

"Who's takin' it what way?" retorted Lapham savagely. "What are you drivin' at?"

"I want you should promise that you'll hear me out quietly."

"I'll hear you out if you'll give me a chance. I haven't said a word yet."

"Well, I'm not going to have you flying into forty furies, and looking like a perfect thunder-cloud at the very start. I've had to bear it, and you've got to bear it too."

"Well, let me have a chance at it, then."

"It's nothing to blame anybody about, as I can see, and the only question is, what's the best thing to do about it. There's only one

thing we can do; for if he don't care for the child, nobody wants to make him. If he hasn't been coming to see her, he hasn't, and that's all there is to it."

"No, it ain't!" exclaimed Lapham.

"There!" protested his wife.

"If he hasn't been coming to see her, what has he been coming for?"

"He's been coming to see Pen!" cried the wife. "Now are you satisfied?" Her tone implied that he had brought it all upon them; but at the sight of the swift passions working in his face to a perfect comprehension of the whole trouble, she fell to trembling, and her broken voice lost all the spurious indignation she had put into it. "Oh, Silas! what are we going to do about it? I'm afraid it'll kill Irene."

Lapham pulled off the loose driving-glove from his right hand with the fingers of his left, in which the reins lay. He passed it over his forehead, and then flicked from it the moisture it had gathered there. He caught his breath once or twice, like a man who meditates a struggle with superior force and then remains passive in its grasp.

His wife felt the need of comforting him, as she had felt the need of afflicting him. "I don't say but what it can be made to come out all right in the end. All I say is, I don't see my way clear yet."

"What makes you think he likes Pen?" he asked, quietly.

"He told her so last night, and she told me this morning. Was he at the office to-day?"

"Yes, he was there. I haven't been there much myself. He didn't say anything to me. Does Irene know?"

"No; I left her getting ready to go out shopping. She wants to get a pin like the one Nanny Corey had on."

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned Lapham.

"It's been Pen from the start, I guess, or almost from the start. I don't say but what he was attracted some by Irene at the very first; but I guess it's been Pen ever since he saw her; and we've taken up with a notion, and blinded ourselves with it. Time and again I've had my doubts whether he cared for Irene any; but I declare to goodness, when he kept coming, I never hardly thought of Pen, and I couldn't help believing at last he *did* care for Irene. Did it ever strike you he might be after Pen?"

"No. I took what you said. I supposed you knew."

"Do you blame me, Silas?" she asked timidly.

"No. What's the use of blaming? We don't either of us want anything but the chil-

dren's good. What's it all of it for, if it ain't for that? That's what we've both slaved for all our lives."

"Yes, I know. Plenty of people *lose* their children," she suggested.

"Yes, but that don't comfort me any. I never was one to feel good because another man felt bad. How would you have liked it if some one had taken comfort because his boy lived when ours died? No, I can't do it. And this is worse than death, someways. That comes and it goes; but this looks as if it was one of those things that had come to stay. The way I look at it, there ain't any hope for anybody. Suppose we don't want Pen to have him; will that help Irene any, if he don't want her? Suppose we don't want to let him have either; does that help either?"

"You talk," exclaimed Mrs. Lapham, "as if our say was going to settle it. Do you suppose that Penelope Lapham is a girl to take up with a fellow that her sister is in love with, and that she always thought was in love with her sister, and go off and be happy with him? Don't you believe but what it would come back to her, as long as she breathed the breath of life, how she'd teased her about him, as I've heard Pen tease Irene, and helped to make her think he was in love with her, by showing that she thought so herself? It's ridiculous!"

Lapham seemed quite beaten down by this argument. His huge head hung forward over his breast; the reins lay loose in his moveless hand; the mare took her own way. At last he lifted his face and shut his heavy jaws.

"Well?" quavered his wife.

"Well," he answered, "if he wants her, and she wants him, I don't see what that's got to do with it." He looked straight forward, and not at his wife.

She laid her hands on the reins. "Now, you stop right here, Silas Lapham! If I thought that—if I really believed you could be willing to break that poor child's heart, and let Pen disgrace herself by marrying a man that had as good as killed her sister, just because you wanted Bromfield Corey's son for a son-in-law——"

Lapham turned his face now, and gave her a look. "You had better *not* believe that, Persis! Get up!" he called to the mare, without glancing at her, and she sprang forward. "I see you've got past being any use to yourself on this subject."

"Hello!" shouted a voice in front of him.

"Where the devil you goin' to?"

"Do you want to *kill* somebody?" shrieked his wife.

There was a light crash, and the mare recoiled her length, and separated their wheels

from those of the open buggy in front which Lapham had driven into. He made his excuses to the occupant; and the accident relieved the tension of their feelings and left them far from the point of mutual injury which they had reached in their common trouble and their unselfish will for their children's good.

It was Lapham who resumed the talk. "I'm afraid we can't either of us see this thing in the right light. We're too near to it. I wish to the Lord there was somebody to talk to about it."

"Yes," said his wife; "but there ain't anybody."

"Well, I dunno," suggested Lapham, after a moment; "why not talk to the minister of your church? May be he could see some way out of it."

Mrs. Lapham shook her head hopelessly. "It wouldn't do. I've never taken up my connection with the church, and I don't feel as if I'd got any claim on him."

"If he's anything of a man, or anything of a preacher, you *have* got a claim on him," urged Lapham; and he spoiled his argument by adding, "I've contributed enough *money* to his church."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mrs. Lapham. "I ain't well enough acquainted with Dr. Langworthy, or else I'm *too* well. No; if I was to ask any one, I should want to ask a total stranger. But what's the use, Si? Nobody could make us see it any different from what it is, and I don't know as I should want they should."

It blotted out the tender beauty of the day and weighed down their hearts ever more heavily within them. They ceased to talk of it a hundred times, and still came back to it. They drove on and on. It began to be late. "I guess we better go back, Si," said his wife; and as he turned without speaking, she pulled her veil down and began to cry softly behind it, with low little broken sobs.

Lapham started the mare up and drove swiftly homeward. At last his wife stopped crying and began trying to find her pocket. "Here, take mine, Persis," he said kindly offering her his handkerchief, and she took it and dried her eyes with it. "There was one of those fellows there the other night," he spoke again, when his wife leaned back against the cushions in peaceful despair, "that I liked the looks of about as well as any man I ever saw. I guess he was a pretty good man. It was that Mr. Sewell." He looked at his wife, but she did not say anything. "Persis," he resumed, "I can't bear to go back with nothing settled in our minds. I can't bear to let you."

"We must, Si," returned his wife, with gentle gratitude. Lapham groaned. "Where does he live?" she asked.

"On Bolingbroke street. He gave me his number."

"Well, it wouldn't do any good. What could he say to us?"

"Oh, I don't know as he could say anything," said Lapham hopelessly; and neither of them said anything more till they crossed the Milldam and found themselves between the rows of city houses.

"Don't drive past the new house, Si," pleaded his wife. "I couldn't bear to see it. Drive—drive up Bolingbroke street. We might as well see where he *does* live."

"Well," said Lapham. He drove along slowly. "That's the place," he said finally, stopping the mare and pointing with his whip.

"It wouldn't do any good," said his wife, in a tone which he understood as well as he understood her words. He turned the mare up to the curbstone.

"You take the reins a minute," he said, handing them to his wife.

He got down and rang the bell, and waited till the door opened; then he came back and lifted his wife out. "He's in," he said.

He got the hitching-weight from under the buggy-seat and made it fast to the mare's bit.

"Do you think she'll stand with that?" asked Mrs. Lapham.

"I guess so. If she don't, no matter."

"Ain't you afraid she'll take cold," she persisted, trying to make delay.

"Let her!" said Lapham. He took his wife's trembling hand under his arm, and drew her to the door.

"He'll think we're crazy," she murmured, in her broken pride.

"Well, we *are*," said Lapham. "Tell him we'd like to see him alone awhile," he said to the girl who was holding the door ajar for him, and she showed him into the reception-room, which had been the Protestant confessional for many burdened souls before their time, coming, as they did, with the belief that they were bowed down with the only misery like theirs in the universe; for each one of us must suffer long to himself before he can learn that he is but one in a great community of wretchedness which has been pitilessly repeating itself from the foundation of the world.

They were as loath to touch their trouble when the minister came in as if it were their disgrace; but Lapham did so at last, and, with a simple dignity which he had wanted in his bungling and apologetic approaches, he laid the affair clearly before the minister's compassionate and reverent eye. He spared Corey's name, but he did not pretend that it

was not himself and his wife and their daughters who were concerned.

"I don't know as I've got any right to trouble you with this thing," he said, in the moment while Sewell sat pondering the case, "and I don't know as I've got any warrant for doing it. But, as I told my wife here, there was something about you—I don't know whether it was anything you *said* exactly—that made me feel as if you could help us. I guess I didn't say so much as that to her; but that's the way I felt. And here we are. And if it ain't all right——"

"Surely," said Sewell, "it's all right. I thank you for coming—for trusting your trouble to me. A time comes to every one of us when we can't help ourselves, and then we must get others to help us. If people turn to me at such a time, I feel sure that I was put into the world for something—if nothing more than to give my pity, my sympathy."

The brotherly words, so plain, so sincere, had a welcome in them that these poor outcasts of sorrow could not doubt.

"Yes," said Lapham huskily, and his wife began to wipe the tears again under her veil.

Sewell remained silent, and they waited till he should speak. "We can be of use to one another here, because we can always be wiser for some one else than we can for ourselves. We can see another's sins and errors in a more merciful light—and that is always a fairer light—than we can our own; and we can look more sanely at others' afflictions." He had addressed these words to Lapham; now he turned to his wife. "If some one had come to you, Mrs. Lapham, in just this perplexity, what would you have thought?"

"I don't know as I understand you," faltered Mrs. Lapham.

Sewell repeated his words, and added, "I mean, what do you think some one else ought to do in your place?"

"Was there ever any poor creatures in such a strait before?" she asked, with pathetic incredulity.

"There's no new trouble under the sun," said the minister.

"Oh, if it was any one else, I should say—I should say—Why, of course! I should say that their duty was to let——" She paused.

"One suffer instead of three, if none is to blame?" suggested Sewell. "That's sense, and that's justice. It's the economy of pain which naturally suggests itself, and which would insist upon itself, if we were not all perverted by traditions which are the figment of the shallowest sentimentality. Tell me, Mrs.

Lapham, didn't this come into your mind when you first learned how matters stood?"

"Why, yes, it flashed across me. But I didn't think it could be right."

"And how was it with you, Mr. Lapham?"

"Why, that's what I thought, of course. But I didn't see my way——"

"No," cried the minister, "we are all blinded, we are all weakened by a false ideal of self-sacrifice. It wraps us round with its meshes, and we can't fight our way out of it. Mrs. Lapham, what made you feel that it might be better for three to suffer than one?"

"Why, she did herself. I know she would die sooner than take him away from her."

"I supposed so!" cried the minister bitterly. "And yet she is a sensible girl, your daughter?"

"She has more common sense——"

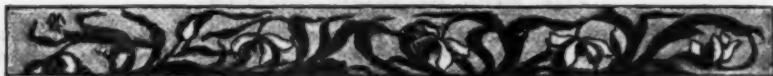
"Of course! But in such a case we somehow think it must be wrong to use our common sense. I don't know where this false ideal comes from, unless it comes from the novels that befool and debauch almost every intelligence in some degree. It certainly doesn't come from Christianity, which instantly repudiates it when confronted with it. Your daughter believes, in spite of her common sense, that she ought to make herself and the man who loves her unhappy, in order to assure the lifelong wretchedness of her sister, whom he doesn't love, simply because her sister saw him and fancied him first! And I'm sorry to say that ninety-nine young people out of a hundred—oh, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand!—would consider that noble and beautiful and heroic; whereas you know at the bottom of your hearts that it would be foolish and cruel and revolting. You know what marriage is! And what it must be without love on both sides."

The minister had grown quite heated and red in the face.

"I lose all patience!" he went on vehemently. "This poor child of yours has somehow been brought to believe that it will kill her sister if her sister does not have what does not belong to her, and what it is not in the power of all the world, or any soul in the world, to give her. Her sister will suffer—yes, keenly!—in heart and in pride; but she will not die. You will suffer, too, in your tenderness for her; but you must do your duty. You must help her to give up. You would be guilty if you did less. Keep clearly in mind that you are doing right, and the only possible good. And God be with you!"

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.



### GILEAD.

"And I will bring them into the land of Gilead."

Oh, who will take my hand and let mine eyes have rest,  
And lead me like a child into the quiet west,  
Until beneath my feet I press the short wild grass,  
And feel the wind come shorewards down the granite pass;  
So, fashioned darkly round the mirror of the mind,  
The solemn forms I love in infancy to find  
Bent down to shut me in, in billowy solitude,—  
Harsh tor and quaking sedge and devil-haunted wood,—  
Behind the thin pink lids I should not dare to raise,  
Would gather and console the turmoil of my days?

A grain of balm has lain within my scentless breast  
Through all these roaring years of tempest,—and shall rest,  
A single grain, how sweet! but, ah! what perfumes rise,  
Where, bathed by sacred dews, the soul's full Gilead lies!

There, with the sands around, and many a mirage faint  
To tempt the faded sight of fakir and of saint,  
Cool, with their clump of palms, by wells like crystal pure,  
The myrrh-trees of the Lord, the dripping boughs endure.

Oh, lead me by the hand, and I with eyelids close  
Will hear the wind that sighs, the bubbling stream that flows,  
The shrill Arabian sounds of blessed aged men,  
And the low cries of weary souls at home again;

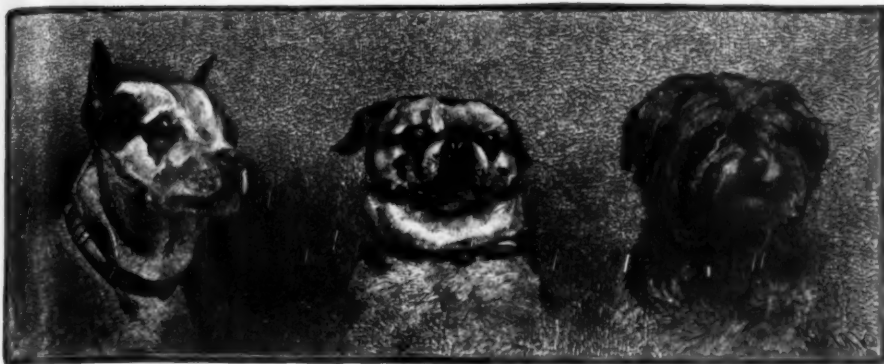
Yet never raise my lids, lest all these Eastern things,  
These forms of alien garb, these palm-surrounded springs,  
Surprise my brain that grew in colder zones of light,  
Betray with homeless home my impulse of delight.

But when I think I feel the west wind, not the east,  
From drought and chilly blue by soft gray airs released,  
I'll bend my hand and touch the country at my feet,  
And find the sun-dew there, and moor-ferns coarse and sweet,  
And the rough bilberry-leaves, and feel the mountain-moss  
Stretch warm along the rock, and cross it, and re-cross.

What we loved first and lost in Nature, yet retain  
In memory, prized the most, worn to a single grain,  
That scene, though wild and far, and acrid with the sea,  
Pilgrim of life, is still Gilead to thee and me;  
And there where never yet to break the shadows come  
Battalions of the world, with maniac fife and drum,  
There, in the ancient hush, the elfin spirit of sleep  
Preserves for child-like hearts a pillow broad and deep,  
And in a tender twilight, mystic and divine,  
The homely scenes we loved take hues of Palestine.

*Edmund Gosse.*





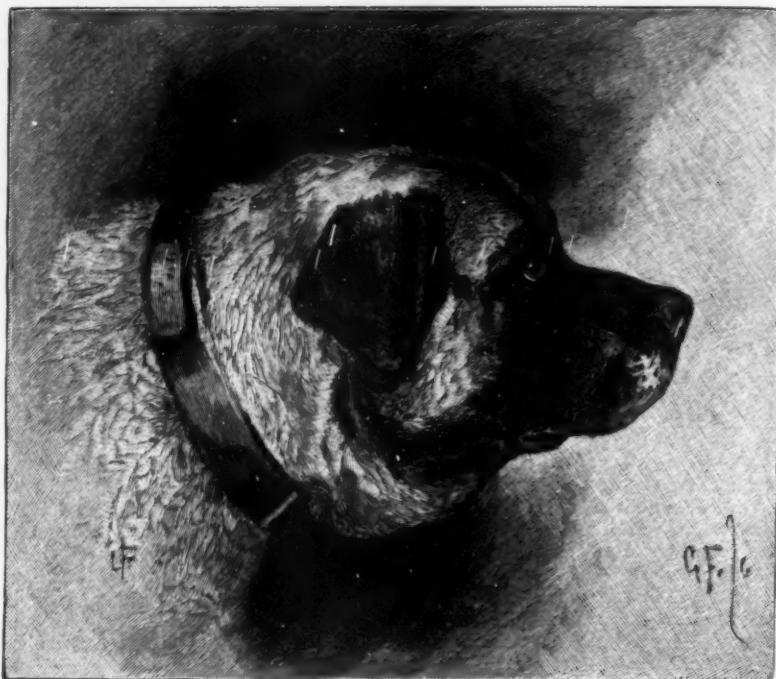
### TYPICAL DOGS.

LUXURIOUS self-gratification, the accompaniment of our growing wealth, is ever seeking new methods for the exhibition of its passing whims and fancies. While in one direction the resources of art and science are exhausted to minister to its wants, in another the animal world is ransacked to pander to its bizarre and eccentric longing for novelty. The extraordinary prominence accorded the canine race emphasizes this tendency. Within a few years the breeding of choice varieties of dogs has assumed remarkable proportions. The best products of the kennels of Europe and quaint sorts from the far East are eagerly sought for by our people, without regard to cost. This rage for superior dogs applies equally to the toy, miscellaneous, and sporting breeds. One need but visit the bench shows held in any of our larger cities, and observe the care bestowed upon the animals on exhibition, to have ample confirmation of this statement. The tender solicitude of which these dogs are the object is not confined to pets dear to the gentler sex, but extends equally to the breeds high in the estimation of their male competitors. Women, however, to whom a dog is significant of a fidelity sometimes lacking in man, carry their adoration to the extreme. Moreover, when a woman falls completely under the control of this canine craze, she demands from all about her an absorbing interest equal to her own. The luxurious appointments of modern days are lavishly bestowed upon these pets. The resources of the furrier and the jeweler are exhausted, the one to provide the costliest clothing, and the other, collars and bracelets which equal in cost those worn by their loving owners. Women go even beyond this; they hold canine receptions at which cards, flowers, and elaborate refreshments are

as much *de rigueur* as at their own social reunions. These pets feed off the rarest porcelain on food prepared by a *chef*. When they die their bodies are embalmed and their graves decorated with the choicest flowers.

Men are no less enthusiastic in their love for dogs. This is applicable alike to toy, miscellaneous, and sporting breeds. Every sort has its admirers. The hideous bull-dog, worshiped by some as the apotheosis of comeliness, the majestic St. Bernard and mastiff, the faithful colley, the graceful greyhound, and dozens of other varieties, whether useful or merely ornamental, are bred with a care and discrimination which has resulted in the production of animals of extraordinary beauty and value. One is indeed astonished at the enormous prices asked—and sometimes paid. It is not alone the professional fancier who devotes himself to the breeding of dogs. Men of large wealth are equally successful. They own and maintain extensive kennels, the product of which is eagerly absorbed by an appreciative public.

"Typical dogs" is perhaps rather an elastic term. The points of the same breed of dog are subject to modification and change. Fashion is as important a factor in this direction as in every other. The jaw of the bull-dog, the curve of his fore-legs, the width of his skull; the head of the mastiff, the snake-like cranium of the greyhound, the length of ears of the King Charles spaniel, the nose of the pug, the coloring, markings of the hair,—all these by skillful breeding may be modified to conform to the caprice of the moment. The dog which to-day is considered the model of his kind may to-morrow be looked upon merely as an example of what was considered "good form" in the past. The general charac-



ENGLISH MASTIFF, "DUKE."

teristics are preserved. The changes are subtle, invisible to the layman, but full of significance to the microscopic eye of the fancier.

It is hardly possible for one man to possess a complete knowledge of every breed of dog. As a means of securing within a limited space the most "advanced" views concerning the various breeds, the present article, and other articles which are to follow on the same subject, will be composed of brief papers, each by a writer familiar with the particular variety of which he treats. Later on the portraits of six famous pointers and six equally distinguished setters will be given. Particular mention is made of this on account of the heated controversies which have prevailed on the subject of sporting dogs. The disciples of the various schools will thus have an opportunity of expressing their views in the presence of the audience which *THE CENTURY* commands.

*Gaston Fay.*

#### THE MASTIFF.

THE origin of the English mastiff is so lost in the mists of antiquity, that no positive as-

sertions concerning it should be made. It is evident that dogs with his characteristics existed in Britain when the Romans first landed there. They speak of them as "the broad-mouthed dogs of Britain." Whether these were of the mastiff or bull-dog type, or whether the two breeds have the same origin, cannot be determined. Much written on this subject is necessarily pure conjecture; consequently we need only concern ourselves with the immediate progenitors of the mastiff, and that dog as he exists to-day.

Of all the known canine races the mastiff is the largest and eminently the most massive. Exceptional specimens of the St. Bernard, the boar-hound, and the Siberian blood-hound may exceed in height and weight the average of large mastiffs; but these examples are so rare as not to materially modify the assertion of the superiority of the proportions of the mastiff.

The distinguishing marks of this breed are size, massiveness, dignity, and majesty of appearance. Twenty-eight to thirty-one inches may be accepted as a good average height at the shoulders. The girth of the chest should never be less than one-third more than

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the height. The body should be long and well filled out, without any approach to the tucked-up loin of the hound. This is very objectionable. The legs should be straight, with immense bone and muscle; the feet round and close; the tail thick at the root, tapering evenly to a point, and not extending much below the hocks. The head is now the great point with fanciers. It should be broad across the skull, flat to the eyebrow, well indented up the center, with small, close-lying ears, partly erected when attention is aroused; the muzzle broad, short, and square-looking, as though it had been sawed off. Fashion changes much in this direction. The great show dogs of ten years since would stand no chance in a modern competition. A very much shorter, blunter muzzle is now

grows. He seldom bites, even under the severest provocation. To guard those living in isolated localities, as a protector of women and children, he is without a peer—the sturdy and faithful watchman of the home.

*W. Wade.*

#### THE ST. BERNARD.

TO THE visitor at the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, situated at the summit of Mons Jovis in the Alps, is pointed out a very old picture of Bernard de Menthon, accompanied by his dog, who, in the year 962 A. D., founded this hospice for the benefit of pilgrims to Rome. This animal, somewhat resembling a blood-hound, is supposed to be the progenitor of the famous race of St. Bernards,



ST. BERNARD, "RONIVARD."

the standard. Whether the dog of to-day has really gained in appearance by his shorter muzzle is certainly open to doubt. The grand preëminent qualities of the mastiff are shown in his affectionate, true, noble, faithful disposition and even temper. He is above all others the watch-dog. Bred for generations for this purpose, his impulses lead him exclusively in this direction—to watch and guard, and to repulse trespassers within his precinct. He accomplishes this end by a resolute and imposing bearing, never resorting to force until repeated gentle warnings have been ignored. Menace to the person of his master the mastiff fiercely resents. His mode of attack is to spring upon an evil-doer, knock him down, and subdue him with significant

now the universal favorites among the large-sized dogs of the day.

The manner in which the Alpine or St. Bernard dog carried food and covering to exhausted travelers is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say, that while they have been instrumental in saving hundreds of lives, increase of population and modern enterprise combined have rendered their services almost a thing of the past. The law of evolution, in its onward march during the past nine hundred years, would naturally engender some changes in the race. Great loss of life, due to climate, disease, and accident, has necessitated at various times during this period recourse to the owners of private kennels in the adjacent valleys, who,



CHAMPION BULL-DOG, "BOZ."

possessing representatives of the breed in their original purity, purchased when puppies, kindly presented them to the monks to replace those lost. While two varieties, rough and smooth coated, are recognized to an extent sufficient to entitle them to distinct show classes, they differ in no respect from one another except in coat. The former, the preference in temperate climates, is almost useless for hospice purposes, the adhesion of snow and ice to the long hair endangering the life of the dog. Their temper, always gentle, obedient, evincing a particular affection for children, of great intelligence, immense size, and relative contour, all combine to render them extremely valuable as companions. Our engraving of Bonivard (a corruption of Bonnivard, the Prior of St. Victor, immortalized in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon") may be received as that of a typical rough-coated St. Bernard dog. As the winner of forty-six prizes in England and America, he unquestionably stands near the lead of all dogs of his class. He is now five years of age, in color a rich orange-tawny and brindle, having the white muzzle, white blaze-up poll, white collar, white chest, feet, and tip of tail so highly valued by

the monks as representing the vestments peculiar to religious orders. His head is square and massive, with high brow and occipital protuberance, medium-sized ears, and eyes dark and bold, slightly showing the haw. His neck and shoulders are proportionate to an animal of his size; his legs straight, with large feet and double dew-claws. He measures thirty-one and a half inches high at shoulder. Girth of head, twenty-six inches; girth of chest, forty inches; girth of loin, thirty-five inches; total length, seventy-four inches; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds.

Among the smooth-coated variety, Leila is said to be the best female St. Bernard ever reared. She is tawny-brindle in color, with perfectly white markings, and is now three and a half years of age. She is the winner of fourteen prizes, having twice won the hundred-guinea challenge cup abroad. She measures thirty inches high at shoulder. Girth of chest, thirty-nine inches; girth of head, twenty-seven inches. Both Bonivard and Leila constitute part of the Hermitage kennels, owned by a resident of Passaic, N. J., whose kennels, in addition, contain many other choice specimens of the St. Bernard breed.

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## THE BULL-DOG.

THE bull-dog belongs to one of the oldest races of dogs, as it is evidently this animal which is described under the name of Alaunt in Edmond de Langley's "Mayster of Game," the manuscript of which is now in the British Museum.

To the bull-dog many other species owe some of their best qualities, such as endur-

which was not only practiced as a sport, being the favorite pastime of James I., but was also thought to improve the flavor of the bull's flesh by the violent exercise it forced him to take. Scarcely a bull was, therefore, slaughtered in olden times without previously being baited.

For this purpose a dog from about forty pounds to forty-five pounds weight was considered preferable to a larger one, as the mode



BULL-TERRIER, "SILK II."

ance, courage, and perseverance, and it may even with truth be said the very continuance of their existence; for there is scarcely a species of the canine tribe which has not at some period been crossed with the bull-dog, that it might from him imbibe those sturdy and lasting qualities which distinguish it, and also to prevent its becoming extinct when it has deteriorated by in-breeding.

One can scarcely fail to appreciate its worth when one considers for how long and how highly this animal has been prized by the English; indeed, it has become so identified with them that it is frequently used to typify their national character.

It was formerly bred and almost exclusively used for the purpose of bull-baiting,

of attacking the bull was by crawling up to it upon the belly and then springing at its nose, clinging on with determined obstinacy, and, when the bull's energy was exhausted, either holding it perfectly still or throwing it upon its side, according to the word of command. It will thus be seen that a small dog ran less chance of being gored by the bull than a large one.

The bull-dog may be almost any color except black, black-and-tan, or blue,—such as brindle and white, white, brindle, fallow, fawn smut, or fawn pied. The general appearance is of a small dog, very compact, and of great strength. One of the leading points is the head, which should be large and square, characterized by a short and *retroussé*

nose, enabling the animal to breathe freely while holding on to anything for an indefinite length of time.

The proverb "dogs delight to bark and bite" holds good in the latter respect only with this breed; for they do not often bark, and give no warning when about to attack.

*R. and W. Livingston.*

#### THE BULL-TERRIER.

THE original bull-terrier was, without doubt, produced by a cross between the bull-dog and terrier, resulting in a dog having a longer and more punishing head than the pure bull-dog, and on that account better adapted for fighting, for which purpose, undoubtedly, the bull-terrier was primarily bred. It is, however, more or less a matter of conjecture as to what other elements have assisted in the development of the bull-terrier in his modern and improved form from the old bull-dog and terrier cross; but authorities on the subject seem to agree that in many of the larger specimens there is a dash of greyhound blood, while the smaller breed often show more of the characteristics of the white English terrier than is desirable.

The bull-terrier of the present day may be described as a dog having the full head,—though in a less degree,—the strong jaw, well-developed chest, powerful shoulders, and fine, thin tail of the bull-dog, united with the flat skull, level mouth, long jaw, small eye, and fuller proportions of the hind-quarters of the terrier.

These points, combined into a symmetrical whole,—of any weight, from five pounds up to fifty, with a brilliant white coat, a lively and vivacious disposition, together with a very high degree of courage, intelligence, and affection,—go to make up the modern bull-terrier, the handsomest and best of all terriers, and *the dog, par excellence*, for a gentleman's pet and companion both in and out of doors. The generally received impression seems to be that the bull-terrier is a quarrelsome, dangerous, and especially bad-tempered dog. This may be true of his mongrel cousins, the thick-headed, sullen-looking, and many-colored brutes often called bull-terriers, but which are about as much like the bull-terrier of the proper stamp as a Suffolk Punch is like a Derby winner. It certainly is not true of the thoroughbred. The bull-terrier has been slandered in this respect. He has a high temper when roused,—with his great courage it could not be otherwise,—and, like all high-spirited animals, his disposition may be easily spoiled by abuse and bad management;

but, when properly trained and kindly treated, his temper is especially good.

No dog exhibits greater affection toward his master; neither is he quarrelsome, and, though at all times ready to defend himself, he seldom begins a fight. Toward strangers he is generally indifferent, nor does he make friends quickly. His qualities are positive; he has strong likes and dislikes; but his confidence and affection once gained, he is exceptionally faithful and steadfast.

In his intercourse with mankind he follows the advice of Polonius:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade."

There are few things the bull-terrier cannot do as well or better than any other non-sporting dog. He is an excellent guard, good on rats or other vermin, an especially good water-dog, and easily taught to retrieve from land or water, though too hard-mouthed to make a perfect retriever.

In this country he is not a universal favorite, owing to the prevailing but unfounded belief in his ferocity. Wherever he is well known, however, this prejudice disappears, and closer acquaintance will insure his popularity. The present short sketch of this engaging breed of dog may worthily be concluded by quotations from two of the best authorities on the subject:

"For thorough gameness, united with obedience, good temper, and intelligence, he surpasses any breed in existence."—J. H. WALSH ("Stonehenge"),  
"Dogs of the British Isles."

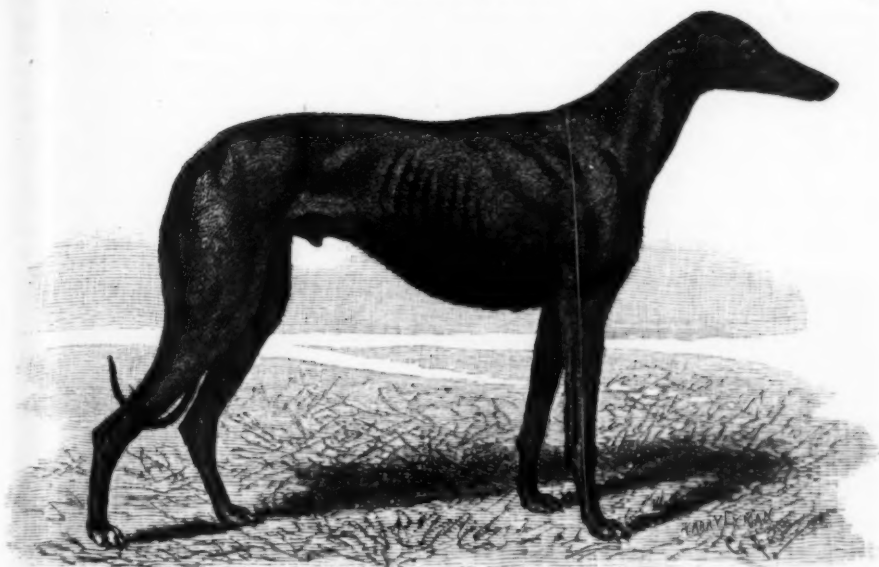
"Do not frighten him, don't knock him about or ill-use him, and no dog will treat his master with greater love and respect than the game, handsome, intelligent, and lovable bull-terrier."—VERO SHAW, in  
"The Book of the Dog."

*James Page Stinson.*

#### THE GREYHOUND.

UPON the still smooth surface of the monuments that adorn the broad plains of Egypt, erected 1200 B. C., we find chiseled, by the side of his royal master, the form of the greyhound, which from that time to this the sportsmen of the world have associated with them in the pursuit of game. The term greyhound is a corruption of the word gaze-hound, signifying that it pursues its game by sight and not by scent.

Flavius Arrian, 150 A. D., in his "History of Hunting," minutely describes the greyhound and its use. It corresponds with our modern dog; save that the coat is not long and silky. At the present time the same dog exists in Lower Egypt, Arabia, and Persia. In ancient Greece and Rome he was the



"BOUNCING BOY"—GREYHOUND.

companion of the nobles, and no household was considered complete in all its appointments without him. As represented on the monuments, he was not the perfect type of all that is graceful, fleet, and courageous to the same degree as the modern dog. This improvement is due solely to the judicious breeding by the British people, since the sport of coursing became the recognized entertainment of the leisured and wealthy classes. In fact, it is only within a few years, comparatively speaking, that he was allowed to be possessed by any save the princes and nobles. The grand march of liberality and equality, however, has done away with these severe restrictions. In such high esteem was this dog held by the nobles that the killing or even maiming of one was *felony*, punishable with *death*.

At the time when his value for coursing purposes became apparent, he was found to be deficient in two essential qualities, viz., endurance coupled with speed, and courage not only to continue to the end, but to kill. In order to overcome these defects, an infusion of bull-dog blood became necessary. Taking the progeny that showed a predominance of bull-dog characteristics and greyhound form, and breeding back to the latter, we find in the fifth generation a dog which, though robbed of the ferocious tendencies of the bull-dog, still possesses all his courage, stamina, and desire to kill, with the graceful form of the greyhound. Thus we see the dog

of three thousand years ago, passing through all the various changes of country and people, not only preserved in its general outline, but improved in form and character, making him, *par excellence*, the dog-companion of the sportsman, and the aristocrat of the canine race.

The use of the greyhound is coursing. The training required to bring him down to a nicety of condition, though long and tedious, is fully compensated as day by day we note the rapid advancement in development of muscle, wind-power, and speed. When thoroughly "conditioned," leashed with another he is taken into a field, there to await the starting-up of the hare by beaters employed for that purpose. The race is not always to the swifter, unless possessed of the greater ability to turn in the shortest space and regain the ground lost by the artful turnings of the hare. The great event in coursing circles in England is the "Waterloo Cup," valued at £500, which is run for at Altcar, near Liverpool, annually.

Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was the first to compile a set of rules governing coursing, whereby points of merit earned in the race could be properly awarded. They are substantially the same as those now in use. The first club devoted entirely to coursing was the Swaffham, of Norfolk, founded by Lord Orford in 1776.

The characteristics, or, in the language of the dog-shows, the "points," of the grey-

hound are as follows: The muzzle is long and lean; the teeth strong and long enough to hold the hare when seized; the eyes small, of a dark color, and very bright; the ears small and fine; and the skull at the base broad. The neck is long, round, and symmetrical; the fore-legs, of good bone, are well set under the shoulders, which are laid obliquely on the body. The back is strong and broad, and the ribs well sprung, showing a proper placement of the vertebræ; the hind-legs well crooked at

little attention should have been given to the preservation of the purity of blood of that idol of the wild-fowl gunner, the Chesapeake Bay retriever. The origin of this very valuable animal is somewhat uncertain and obscure. It is supposed, however, that his first appearance on the shores of Maryland was coincident with the visit of certain foreign fishing vessels from the far North, in or about the first year of the present century. His close, heavy under fur and color—brown—sug-



CHESAPEAKE DUCK-DOG, "CHESS."

the stifles, while the hocks are well let down. The tail is long, thin, and gracefully carried. Thus formed, he is the very picture of speed, power, elegance, and poetry of motion.

Patronized by the nobility, and accepted by every sportsman as the greatest conception of true sport with the dog, coursing has made him *the* dog of the British Isles. California has already enjoyed this invigorating sport; Kansas, too, has adopted it; and so, eastward the greyhound rapidly wends his way in the favor of sportsmen.

*H. W. Huntington.*

#### THE CHESAPEAKE DUCK-DOG.

It is sincerely to be regretted, in view of his exceptionally valuable qualities, that so

gested a close relationship to the otter-dog. His ability as a retriever emphasized this supposition. His superior qualities in this direction were so manifestly phenomenal that the few original specimens were eagerly purchased from their foreign owners by the gunners of Chesapeake Bay. The ability of this dog to withstand cold and exposure was far beyond that of the Irish retriever. Within a brief period he entirely superseded the last-named animal as a water-dog. For some unknown reason the Chesapeake duck-dog never became numerous; hence the owner of a pure-blooded specimen could hardly be induced to part with him at any price. In time this dog so identified himself with the waters of Chesapeake Bay as to be known by no other name than that borne by this estuary. Twenty-

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five years ago he was at the apogee of his fame. Nearly every family living in the bay counties of Maryland owned one or more of untainted blood. Through carelessness the breed was allowed to deteriorate; in consequence, to-day few, if any, of pure blood are in existence. A small number, however, remain of sufficient purity of race and perfection of training to almost equal in efficiency their distinguished and untainted ancestors. There were, in reality, two varieties of this dog, the long and the smooth coated, the latter not so popular as the former. The Chesapeake duck-dog is of the same size as the small Newfoundland, head broad, nose sharp, eyes small and bright, ears somewhat insignificant and set high; coat in color dark sedge, strong and tightly curled, with a peculiar under fur, so thick that the dog can remain in the water a long time without his skin becoming wet. The hair on the legs is not so long. It is particularly short about the nose and eyes. The Chesapeake duck-dog is used by sportsmen who shoot wild fowl either from points or from "booby blinds" set in the water a short distance from the shore. This dog so closely resembles the color of sedge-grass as not to

be distinguishable except very near by. He remains in concealment until ordered to "fetch." At the command he springs into the water, breaking his way even through ice of considerable thickness. The wounded birds he first retrieves. When these are all gathered in, he secures the dead. Ducks in the Maryland waters generally fly in long strings. It often happens that the gunner, armed with a breech-loader, puts in several shots while the gang of birds is passing. In this case the well-trained and sagacious dog has much hard work to do, particularly if the weather be rough. His endurance, however, is remarkable, and he never seems to tire at his task. This continuous immersion in the water would be impossible to any animal not provided with the thick and almost water-proof under fur of the Chesapeake duck-dog.

With his affectionate disposition, great intelligence, strength, and the peculiar physical qualities which he possesses, adapting him to the retrieving of wild fowl beyond any other known breed, it is a great misfortune that closer attention has not been given to the preservation of the purity of the race.

*George Norbury Appold.*

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### MY THOUGHT AND I.

THE clock is ticking the night away,  
And oh! what a blessed rest I take;  
With nothing more to do or to say  
Until the light of the morning break.

The room may be ten by five — no more;  
It bounds but the scantiest comforts, too;  
But the weights of life are outside its door,  
And its rest pervades me through and through.

The breath of my soul comes full and free,  
However my body may find the space;  
With genius lighting the dark for me,  
It is heaven just here my Thought to face.

To-night I belong alone to her,  
To-night she is solely and fully mine;  
No meeting of lovers could quicker stir  
To the sense that *two* make the night divine.

Ah, yes! now that creaky door is still,  
And the old bolt slipped, there is nothing missed.  
Let the great world go; let it work its will;  
Since my Thought and I are keeping tryst!

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

## WHITTIER.

A PLEASANT story, that went the round shortly after the close of our Civil War, shows the character of Whittier's hold upon his countrymen. It was said that one among a group of prominent men, when conversation on politics and finance began to lag, asked the question, Who is the best American poet? Horace Greeley, who was of the party, replied with the name of Whittier, and his judgment was instantly approved by all present. These active, practical Americans, patriots or demagogues,—some of them, doubtless, of the "heated barbarian" type,—for once found their individual preferences thus expressed and in accord. At that climacteric time the Pleiad of our elder poets was complete and shining,—not a star was lost. But the instinct of these stern, hard-headed men was in favor of the Quaker bard, the celibate and prophetic recluse; he alone appealed to the poetic side of their natures. We do not hold a press-item to absolute exactness in its report of words. The epithet "best" may not have been employed by the questioner on that occasion; were it not for the likelihood that those to whom he spoke would not have laid much stress upon verbal distinctions, one might guess that he said the most national, or representative, or inborn of our poets. The value of the incident remains; it was discovered that Whittier most nearly satisfied the various poetic needs of the typical, resolute Americans, men of his own historic generation, who composed that assemblage.

With this may be considered the fact that it is the habit of compilers and brief reviewers, whose work is that of generalization, to speak of him as a "thoroughly American" poet. An English critic, in a notice marked by comprehension of our home-spirit and with the honest effort of a delicate mind to get at the secret of Whittier's unstudied verse and gain the best that can be gained from it, finds him to be the "most national" of our writers, and the most characteristic through his extraordinary fluency, narrow experience, and wide sympathy,—language which implies a not unfriendly recognition of traits which have been thought to be American,—loquacity, provincialism, and generosity of heart.

In sentiments thus spoken and written there is a good deal of significance. But the words of the foreign verdict cannot be taken precisely as they stand. Has there been a time, as yet, when any writer could be thoroughly

American? What is the meaning of the phrase—the most limited meaning which a citizen, true to our notion of this country's future, will entertain for a moment? Assuredly not a quality which is collegiate, like Longfellow's,—or of a section, like Whittier's,—or of a special and cultured class, which alone can enjoy Whitman's sturdy attempt to create a new song for the people before the accepted and accepting time. During the period of these men America scarcely has been more homogeneous in popular characteristics than in climate and topography. I have discussed the perplexing topic of our nationalism, and am willing to believe that these States are blending into a country whose distinctions of race and tendency will steadily lessen; but whether such a faith is well grounded is still an open question. And whatsoever change is to ensue, in the direction of homogeneity, will be the counter-swing of a vibration whose first impulse was away from the uniformity of the early colonies to the broadest divergence consistent with a common language and government. At Whittier's time this divergence was greater than before—greater, possibly, than it ever can be again. In fact, it is partly as a result of this superlative divergence that he is called our most national poet. If his song was not that of the people at large, it aided to do away with something which prevented us from being one people; and it was national in being true to a characteristic portion of America—the intense expression of its specific and governing ideas.

The most discriminating *précis* is that which Mr. Parkman contributed at a gathering in honor of the Quaker bard. The exact eye of the author of "Frontenac" saw the poet as he is: "The Poet of New England. His genius drew its nourishment from her soil; his pages are the mirror of her outward nature, and the strong utterance of her inward life." The gloss of this sentiment belonged to the occasion; its analysis is specifically correct, and this with full recognition of Whittier's most famous kinsmen in birth and song. The distinction has been well made, that the national poet is not always the chief poet of a nation. As a poet of New England, Whittier had little competition from the bookish Longfellow, except in the latter's sincere feeling for the eastern sea and shore, and artistic handling of the courtier legends of the province.

He certainly found a compeer in Lowell, whose dialect idyls prove that only genius is needed to enable a scholar, turned farmer, to extract the richest products of a soil. And the lyric fervor of Lowell's odes is our most imaginative expression of that New England sentiment which has extended itself, an ideal influence, with the movement of its inheritors to the farthest West. Emerson, on his part, has volatilized the essence of New England thought into wreaths of spiritual beauty. Yet Mr. Parkman, than whom no scholar is less given to looseness of expression, terms Whittier the poet of New England, as if by eminence, and I think with exceeding justice. The title is based on apt recognition of evidence that we look to the people at large for the substance of national or sectional traits. The base, not the peak, of the pyramid determines its bearings. There is, to be sure, as much human nature in the mansion as in the cottage, in the study or drawing-room as in the shop and field. But just as we call those *genre* canvases whereon are painted idyls of the fireside, the roadside, and the farm, pictures of "real life," so we find the true gauge of popular feeling in songs that are dear to the common people and true to their unsophisticated life and motive.

Here we again confront the statement that the six Eastern States were not and are not America; not the nation, but a section,—the New Englanders seeming almost a race by themselves. But what a section! And what a people, when we take into account, super-added to their genuine importance, a self-dependence ranking with that of the Scots or Gascons. As distinct a people, in their way, as Mr. Cable's creoles, old or new. Go by rail along the Eastern coast and note the nervous, wiry folk that crowd the stations;—their eager talk, their curious scrutiny of ordinary persons and incidents, make it easy to believe that the trait chosen by Sprague for the subject of his didactic poem still is a chief motor of New England's progress, and not unjustly its attribute by tradition. This hive of individuality has sent out swarms, and scattered its ideas like pollen throughout the northern belt of our States. As far as these have taken hold, modified by change and experience, New England stands for the nation, and her singer for the national poet. In their native, unadulterated form, they pervade the verse of Whittier. It is notable that the sons of the Puritans should take their songs from a Quaker; yet how far unlike, except in the doctrine of non-resistance, were the Puritans and Quakers of Endicott's time? To me, they seem grounded in the same inflexible ethics, and alike disposed to supervise the

ethics of all mankind. Time and culture have tempered the New England virtues; the Eastern frugality, independence, propagandism, have put on a more attractive aspect; a sense of beauty has been developed—the mental recognition of it finally granted to a northern race, who still lack the perfect flexibility and grace observable wherever that sense comes by nature and directs the popular conscience. As for the rural inhabitants of New England, less changed by travel and accomplishments, we know what they were and are,—among them none more affectionate, pious, resolute, than Whittier, beyond doubt their representative poet.

He belongs, moreover,—and hence the point of the incident first related,—to the group, now rapidly disappearing, of which Horace Greeley was a conspicuous member, and to an epoch that gave its workers little time for over-refinement, Persian apparatus, and the cultivation of æsthetics. That group of scarred and hardy speakers, journalists, agitators, felt that he was of them, and found his song revealing the highest purpose of their boisterous, unsentimental careers. These men—like all men who do not retrograde—had an ideal. This he expressed, in measures that moved them, and whose perfection they had no thought or faculty of questioning. Many of them came from obscure and rural homes, and to read his verse was to recall the scent of the clover and apple-bloom, to hear again the creak of the well-pole, the rattle of the bars in the lane,—the sights and freshness of youth passing for a moment, a vision of peace, over their battle-field. They needed, also, their own pibroch and battle-cry, and this his song rang out; their determination was in it, blended with the tenderness from which such men are never wholly free.

His ultimate reputation, then, will be inseparable from that of his section and its class. He may not hold it as one of those whose work appeals to all times and races, and whose art is so refined as to be the model of after-poets. But he was the singer of what was not an empty day,—and of a section whose movement became that of a nation, and whose purpose in the end was grandly consummated. We already see, and the future will see it more clearly, that no party ever did a vaster work than his party; that he, like Hampden and Milton, is a character not produced in common times; that no struggle was more momentous than that which preceded our Civil War, no question ever affected the destinies of a great people more vitally than the anti-slavery issue, as urged by its promoters. Neither Greece nor Rome, not even England, the battle-ground of Anglo-

Saxon liberty, has supplied a drama of more import than that in which the poets and other heroes of our Civil Reformation played their parts.

## II.

WHITTIER'S origin and early life were auspicious for one who was to become a poet of the people. His muse shielded him from the relaxing influence of luxury and superfine culture. These could not reach the primitive homestead in the beautiful Merrimack Valley, five miles out from the market-town of Haverhill, where all things were elementary and of the plainest cast. The training of the Friends made his boyhood still more simple; otherwise, as I have said, it mattered little whether he derived from Puritan or Quaker sources. Still, it was much, in one respect, to be descended from Quakers and Huguenots used to suffer and be strong for conscience' sake. It placed him years in advance of the comfortable Brahmin class, with its blunted sense of right and wrong, and, to use his own words, turned him "so early away from what Roger Williams calls 'the world's great trinity, pleasure, profit, and honor,' to take side with the poor and oppressed." The Puritans conformed to the rule of the Old Testament, the Friends to the spirit of the New. One has only to read our colonial annals to know how the Jews got on under the Mosaic law, inasmuch as to the end of the Mather dynasty the pandect of Leviticus, in all its terror, was sternly enforced by church and state. The Puritans had two gods, Deus and Diabolus; the Quakers recognized the former alone, and chiefly through his incarnation as the Prince of Peace. They exercised, however, the right of interference with other people's code and practice, after a fashion the more intolerable from a surrender of the right to establish their own by rope and sword. Whittier's Quaker strain, as Frothingham has shown, yielded him wholly to the "intellectual passion" that Transcendentalism aroused, and still keeps him obedient to the Inward Light. And it made him a poet militant, a crusader whose moral weapons, since he must disown the carnal, were keen of edge and seldom in their scabbards. The fire of his deep-set eyes, whether betokening, like that of his kinsman Webster, the Batchelder blood, or inherited from some old Feuilletvert, strangely contrasts with the benign expression of his mouth—that firm serenity, which by transmitted habit dwells upon the lips of the sons and daughters of peace.

There was no affectation in the rusticity of his youth. It was the real thing—the neat

and saving homeliness of the Eastern farm. All the belongings of the household were not the equivalent of a week's expenses in a modern city home, yet there was no want and nothing out of tone. We see the wooden house and barn, set against the background of rugged acres,—indoors, still the loom and wheel, and still the Quaker mother, dear old toiling one, the incarnation of faith and charity, beloved by a loyal, bright-eyed family group. There was little to read but the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the weekly newspaper; no schooling but in the district school-house; nothing to learn of the outer world except from the eccentric and often picturesque strollers that in those days peddled, sang, or fiddled from village to village. Yet the boy's poetic fancy and native sense of rhythm were not inert. He listened eagerly to the provincial traditions and legends, a genuine folklore, recounted by his elders at the fireside; and he began to put his thoughts in numbers at the earliest possible age. A great stimulus came in the shape of Burns's poems, a cheap volume of which fell into his possession by one of those happenings that seem ordained for poets. His first printed efforts were an imitation of the dialect and measures of the Scottish bard, and perhaps no copybook could have been more suitable until he formed his own hand—a time not long postponed. He well might have fancied that in his experience there was much in common with that of his master; that he, too, might live to affirm, though surely in words less grandiloquent, "The Genius of Poetry found me at the plow, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Of our leading poets, he was almost the only one who learned Nature by working with her at all seasons, under the sky and in the wood and field. So much for his boyhood; his after course was affected greatly by the man then coming into notice as a fanatic and agitator, the lion-hearted champion of freedom, long since glorified with the name he gave to his first pronunciamiento, the Liberator. A piece of verse sent by young Whittier to the Newburyport "Free Press" led Garrison, its editor, to look up his contributor, and to encourage him with praise and counsel. From that time we see the poet working upward in the old-fashioned way. A clever youth need not turn gauger in a land of schools and newspapers. Whittier's training was supplemented by a year or more at the academy, and by a winter's practice as a teacher himself,—fulfilling thus the customary *Lehrjahre* of our village aspirants. In another year we find him the conductor of a tariff newspaper in Boston. Before his twenty-fifth birthday he had experienced the vicissitudes of old-

time journalism, changing from one desk to another, at Haverhill, Boston, and Hartford, still pursuing literature, ere long somewhat known as a poet and sketch-writer, and near the close of this period issuing his first book of *Legends*, in prose and verse. At Hartford also he edited, with a well-composed preface, the posthumous collection of his friend Brainerd's poems.

But the mission of his life now came upon him. He received a call. In 1831 Garrison had begun "The Liberator." He was Whittier's ally and guide; the ardor of the poet required an heroic purpose, and Garrison's crusade was one to which his whole nature inclined him. It was no personal ambition that made him the psalmist of the new movement. His verses, crude as they were, had gained favor; he already had a name, and a career was predicted for him. He now doomed himself to years of retardation and disfavor, and had no reason to foresee the honors they would bring him in the end. What he tells us is the truth: "For twenty years my name would have injured the circulation of any of the literary or political journals in the country." During this term his imaginative writings were to be "simply episodal," something apart from what he says had been the main purpose of his life. He was bent upon the service which led Samuel May to declare that of all our poets he "has, from first to last, done most for the abolition of slavery. All my anti-slavery brethren, I doubt not, will unite with me to crown him as our laureate." Bryant, many years later, pointed out that in recent times the road of others to literary success had been made smooth by anti-slavery opinions, adding that in Whittier's case the reverse of this was true; that he made himself the champion of the slave "when to say aught against the national curse was to draw upon one's self the bitterest hatred, loathing, and contempt of the great majority of men throughout the land." Unquestionably Whittier's ambition, during his novitiate, had been to do something as a poet and man of letters. Not that he had learned what few, in fact, at that time realized, that the highest art aims at creative beauty, and that devotion, repose, and calm are essential to the mastery of an ideal. But he was a natural poet, and, if he had not been filled with convictions, might have reached this knowledge as soon as others who possessed the lyrical impulse. The fact that he made his rarest gift subsidiary to his new purpose, in the flush of early reputation when one is most sensitive to popular esteem, has led me to dwell a little upon the story of his life, and to observe how life itself may be made no less inspiring than a poem. I would

not be misunderstood; we measure poetry at its worth, not at the worth of its maker. This is the law; yet in Whittier's record, if ever, there is an appeal to the higher law that takes note of exceptions. Some of his verse, as a pattern for verse hereafter, is not what it might have been if he had consecrated himself to poetry as an art; but it is memorably connected with historic times, and his rudest shafts of song were shot true and far and tipped with flame. This should make it clear to foreigners why we entertain for him a measure of the feeling with which Hungarians speak of Petöfi, and Russians of Turgeneff. His songs touched the hearts of his people. It was the generation which listened in childhood to the "Voices of Freedom" that fulfilled their prophecies.

Garrison started his journal with the watchword of "unconditional emancipation," and the pledge to be "harsh as truth and uncompromising as justice; . . . not to retreat a single inch, and to be heard." Whittier reinforced him with lyre and pen,—though sometimes the two differed in policy,—and soon was writing abolition pamphlets, editing "The Freeman," and active in the thick of the conflict. He was the secretary of the first anti-slavery convention, a signer of the Declaration of Sentiments, and, at an age when bardlings are making sonnets to a mistress's eyebrow, he was facing mobs at Plymouth, Boston, Philadelphia. After seven or eight years of this stormy service, he settled down in quarters at Amesbury, sending out, as ever, his prose and verse to forward the cause. But now his humane and fervent motives were understood even by opponents, and the sweetness of his rural lyrics and idyls had testified for him as a poet. In 1843 the most eclectic of publishing houses welcomed him to its list; the rise of poetry had set in, and Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, were gaining a constituency. As he grew in favor, attractive editions of his poems appeared, and his later volumes came from the press as frequently as Longfellow's,—more than one of them, like "Snow-Bound," receiving in this country as warm and wide a welcome as those of the Cambridge laureate. After the war, Garrison—at last crowned with honor, and rejoicing in the consummation of his work—was seldom heard. Whittier, in his hermitage, the resort of many pilgrims, has steadily renewed his song. While chanting in behalf of every patriotic or humane effort of his time, he has been the truest singer of our homestead and wayside life, and has rendered all the legends of his region into familiar verse. The habit of youth has clung to him, and he often misses, in his too facile rhyme and

rhythm, the graces, the studied excellence of modern work. But all in all, as we have seen, and more than others, he has read the heart of New England, and expressed the convictions of New England at her height of moral supremacy,—the distinctive enjoyment of which, in view of the growth of the Union, and the spread of her broods throughout its territory, may not recur again.

## III.

It would not be fair to test Whittier by the quality of his off-hand work. His verse always was auxiliary to what he deemed the main business of his life, and has varied with the occasions that inspired it. His object was not the artist's, to make the occasion serve his poem, but directly the reverse. Perhaps his naïveté and carelessness more truthfully spoke for his constituents than the polish of those bred in seats of culture; many of his stanzas reflect the homeliness of a provincial region, and are the spontaneous outcome of what poetry there was in it. His feeling gained expression in simple speech and the forms which came readily. Probably it occurred somewhat late to the mind of this pure and duteous enthusiast that there is such a thing as duty to one's art, and that diffuseness, bad rhymes, and prosaic stanzas are alien to it. Nor is it strange that the artistic moral sense of a Quaker poet, reared on a New England farmstead, at first should be deficient. A careless habit, once formed, made it hard for him to master the touch that renders a new poem by this or that expert a standard, and its appearance an event. His ear and voice were naturally fine, as some of his early work plainly shows. "Cassandra Southwick," "The New Wife and the Old," and "The Virginia Slave-mother" were of an original flavor and up to the standards of that day. If he had occupied himself wholly with poetic work, he would have grown as steadily as his most successful compeers. But his vocation became that of trumpeter to the impetuous reform brigade. He supplied verse on the instant, often full of vigor, but often little more than the rallying-blast of a passing campaign. We are told by May that "from 1832 to the close of our dreadful war in 1865, his harp of liberty was never hung up. Not an important occasion escaped him. Every significant incident drew from his heart some pertinent and often very impressive or rousing verses." It is safe to assume that if he had been more discriminating, or had cherished the resolve of Longfellow or Tennyson to make even conventional pieces artistic, many occasions would have

escaped him. We see again that Art will forego none of its attributes. Sincerity and spontaneity are the well-springs of its clearest flow; yet, if dependent on these traits alone, it may become cheap and common, and utterly fail of permanence. In the time under notice there was nothing more likely to confuse the imagination than the life of a journalist, especially of a provincial or reform editor. The case of Hood, one of the truest of poets by nature, has shown us something of the dangers that beset a journalist-poet. This Whittier emphatically became, though in every way superior to the band of temperance, abolition, and partisan rhymesters that, like the shadows of his own failings, sprang up in his train. He wrote verses very much as he wrote editorials, and they were forcible only when he was deeply moved by stirring crises and events. Some of his best were tributes to leaders, or rebukes of great men fallen. But he was too apt to write weak eulogies of obscurer people; for every friend or ally had a claim upon his muse.

His imperfections were those of his time and class, and he was too engrossed with a mission to overcome them. He never learned compression, and still is troubled more with fatal fluency than our other poets of equal rank,—by an inability to reject poor stanzas and to stop at the right place. Mrs. Browning was a prominent sufferer in this respect. The two poets were so much alike, with their indifference to method and taste, as to suggest the question (especially in view of the subaltern reform-verse-makers) whether advocates of causes, and other people of great moral zeal, are not relatively deficient in artistic conscientiousness and what may be called aesthetic rectitude.

An occasional looseness in matters of fact may be forgiven one who writes from impulse. We owe "Barbara Frietchie" to the glow excited by a newspaper report; and the story of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," now challenged, if not true, is too well told to be lost. Whittier became, like a mother's careless, warm-hearted child, dearer for his very shortcomings. But they sometimes mar his bravest outbursts. Slight changes would have made that eloquent lyric, "Randolph of Roanoke," a perfect one. Feeling himself a poet, he sang by ear alone, in a somewhat primitive time; but the finest genius, in music or painting for example, with the aid of a commonplace teacher can get over more ground in a month than he would cover unaided in a year; since the teacher represents what is already discovered and established. There came a period when Whittier's verse was composed solely with poetic intent, and after a less careless fashion.

It is chiefly that portion of it, written from 1860 onward, that has secured him a more than local reputation. His ruder rhymes of a day bear witness to an experience which none could better illustrate than by citing the words of the poet himself:

"Hater of din and riot,  
He lived in days unquiet;  
And, lover of all beauty,  
Trode the hard ways of duty."

In prose he soon became skilled. His letters often are models of epistolary style; the best articles and essays from his pen are written with a true and direct hand, though rather barren of the epigram and original thought which enrich the prose of Lowell, Holmes, and Emerson. "Margaret Smith's Journal" is a charming *nuova antica*; a trifle thin in plot, but such a quaint reproduction of the early colonial period — its people, manners, and discourse — as scarcely any other author save Hawthorne, at the date of its production, could have given us.

## IV.

His metrical style, except in certain lyrics of marked individuality, is that of our elders who wrote in diffuse measures, and whose readers favored sentiment more than beauty or wit. It is a degree more old-fashioned than styles which are so much older as to become new by revival; that is to say, its fashion was current within our own recollection and is now passing away. Some forms put on a new type with each successive period, such as blank-verse and the irregular ode-measures in which Lowell, Taylor, and Stoddard have been successful. Whittier uses these rarely, and to less advantage than his ballad-verse. He has conformed less than any one but Holmes to the changes of the day. Imagine him with an etching-needle, tracing the deft lines of a triolet or villanelle! If he could, and would, it would be seen that when one leaves a natural vein, the yield, lacking what is characteristic, is superfluous. Even his recent sonnets, "Requirement," "Help," etc., are little more than fourteen-line homilies. Those who know their author find something of him in them, but such efforts do not reveal him to a new acquaintance. A poet's voice must have a distinct quality to be heard above the general choir.

We turn to his early verse, as still acknowledged, to see in what direction his first independent step was made, and we note an effort to become a true American poet — to concern himself with the story and motive of his own land. For a time it was rather ineffective.

The author of "Mogg Megone" and "The Bride of Pennacook" was on the same trail with the New York squadron that sought the red man's path. It is queer, at this distance, to see the methods of Scott and Coleridge applied to the Indian legendary of Maine. Among works of this sort, however, these were the best preceding "Hiawatha." Longfellow had the tact to perceive that if the savage is not poetical his folk-lore may be made so. The prelude to Whittier's "Bridal" is quite modern and natural. It contains a suggestive plea that this experiment in a home field may not seem amiss even to those who are best pleased

"while wandering in thought,  
Pilgrims of Romance o'er the olden world."

And, after all, "Mogg" was a planned and sustained effort, and full of promise. Its writer's later management of local themes was more to the point. The "Songs of Labor" are American chiefly in topic, — in manner they are much like what Mackay or Massey might have written, — yet they became popular, and their rhetorical flow adapted them to recitation in the country schools. The poet's distinctive touch first appears in the legendary ballads which now precede the "Voices of Freedom" in his late editions. "The New Wife and the Old" is almost our best specimen of a style that Mrs. Hemans affected, and which Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Browning, and others have employed more picturesquely. It is a weird legend, musically told, and clearly the lyric of a poet. The early Quaker pieces are as good, and have all the traits of his verse written forty years afterward. His first ballads give the clew to his genius, and now make it apparent that most of his verse may be considered without much regard to dates of production. "Cassandra Southwick," alone, showed where his strength lay: of all our poets he is the most natural balladist, and Holmes comes next to him. The manner of that poem doubtless was suggested by Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry," and nothing could better serve the purpose. The colonial tone is well maintained. Here is a touching picture of the inspired maid's temptation to recant, of her endurance, trial, and victory. A group, also, of the populace — cloaked citizens, grave and cold, hardy sea-captains, and others — gathered where

"on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,  
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land."

The bigoted priest, a "smiter of the meek," is a type that was to reappear in our poet's scornful indictments of the divines who, within pub-

lic remembrance, upheld the slavery system under the sanction of Noah's curse of Canaan. This ballad is well-proportioned, and thus escapes the defect of "The Exiles," which is otherwise a good piece of idiomatic verse.

On the whole, it is as a balladist that Whittier displays a sure metrical instinct. The record of the Quakers has always served his muse, from the date of "Cassandra Southwick" to the recent production of "The Old South," "The King's Missive," and "How the Women went from Dover." Neither Bernard Barton nor Bayard Taylor is so well entitled to the epithet of the Quaker Poet. His Quaker strains, chanted while the sect is slowly blending with the world's people, seem like its swan-song. It is worth noting that of the nine American poets discussed in these essays, one is still a Friend, and two others, Whitman and Taylor, came of Quaker parentage on both sides. The strong ballad, "Barclay of Ury," would be almost perfect but for the four moralizing stanzas at the close. It is annoying to see a fine thing lowered, and even in moral effect, by an offense against the ethics of art. Whittier's successes probably have been scored most often through ballads of our eastward tradition and supernaturalism, such as those pertaining to witchcraft,—a province which, from "Calef in Boston" to "The Witch of Wenham," he never has long neglected. Some of his miscellaneous ballads are idyllic; others, in strong relief, were inspired by incidents of the War, during which our non-combatant sounded more than one blast, like that of Roderick, worth a thousand men. His ballads vary as much in excellence as in kind; among the most noteworthy are "Mary Garvin," "Parson Avery," "John Underhill," and that pure bit of melody and feeling, the lay of "Marguerite." Yet some of the poems which he classes in this department properly are eclogues, or slow-moving narratives. He handles well a familiar measure; when aiming at something new, as in "The Ranger," he usually is less at ease, despite the fact that the nonpareil of his briefer pieces is thoroughly novel in form and refrain, and doubtless chanced to come to him in such wise. "Skipper Ireson's Ride" certainly is unique. Dialect-poems are too often unfaithful or unpoetic. Imagination, humor, and dramatic force are found in the ballad of the Marblehead skipper's dole, and its movement is admirable. The culmination is more effective than is usual in a piece by Whittier. We have the widow of the skipper's victim saying "God has touched him! why should we?"—an old dame, whose only son has perished, bidding them "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run"; and

"So, with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!"

The change of feeling is indicated by the single word "poor." This is only a minor piece, but quantity is the plane, and quality the height, of lyrical verse. Were it not for two of Collins's briefest poems, where would his name be?

A balladist should be a good reciter of tales. Our poet's prose work on "The Supernaturalism of New England" was devoted to the ghost and witch stories of his own neighborhood. In general design his chief story-book in verse, "The Tent on the Beach," like Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn,"—the first series of which it post-dated and did not equal,—follows the oft-borrowed method of Boccaccio and Chaucer. The home tales of this group are the best, among them "The Wreck of Rivermouth" and "Abraham Davenport." Throw out a ballad or two, and, but for a want of even finish, "The Tent on the Beach" might be taken for a portion of Longfellow's extended work. As a bucolic poet of his own section, rendering its pastoral life and aspect, Whittier surpasses all rivals. This is established chiefly by work that increased, after he reached middle age, with a consciousness of his lost youth. In some breathing-spell from the stress of his reform labors, he longed for the renewal of

"boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools."

His eye fell upon the Barefoot Boy, and memory brought back a time when he too was

"rich in flowers and trees,  
Humming-birds and honey-bees."

To rate the country life at its worth, one must have parted from it long enough to become a little tired of that for which it was exchanged. The best eclogues are those which, however simple, have a feeling added by the cast of thought. Poets hold Nature dear when refined above her. Goldsmith, after years of wandering; Burns, when too well acquainted with the fickle world. The maker of rural verse, moreover, should be country-bred, or he will fall short. Unless Nature has been his nurse in childhood, he never will read with ease the text of her story-book. The distinction between artifice and sincerity is involved. Watteau's pictures are exquisite in their way, but Millet gave us the real thing. Long-

fellow's rural pieces were done by a skilled workman, who could regard his themes objectively and put them to good use. Lowell delights in outdoor life, and his Yankee studies are perfect; still, we feel that he is, intellectually and socially, miles above the people of the vale. Whittier is of their blood, and always the boy-poet of the Essex farm, however advanced in years and fame. They are won by the sincerity and ingenuousness of his verse, rooted in the soil and native as the fern and wild rose of the wayside. His brother-poets are more exact: which of them would hit upon "Maud" as a typical farm-girl's name? But incongruities are the signs-manual of a rural bard, as one can discover from Burns's high-sounding letters and manifestoes. Whittier himself despises a sham pastoral. There is good criticism, a clear sense of what was needed, in his paper on Robert Dinsmore, the old Scotch bard of his childhood. He says of rural poetry that "the mere dilettante and the amateur ruralist may as well keep their hands off. The prize is not for them. He who would successfully strive for it must be himself what he sings,—part and parcel of the rural life, . . . one who has added to his book-lore the large experience of an active participation in the rugged toil, the hearty amusements, the trials and pleasures he describes." I need not dwell upon our poet's fidelity to the landscape and legends of the Eastern shore and the vales of the Piscataqua and Merrimack. Those who criticize his pastoral spirit as lacking Bryant's breadth of tone, Emerson's penetration, and Thoreau's detail, confess that it is honest and that it comes by nature. His most vivid pictures are of scenes which lie near his heart, and relate to common life—to the love and longing, the simple joys and griefs, of his neighbors at work and rest and worship. Lyrics such as "Telling the Bees," "Maud Muller," and "My Playmate" are miniature classics; of this kind are those which confirmed his reputation and still make his volumes real household books of song.

These rustic verses, as we have seen, came like the sound of falling waters to jaded men and women. Years ago, when "Snow-Bound" was published, I was surprised at the warmth of its reception. I must have underrated it in every way. It did not interest one not long escaped from bounds, to whom the poetry of action then was all in all. And in truth such poetry, conceived and executed in the spirit of art, is of the higher grade. But I now can see my mistake, a purely subjective one, and do justice to "Snow-Bound" as a model of its class. Burroughs well avows it to be the "most faithful picture of our north-

ern winter that has yet been put into poetry." If his discussion had not been restricted to "Nature and the Poets," he perhaps would have added that this pastoral gives, and once for all, an ideal reproduction of the inner life of an old-fashioned American rustic home; not a peasant-home,—far above that in refinement and potentialities,—but equally simple, frugal, and devout; a home of which no other land has furnished the coadequate type.

This poem is not rich in couplets to be quoted for their points of phrase and thought. Point, decoration, and other features of modern verse are scarcely characteristic of Whittier. In "Snow-Bound" he chose the best subject within his own experience, and he made the most of it. Taken as a whole, it is his most complete production, and a worthy successor to "The Deserted Village" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Here is that air which writers of quality so often fail to capture. "Hermann and Dorothea," "Enoch Arden," even "Evangeline," memorable for beauty of another kind, leave the impression that each of their authors said, as Virgil must have said, "And now I will compose an idyl." Whittier found his idyl already pictured for him by the camera of his own heart. It is a work that can be praised, when measured by others of the sort, as heartily as we praise the "Biglow Papers" or "Evangeline," and one that ranks next to them as an American poem. This "Winter Idyl" is honestly named. Under the title, however, is a passage from Cornelius Agrippa on the "Fire of Wood," followed by Emerson's matchless heralding of the snow-storm. Devices of this kind add to the effect of such a poem, only, as "The Ancient Mariner." The texts are needless at the outset of a work whose lovely and unliterary cast is sufficient in itself. From the key struck at the opening to the tender fall at the close, there is a sense of proportion, an adequacy and yet a restraint, not always observed in Whittier. This is a sustained performance that conforms to the maxim *ne quid nimis*. Its genuineness is proved by a severe test, the concord with which imaginative passages glide into homely, realistic verse:

"The wind blew east: we heard the roar  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

"Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—  
Brought in the wood from out of doors,  
Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;  
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
Impatient down the stanchion rows  
The cattle shake their walnut bows."

The gray day darkens to

"A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm;

The white drift piled the window-frame,  
And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts."

The poet's child-vision makes this fancy natural and not grotesque. The whole transfiguration is recalled:

"The old familiar sights of ours  
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers  
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood;

The bridle-post an old man sat  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle."

More imaginative touches follow:

"The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

From the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank."

The building and lighting of the wood-fire, the hovering family group that

"watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,"

the rude-furnished room thus glorified and transformed, while even

"The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall,"—

all this is an interior painted by our Merri-mack Teniers. His hand grows free in artless delineations of each sharer of the charmed blockade: the father, with his stories of woodcraft and adventure; the Quaker mother rehearsing tales from Sewall and Chalkley "of faith fire-winged by martyrdom"; then a foil to these, the unlettered uncle "rich in lore of fields and brooks,"

"A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
Content to live where life began";

the maiden aunt; the elder sister, full of self-sacrifice, a true New England girl; lastly, the "youngest and dearest," seated on the braided mat,

"Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes."

The guests are no less vividly portrayed. The schoolmaster, distinct as Goldsmith's, is of an original type. The group is completed, with an

instinct for color and contrast, by the introduction of a dramatic figure, the half-tropical, prophetic woman, who was born to startle,

"on her desert throne,  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon  
With claims fantastic as her own."

The poem returns to its theme, and records the days of farm-house life during the chill embargo of the snow, until

"a week had passed  
Since the great world was heard from last."

But the treading oxen break out the highways, the rustic carnival of sledding and sleighing is at hand,

"Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
And all the world was ours once more."

From the subject thus chosen and pursued, an unadventured theme before, our poet has made his masterpiece. Its readers afterward loved to hear his voice, whether at its best or otherwise; and the more so for his pleased and assured reflection,

"And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown."

A claim that he has found, and preserved in fit and winning verse, the poetic aspect of his own section, can be grounded safely on this idyl. We return from the work in which his taste is most effectual to that inspired by his life-long convictions. It is in this that the faults heretofore noted are most common, but here also his natural force is at its height, and results from what is lacking in some of his group—the element of passion. The verse of his period, especially the New England verse, is barren enough of this. For what there was, and is, of love-poetry we must look south of the region where poets are either too fortunate or too self-controlled to die because a woman's fair. The song of the Quaker bard is almost virginal, in so far as what we term the master-passion is concerned. Its passion comes from the purpose that heated his soul and both strengthened and impeded lyrical expression. Active service in any strife, even the most humane, is unrest, and therefore hostile to the perfection of art. But the conflict often engenders in its cloud the flash of eloquence and song. Three-fourths of Whittier's anti-slavery lyrics are clearly effusions of the hour; their force was temporal rather than poetic. There are music and pathos in "The Virginia Slave Mother," and "The Slave Ship" is lurid and grotesque enough to have furnished Turner with his theme. The poet's deep-voiced scorn and invective rendered his anti-slavery verse a very different thing from Longfellow's, and made

the hearer sure of his "effectual calling." Even rhetoric becomes the outburst of true passion in such lines as these upon "Elliott":

"Hands off! thou tithe-fat plunderer! play  
No trick of priestcraft here!  
Back, puny lordling! darest thou lay  
A hand on Elliott's bier?"

A little of this, however, goes quite far enough in poetry. As a writer of personal tributes, whether pæans or monodies, the reform bard, with his peculiar faculty of characterization, has been happily gifted. Scarcely one of these that might not be retouched to advantage, but they are many and various and striking. John Randolph lives for us in the just balancing, the masterly and sympathetic portraiture, of Whittier's fine elegy. Channing, Elliott, Pius IX., Foster, Rantoul, Kosuth, Sumner, Garibaldi,—all these historic personages are idealized by this poet, and haloed with their spiritual worth; his tributes are a lyrical commentary, from the minstrel's point of view, upon an epoch now gone by. The wreath his aged hands have laid upon the tomb of Garrison is a beautiful and consecrated offering. One of his memorable improvisations was "Ichabod," the lament for Webster's defection and fall,—a tragical subject handled with lyric power. In after years, his passion tempered by the flood of time, he breathes a tenderer regret in "The Lost Occasion":

"Thou shouldst have lived to feel below  
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,—  
The late-sprung mine that underlaid  
Thy sad concessions vainly made.

Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,  
O sleeper by the Northern sea,  
The gates of opportunity!"

But the conception of "Ichabod" is most impressive; those darkening lines were graven too deeply for obliteration. In thought we still picture the deserted leader, the shadow gathering about his "august head," while he reads such words as these:

"All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul has fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The man is dead.

"Then, pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame;  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!"

Among our briefer poems on topics of dramatic general interest, I recall but one which equals this in effect,—and that, coming from a hand less familiar than Whittier's, is now almost unknown. I refer to the "Lines on a Great Man Fallen," written by William W. Lord, after the final defeat of Clay, and in

scorn of the popular judgment that to be defeated is to fall. The merit of this eloquent piece has been strangely overlooked by the makers of our literary compilations.

It is matter of history that our strictest clerical monitors, during the early struggle for abolition, opposed agitation of the slavery question, and often with a rancor that Holy Willie might envy. Not even this one-sided *odium theologicum* could long debar Whittier from the respect of the church-going classes, for he is the most religious of secular poets, and there is no gainsaying to a believer the virtues of one who guides his course by the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. A worshipful spirit, a savor "whose fragrance smells to heaven," breathes from these pages of the Preacher-Poet's song. The devotional bent of our ancestors was the inheritance of his generation. Domesticity, patriotism, and religion were, and probably still are, American characteristics often determining an author's success or failure. A reverent feeling, emancipated from dogma and imbued with grace, underlies the wholesome morality of our national poets. No country has possessed a group, equal in talent, that has presented more willingly whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report. There is scientific value in an influence, during a race's formative period, so clarifying to the general conscience. We have no proof that the unmorality of a people like the French, with exquisite resources at command, can evolve an art or literature greater than in the end may result from the virile chastity of the Saxon mind. Whittier is the Galahad of modern poets, not emasculate, but vigorous and pure; he has borne Christian's shield of faith and sword of the Spirit. His steadfast insistence upon the primitive conception of Christ as the ransom of the oppressed had an effect, stronger than argument or partisanship, upon the religiously inclined; and of his lyrics, more than of those by his fellow-poets, it could be averred that the songs of a people go before the laws. Undoubtedly a flavor smacking of the caucus, the jubilee, and other adjuvants of "the cause" is found in some of his polemic strains; but again they are like the trumpeting of passing squadrons, or the muffled drum-beat for chieftains fallen in the fray. The courage that endures the imputation of cowardice, as in "Barclay of Ury," the suffering of man for man, the cry of the human, never fail to move him. He celebrates all brave deeds and acts of renunciation. The heroism of martyrs and resisters, of the Huguenot, the Vaudois, the Quakers, the English reformers, serves him for many a song and ballad. At every pause after some new de-

votion, after some supreme offering by one of his comrades, it was the voice of Whittier that sang the pæan and the requiem. His cry,

"Thou hast fallen in thine armor,  
Thou martyr of the Lord!"

compares with Turgueneff's thought of the Russian maiden crossing the threshold of dishonor and martyrdom, the crowd crying "Fool!" without, while from within and above a rapturous voice utters the words, "Thou saint!" His sympathy flows to prisoners, emancipationists, throughout the world; and in "The May-Flower" he has a lurking kindness even for the Puritans,—but of the sort that Burns extends to Auld Hornie. This compassion reaches a climax in the lyric of the two angels who are commissioned to ransom hell itself. The injunction to beware of the man of one book applies to the poet whose Bible was interpreted for him by a Quaker mother. Its letter rarely is absent from his verse, and its spirit never. His hymns, than which he composes nothing more spontaneously, are so many acts of faith. The emancipationists certainly fought with the sword in one hand and the Bible in the other,—and Whittier's hymns were on their lips. The time came when these were no longer of hope, but of thanksgiving. Often his sacred numbers, such as the "Invocation," have a sonorous effect and positive strength of feeling. It was by the common choice of our poets that he wrote the "Centennial Hymn"; no one else would venture where the priest of song alone should go. The composition begins imposingly:

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand";

and it is difficult to see how a poem for sacred music, or for such an occasion, could be more adequately wrought.

His occasional and personal pieces reveal his transcendental habit of thought. We find him imagining the after-life of the good, the gifted, the maligned. The actuality of his conceptions is impressive:

"I have friends in spirit-land;  
Not shadows in a shadowy band,  
Not others, but themselves, are they."

The change is only one from twilight into dawn:

"Thou livest, Follen! — not in vain  
Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne  
The burthen of Life's cross of pain."

And in "Snow-Bound" he thus invokes a sister of his youth:

"And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

Whittier's religious mood is far from being superficial and temporary. It is the life of his genius, out of which flow his ideas of earthly and heavenly content. In outward observance he is loyal to the simple ways of his own sect, and still a frequenter of the Meeting, where

"from the silence multiplied  
By these still forms on either side,  
The world that time and sense have known  
Falls off and leaves us God alone."

God should be most, he says,

"where man is least;  
So, where is neither church nor priest,  
And never rag of form or creed  
To clothe the nakedness of need,—  
Where farmer-folk in silence meet,—  
I turn my bell-unsummoned feet."

He clings in this wise to the formal formlessness of the Quakers, as he would cling, doubtless, to the usages of any church in which he had been bred, provided that its creed rested upon the cardinal doctrines of the Master. Channing seemed to him a hero and saint, with whom he could enter into full communion:

"No bars of sect or clime were felt,—  
The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—  
And at one common altar knelt  
The Quaker and the priest."

With this liberal inclusion of all true worshippers, he is so much the more impatient of clerical bigotry. "Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" has been often on his lips,—sometimes the outbreak of downright wrath:

"Woe to the priesthood! woe  
To those whose hire is with the price of blood,—  
Perverting, darkening, changing, as they go,  
The searching truths of God!"

at other times varied with grim and humorous contempt, as in "The Pastoral Letter" and "The Haschish"; and never more effectively than in the vivid and stinging ballad of the fugitive slave-girl, captured in the house of God, in spite of tearful and defying women's eyes, and of the stout hands that rise between "the hunter and the flying." Down comes the parson, bowing low:

"Of course I know your right divine  
To own and work and whip her;  
Quick, deacon, throw that Polyglot  
Before the wench, and trip her!"

The basic justification of Whittier's religious trust appears to be the "inward light" vouchsafed to a nature in which the prophet and the poet are one. This solvent of doubt removes him alike from the sadness of Clough and Arnold and the paganism of certain other poets. In the striking "Questions of Life," a piece which indicates his highest intellectual

mark and is in affinity with some of Emerson's discourse, he fairly confronts his own share of our modern doubts; questioning earth, air, and heaven; perplexed with the mystery of our alliance to the upper and lower worlds; asking what is this

"centred self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences?"

He finds no resource but to turn, from

"book and speech of men apart  
To the still witness of my heart."

His repose must come from the direction in which the Concord transcendentalists also have sought for it, the soul's temple irradiated by the presence of the inward light. I have seen a fervent expression of this belief, in a voluntary letter of Whittier's, to a poet who had written an ode concerning intuition as the refuge of the baffled investigator. In fine, the element of faith gives a tone to the whole range of his verse, both religious and secular, and more distinctively than to the work of any other living poet of equal reputation. What he has achieved, then, is greatly due to a force which is the one thing needful in modern life and art. Faith, of some kind, in things as they are or will be, has elevated all great works of human creation. The want of it is felt in that insincere treatment which weakens the builder's, the painter's, and the poet's appeal; since faith leads to rapture and that to exaltation,—the *passio vera*, without which art gains no hold upon the senses and the souls of men.

V.

THE leaders of our recent poetic movement, with the exception of Longfellow,—who, like Tennyson and Browning, devoted himself wholly to ideal work,—seem to have figured more distinctively as personages, in both their lives and writings, than their English contemporaries. This remark certainly applies to Poe, Emerson, Whitman, Holmes, and Lowell, and to none more clearly than to the subject of this review. His traits, moreover, have begotten a sentiment of public affection, which, from its constant manifestation, is not to be overlooked in any judgment of his career. In recognition of a beautiful character, critics have not found it needful to measure this native bard with tape and callipers. His service and the spirit of it offset the blemishes which it is their wont to condemn in poets whose exploits are merely technical. A life is on his written page; these are the chants of a soldier, and anon the hymnal of a saint. Contemporary honor is not the

final test, but it has its proper bearing,—as in the case of Mrs. Browning, whom I have called the most beloved of English poets. Whittier's audience has been won by unaffected pictures of the scenes to which he was bred, by the purity of his nature, and even more by the earnestness audible in his songs, injurious as it sometimes is to their artistic purpose. Like the English sibyl, he has obeyed the heavenly vision, and the verse of poets who still trust their inspiration has its material, as well as spiritual, ebb and flow.

It must be owned that Goethe's calm distinction between the poetry of humanity and that of a high ideal is fully illustrated in Whittier's reform-verse. Yet even his failings have "leaned to virtue's side." Those who gained strength from his music to endure defeat and obloquy cherish him with a devotion beyond measure. For his righteous and tender heart, they would draw him with their own hands, over paths strewn with lilies, to a shrine of peace and remembrance. They comprehend his purpose—that he has "tried to make the world a little better, . . . to awaken a love of freedom, justice, and good will," and to have his name, like Ben Adhem's, enrolled as of "one that loved his fellow-men." In their opinion a grace is added to his poetry by the avowal, "I set a higher value on my name as appended to the Anti-Slavery Declaration of 1833, than on the title-page of my book."

Our eldest living poet, then, is canonized already by his people as one who left to silence his personal experience, yet entered thoroughly into their joy and sorrow; who has been, like a celibate priest, the consoler of the hearts of others and the keeper of his own; who has best known the work and feeling of the humble household, and whose legend surely might be *Pro aris et focis*. He has stood for New England, also, in his maintenance of her ancient protest against tyranny. He is the veteran of an epoch that can never recur; that scarcely can be equalled, however significant future periods may seem from the artist's point of view. The primitive life, the old struggle for liberty, are idealized in his strains. Much of both his strength and incompleteness is due to his Hebraic nature; for he is the incarnation of Biblical heroism, of the moral energy that breathed alike, through a cycle of change from dogma to reason, in Hooker, Edwards, Parker, Garrison, and Emerson. In his outbursts against oppression and his cries unto the Lord, we recognize the prophetic fervor, still nearer its height in some of his personal poems, which popular instinct long ago attributed to him. Not only of Ezekiel, but also of himself, he

chanted in that early time of anointment and consecration :

"The burden of a prophet's power  
Fell on me in that fearful hour;  
From off unutterable woes  
The curtain of the future rose;  
I saw far down the coming time  
The fiery chastisement of crime;  
With noise of mingling hosts, and jar  
Of falling towers and shouts of war,  
I saw the nations rise and fall,  
Like fire-gleams on my tent's white wall."

Oliver Johnson's tribute, a complement to Parkman's, paid honor to "The Prophet Bard of America, poet of freedom, humanity, and religion; whose words of holy fire aroused the conscience of a guilty nation, and melted the fetters of the slaves." This eulogy from a comrade is the sentiment of a multitude in whose eyes their bard seems almost transfigured by the very words that might be soonest forgotten if precious for their poetry alone. I confess to my own share of this feeling. It may be that he has thought too little of the canons which it is our aim to discover and illustrate; yet it was to him above all that the

present writer felt moved to dedicate a volume with the inscription "Ad Vatem," and to invoke for him

"the Land that loves thee, she whose child  
Thou art,—and whose uplifted hands thou long  
Hast stayed with song arising like a prayer."

For surely no aged servant, his eyes having seen in good time the Lord's salvation, ever was more endowed with the love and reverence of a chosen people. They see him resting in the country of Beulah, and there solacing himself for a season. From this comfortable land, where the air is sweet and pleasant (and he is of those who here have "met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage"), they are not yet willing to have him seek the Golden City of his visions, but would fain adjure him,—

"And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long  
This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues  
Slow-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice,  
The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask  
Where hides the chariot,—in what sunset vale,  
Beyond thy chosen river, champ the steeds  
That wait to bear thee skyward."

Edmund C. Stedman.

### THE PRINCE'S LITTLE SWEETHEART.

SHE was very young. No man had ever made love to her before. She belonged to the people, the common people. Her parents were poor, and could not buy any wedding trousseau for her. But that did not make any difference. A carriage was sent from the Court for her, and she was carried away "just as she was," in her stuff gown—the gown the Prince first saw her in. He liked her best in that, he said; and, moreover, what odds did it make about clothes? Were there not rooms upon rooms in the palace, full of the most superb clothes for Princes' Sweethearts?

It was into one of these rooms that she was taken first. On all sides of it were high glass cases reaching up to the ceiling, and filled with gowns, and mantles, and laces, and jewels: everything a woman could wear was there, and all of the very finest. What satins, what velvets, what feathers and flowers! Even down to shoes and stockings, every shade and color of stockings, of the daintiest silk. The Little Sweetheart gazed, breathless, at them all. But she did not have time to wonder, for in a moment more she was met by attendants, some young, some old, all dressed gayly. She did not dream at first that they were servants, till they began, all together,

asking her what she would like to put on. Would she have a lace gown, or a satin? Would she like feathers, or flowers? And one ran this way, and one that; and among them all, the Little Sweetheart was so flustered she did not know if she were really alive and on the earth, or had been transported to some fairy land; and before she fairly realized what was being done, they had her clad in the most beautiful gown that was ever seen. White satin with gold butterflies on it, and a white lace mantle embroidered in gold butterflies; all white and gold she was, from top to toe, all but one foot: and there was something very odd about that. She heard one of the women whispering to the other, behind her back: "It is too bad there isn't any mate to this slipper. Well, she will have to wear this pink one. It is too big, but if we pin it up at the heel she can keep it on. The Prince really must get some more slippers."

And then they put on her left foot a pink satin slipper, which was so much too big it had to be pinned up in plaits at each side, and the pearl buckle on the top hid her foot quite out of sight. But the Little Sweetheart did not care. In fact she had no time to think, for the Queen came sailing in and

spoke to her, and crowds of ladies in dresses so bright and beautiful that they dazzled her eyes; and the Prince was there kissing her, and in a minute they were married, and went floating off in a dance, which was so swift it did not feel so much like dancing as it did like being carried through the air by a gentle wind.

Through room after room,—there seemed no end to the rooms,—and each one more beautiful than the last,—from garden to garden, some full of trees, some with beautiful lakes in them, some full of solid beds of flowers, they went, sometimes dancing, sometimes walking, sometimes, it seemed to the Little Sweetheart, floating. Every hour there was some new beautiful thing to see, some new beautiful thing to do. And the Prince never left her for more than a few minutes; and when he came back he brought her gifts and kissed her. Gifts upon gifts he kept bringing, till the Little Sweetheart's hands were so full she had to lay the things down on tables or window-sills, wherever she could find place for them, which was not easy, for all the rooms were so full of beautiful things that it was difficult to move about without knocking something down.

The hours flew by like minutes. The sun came up high in the heavens, but nobody seemed tired; nobody stopped; dance, dance, whirl, whirl, song, and laughter, and ceaseless motion. That was all that was to be seen or heard in this wonderful Court to which the Little Sweetheart had been brought.

Noon came, but nothing stopped. Nobody left off dancing, and the musicians played faster than ever.

And so it was all the long afternoon and through the twilight; and as soon as it was really dark, all the rooms, and the gardens, and the lakes blazed out with millions of lamps, till it was lighter far than day, and the ladies' dresses, as they danced back and forth, shone and sparkled like butterflies' wings.

At last the lamps began, one by one, to go out, and by degrees a soft sort of light, like moonlight, settled down on the whole place, and the fine-dressed servants that had robbed the Little Sweetheart in her white satin gown took it off, and put her to bed in a gold bedstead, with golden silk sheets.

"Oh!" thought the Little Sweetheart, "I shall never go to sleep in the world; and I'm sure I don't want to! I shall just keep my eyes open all night and see what happens next."

All the beautiful clothes she had taken off were laid on a sofa near the bed—the white satin dress at top, and the big pink satin slipper, with its huge pearl buckle, on the floor, in plain sight. "Where is the other?" thought the Little Sweetheart. "I do believe I lost it

off. That's the way they come to have so many odd ones. But, how queer, I lost off the tight one! But the big one was pinned to my foot," she said, speaking out loud before she thought. "That was what kept it on."

"You are talking in your sleep, my love," said the Prince, who was close by her side, kissing her.

"Indeed I am not asleep at all. I haven't shut my eyes," said the Little Sweetheart.

And the next thing she knew it was broad daylight, the sun streaming into her room, and the air resounding in all directions with music and laughter, and flying steps of dancers, just as it had been yesterday.

The Little Sweetheart sat up in bed and looked around her. She thought it very strange that she was all alone, the Prince gone, no one there to attend to her; in a few moments more she noticed that all her clothes were gone too.

"Oh," she thought, "I suppose one never wears the same clothes twice in this Court, and they will bring me others. I hope there will be two slippers alike to-day."

Presently she began to grow impatient; but, being a timid little creature, and having never before seen the inside of a Court or been a Prince's Sweetheart, she did not venture to stir or to make any sound, only sat still in her bed, waiting to see what would happen. At last she could not bear the sounds of the dancing, and laughing, and playing, and singing any longer. So she jumped up, and, rolling one of the golden silk sheets around her, looked out of the window. There they all were, the crowds of gay people, just as they had been the day before when she was among them, whirling, dancing, laughing, singing. The tears came into the Little Sweetheart's eyes as she gazed. What could it mean that she was deserted in this way, not even her clothes left for her? She was as much a prisoner in her room as if the door had been locked.

As hour after hour passed, a new misery began to oppress her. She was hungry, seriously, distressingly hungry. She had been too happy to eat, the day before. Though she had sipped and tasted many delicious beverages and viands, which the Prince had pressed upon her, she had not taken any substantial food, and now she began to feel faint for the want of it. As noon drew near, the time at which she was accustomed in her father's house to eat dinner, the pangs of her hunger grew unbearable.

"I can't bear it another minute," she said to herself. "I must and I will have something to eat. I will slip down by some back way to the kitchen. There must be a kitchen, I suppose."

So saying, she opened one of the doors and timidly peered into the next room. It chanced to be the room with the great glass cases full of fine gowns and laces, where she had been dressed by the obsequious attendants on the previous day. No one was in the room. Glancing fearfully in all directions, she rolled the golden silk sheet tightly around her, and flew, rather than ran, across the floor and took hold of the handle of one of the glass doors. Alas, it was locked. She tried another, another; all were locked. In despair she turned to fly back to her bedroom, when suddenly she spied on the floor, in a corner close by the case where hung her beautiful white satin dress, a little heap of what looked like brown rags. She darted toward it, snatched it from the floor, and in a second more was safe back in her room. It was her own old stuff gown.

"What luck!" said the Little Sweetheart; "nobody will ever know me in this. I'll put it on and creep down the back stairs, and beg a mouthful of food from some of the servants, and they'll never know who I am; and then I'll go back to bed, and stay there till the Prince comes to fetch me. Of course he will come before long; and if he comes and finds me gone, I hope he will be frightened half to death, and think I have been carried off by robbers!"

Poor foolish Little Sweetheart! It did not take her many seconds to slip into the ragged old stuff gown; then she crept out, keeping close to the walls, so that she could hide behind the furniture if any one saw her.

She listened cautiously at each door before she opened it, and turned away from some where she heard sounds of merry talking and laughing. In the third room that she entered she saw a sight that arrested her instantly and made her cry out in astonishment: a girl, who looked so much like her that she might have been her own sister, and, what was stranger, wore a brown stuff gown exactly like her own, was busily at work in this room with a big broom killing spiders. As the Little Sweetheart appeared in the doorway, this girl looked up and said, "Oh, ho! There you are, are you? I thought you'd be out before long." And then she laughed unpleasantly.

"Who are you?" said the Little Sweetheart, beginning to tremble all over.

"Oh, I'm a Prince's Sweetheart," said the girl, laughing still more unpleasantly; and, leaning on her broom, she stared at the Little Sweetheart from top to toe.

"But —" began the Little Sweetheart.

"Oh, we're all Princes' Sweethearts," interrupted several voices, coming all at once from

different corners of the big room; and before the Little Sweetheart could get out another word, she found herself surrounded by half a dozen or more girls and women, all carrying brooms, and all laughing unpleasantly as they looked at her.

"What!" she gasped, as she gazed at their stuff gowns and their brooms. "You were all of you Princes' Sweethearts? Is it only for one day, then?"

"Only for one day," they all replied.

"And always after that do you have to kill spiders?" she cried.

"Yes; that or nothing," they said. "You see it is a great deal of work to keep all the rooms in this Court clean."

"Isn't it very dull work to kill spiders?" said the Little Sweetheart.

"Yes, very," they said, all speaking at once. "But it's better than sitting still, doing nothing."

"Don't the Princes ever speak to you?" sobbed the Little Sweetheart.

"Yes, sometimes," they answered.

Just then the Little Sweetheart's own Prince came hurrying by, all in armor from head to foot, splendid shining armor that clinked as he walked.

"Oh, there he is!" cried the Little Sweetheart, springing forward; then suddenly she recollected her stuff gown, and shrunk back into the group. But the Prince had seen her.

"Oh, how d'do!" he said kindly. "I was wondering what had become of you. Good-bye! I'm off for the grand review to-day. Don't tire yourself out over the spiders. Good-bye!" and he was gone.

"I hate him!" cried the Little Sweetheart, her eyes flashing and her cheeks scarlet.

"Oh, no, you don't!" exclaimed all the spider-sweepers. "That's the worst of it. You may think you do, but you don't. You love him all the time after you've once begun."

"I'll go home!" said the Little Sweetheart.

"You can't," said the others. "It is not permitted."

"Is it always just like this, in this Court?" she asked.

"Yes, always the same. One day just like another; all whirl and dance from morning till night, and new people coming and going all the time, and spiders most of all. You can't think how fast brooms wear out in this Court!"

"I'll die!" said the Little Sweetheart.

"Oh, no, you won't," they said. "There are some of us, in some of the rooms here, that are wrinkled and gray-haired. The most of the Sweethearts live to be old."

"Do they?" said the Little Sweetheart, and burst into tears. . . .

*Helen Jackson ("H. H.")*

## BROKEN WINGS.

GRAY-HEADED poets, whom the full years bless  
With life and health and chance still multiplied  
To hold your forward course—fame and success  
Close at your side;—

Who easier won your bays because the fields  
Lacked reapers:—time has been your helper long;  
Rich are the crops your busy tillage yields—  
Your arms still strong.

Honor to you, your talent and your truth.  
As ye have soared and sung, still may you sing.  
Yet we remember some who fell in youth  
With broken wing.

Names nigh forgotten now, by time erased,  
Or else placarded o'er by those long known.  
Had fate permitted, might they not have blazed  
Beside your own?

Ah, yes, due fame for all who have achieved.  
And yet a thought for those who died too young—  
Their green fruit dropped,—their visions half conceived,—  
Their lays unsung!

A tribute song for them! Reach forth, renowned  
And honored ones, from your green sunny glades,  
And grasp their spirit-hands, the bards uncrowned  
Amid the shades!

Not those whom glory follows to a bier  
Enshrined in marble, decked with costly flowers.  
The loud world speaks their praise from year to year.  
They need not ours.

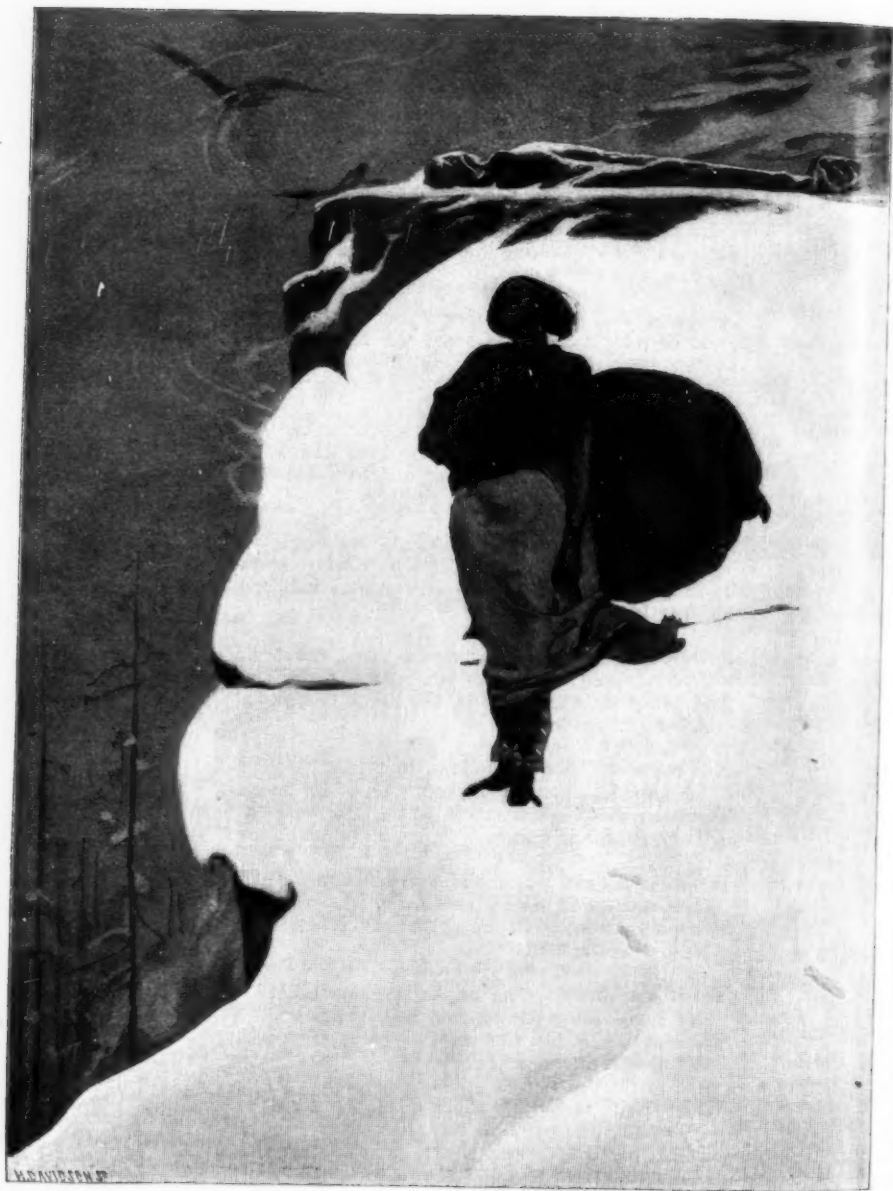
But for the dead whose promise failed through death;  
The great who might have been, whose early bloom  
Dropping like roses in the north wind's breath,  
Found but a tomb.

Yet it may be, in some bright land, unchecked  
By fate—some fair Elysian field unknown,  
Their brows by brighter laurel wreaths are decked,  
Their seat a throne;

While spirits of the illustrious dead, the seers,  
Prophets, and poets of the olden days  
Mingle, perchance, with theirs, as with their peers,  
Immortal lays!

*C. P. Cranch.*





MOURNING HER BRAVE.

[Engraved by H. Davidson from the painting by George de Forest Brush, in the possession of Thomas B. Clark, Esq.]

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## AN ARTIST AMONG THE INDIANS.

[THE pictures of one of the younger artists of America, Mr. George de Forest Brush, have attracted attention in recent exhibitions for their original and vigorous rendering of scenes among the aborigines of the North American continent. Two of these paintings in oil we are permitted to reproduce here by means of wood-engraving — "Mourning her Brave," engraved by Mr. H. Davidson, and "The Picture-Writer," engraved by Mr. J. H. E. Whitney. We call attention also to the same artist's illustrations to "How Squire Coyote brought Fire to the Cahrocs," in THE CENTURY for January, 1885. At our request Mr. Brush has written out a few notes with regard to the Indians as subjects of pictorial art. — THE EDITOR.]

EVERY one who goes far West sees about the streets of the little railroad towns a few Indians. The squaws are fat and prematurely wrinkled; the men give the impression of dark-skinned tramps, and we seldom look under their dirty old felt hats to study their features. Certainly, when one first sees these wretched creatures, and recalls the pictures in the geography, the pages of travelers, or the imagery which the musical and high-sounding names — such as Crow Nation or Land of the Dakotas — awoke within him when a boy, there is some reason for feeling as if one had been deceived; as if a false charm had been thrown around these poor brutes. This, indeed, is the feeling of most people in the East to-day regarding Indians. One cannot speak of them without the certain response, "Well, as for me, I have not much faith in the noble red man"; and so deep is the prejudice against them that travelers who are aware of this sentiment, and who have lived long among the aborigines, knowing how much of interest and good there is to be told, are tempted to counterbalance prejudice with over-statement; they exaggerate the beauty and suppress all mention of the ugly that is to be found in their manners and life. In reading Catlin, one is oppressed with a certain partiality, a constant tendency to throw into relief all their good and to subordinate the bad.

It is true that, from the point of view of the civilized merchant, who loves one woman, lives in a stone mansion, and tastes the sweets of intellectual life, they are a sad sight, with their limited enjoyments, licentiousness, and coarse palates that can relish a boiled dog, — their old people blind and dirty, with brutal jaws and uncombed hair, and blood on the faces of old women, who have cut themselves in mourning, and which they refuse to wash off. But the question whether they are fit to enter the kingdom of heaven is apart from that of their artistic interest. Many people fail to see this; but such persons are as badly off as the farmer who lived in the house of a celebrated author which I went to sketch. On learning my errand, the old man eyed the moss-covered shingles and defective chimney

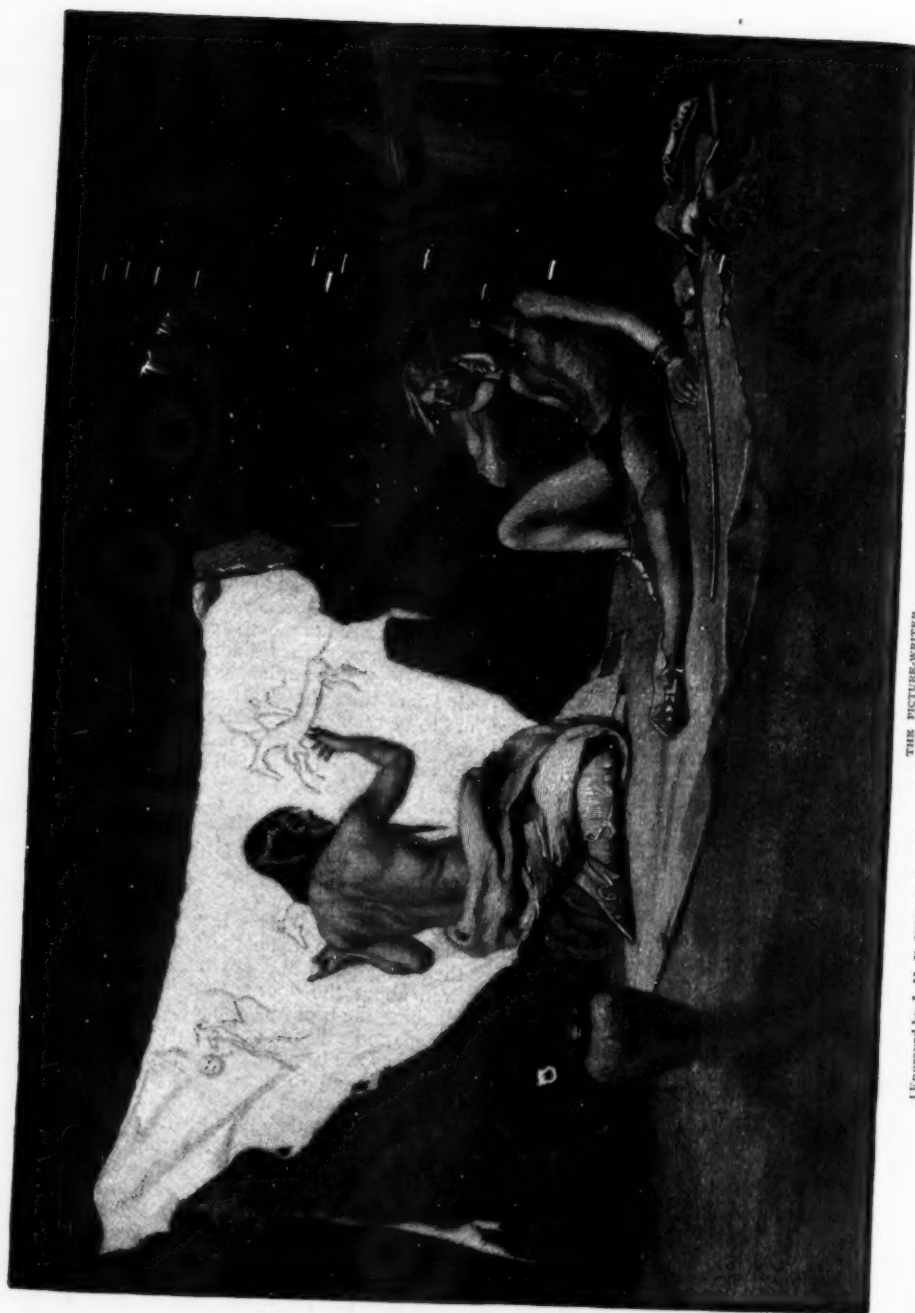
with a mixed look of humor and humiliation, and questioned whether it would not be better to return in the spring, when he hoped to have a new house in its place!

All that Rembrandt asked of the human figure was that it might exhibit light and shade; he never looked for pretty people, but found in this aspect of things a life-work. It is not necessary that an Indian learn to spell and make changes before we see that his long locks are beautiful as he rides against the prairie winds. A hawk is cruel, yet who has not loved to watch its spiral course in the summer heavens?

It is also a mistake to suppose that Indians are all homely. A really handsome squaw is rare, but there are more superb and symmetrical men among them than I have ever seen elsewhere, their beardless faces reminding one always of the antique; these are not rare, but are to be seen at every dance, where they are mostly naked, decorated in feathers and light fineries. Their constant light exercise, frequent steam-baths, and freedom from overwork develop the body in a manner only equaled, I must believe, by the Greek.

When we study them in their own homes, see them well fed, independent, unembarrassed, dressed in their elk-skins and feathers, dancing nearly nude when the November snows lie deep upon the ground, smoking their long pipes and chatting with the children about the door of the lodge, or sadly climbing the brown October foot-hills to bury a departed villager on some chosen cliff, — then they are beautiful. It is when we detach them from all thoughts of what we would have them be, and enjoy them as part of the landscape, that they fill us with lovely emotions. The vulgar think that only roses are beautiful; but the weed which we root up also illustrates the divine law of harmony. It is not by trying to imagine the Indian something finer than he is that the artistic sense finds delight in him.

We do not miss human refinement in the sow and her litter; we admire them, as we look over the old fence, simply as pigs, their tiny pink feet plunging into the trough in their



THE PICTURE-WRITER.  
Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney from the painting by George de Forest Brush in the possession of Washington Wilson Esq. J

greed, and the little black brother trying to find room. The beauty of the maid who brings their food does not lessen theirs. So the Indian is a part of nature, and is no more ridiculous than the smoke that curls up from the wigwam, or the rock and pines on the mountain-side.

The custom of mourning the dead, as represented in the picture, is common to all the tribes of the North-west, I believe. I have witnessed it daily among the Crows. I know that we do not mourn in this manner, but death and grief we are all acquainted with. In the picture I was afraid of making the body too prominent, on account of the effect in the composition. In the engraving I fear the point is quite lost, and does need expla-

nation. "The Picture-Writer" is supposed to be a scene in the interior of a Mandan lodge. The Mandans were not a roving tribe, but built these large huts of poles and mud, and raised corn.

But in choosing Indians as subjects for art, I do not paint from the historian's or the antiquary's point of view; I do not care to represent them in any curious habits which could not be comprehended by us; I am interested in those habits and deeds in which we have feelings in common. Therefore, I hesitate to attempt to add any interest to my pictures by supplying historical facts. If I were required to resort to this in order to bring out the poetry, I would drop the subject at once.

*George de Forest Brush.*

## MAY-BLOOM.

Oh, for You that I never knew!—  
Now that the Spring is swelling,  
And over the way is a whitening may,  
In the yard of my neighbor's dwelling.

Oh, may, oh! do your sisters blow  
Out there in the country grasses—  
A-mocking the white of the cloudlet light,  
That up in the blue sky passes?

Here in town the grass it is brown,  
Right under your beautiful clusters;  
But your sisters thrive where the sward's alive  
With emerald lights and lustres.

Dream of my dreams! vision that seems  
Ever to scorn my praying,  
Love that I wait, face of my fate,  
Come with me now a-maying!

Soul of my song! all my life long  
Looking for you I wander;  
Long have I sought—shall I find naught,  
Under the may-bushes yonder?

Oh, for You that I never knew,  
Only in dreams that bind you!—  
By Spring's own grace I shall know your face,  
When under the may I find you!

*H. C. Bunner.*

## THE BOSTONIANS.\*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

### XV.

TARRANT, however, kept an eye in that direction; he was solemnly civil to Miss Chancellor, handed her the dishes at table over and over again, and ventured to intimate that the apple-fritters were very fine; but, save for this, alluded to nothing more trivial than the regeneration of humanity and the strong hope he felt that Miss Birdseye would again have one of her delightful gatherings. With regard to this latter point, he explained that it was not in order that he might again present his daughter to the company, but simply because on such occasions there was a valuable interchange of hopeful thought, a contact of mind with mind. If Verena had anything suggestive to contribute to the social problem, the opportunity would come—that was part of their faith. They couldn't reach out for it and try and push their way; if they were wanted, their hour would strike; if they were not, they would just keep still and let others press forward who seemed to be called. If they were called, they would know it; and if they weren't, they could just hold on to each other as they had always done. Tarrant was very fond of alternatives, and he mentioned several others; it was never his fault if his listeners failed to think him impartial. They hadn't much, as Miss Chancellor could see; she could tell by their manner of life that they hadn't raked in the dollars; but they had faith that, whether one raised one's voice or simply worked on in silence, the principal difficulties would straighten themselves out; and they had also a considerable experience of great questions. Tarrant spoke as if, as a family, they were prepared to take charge of them on moderate terms. He always said "ma'am" in speaking to Olive, to whom, moreover, the air had never been so filled with the sound of her own name. It was always in her ear, save when Mrs. Tarrant and Verena conversed in prolonged and ingenuous asides; this was still for her benefit, but the pronoun sufficed them. She had wished to judge Dr. Tarrant (not that she believed he had come honestly by his title) to make up her mind. She had done these things now, and she expressed to

herself the kind of man she believed him to be in reflecting that if she should offer him ten thousand dollars to renounce all claim to Verena, keeping—he and his wife—clear of her for the rest of time, he would probably say, with his fearful smile, "Make it twenty, money down, and I'll do it." Some image of this transaction, as one of the possibilities of the future, outlined itself for Olive among the moral incisions of that evening. It seemed implied in the very place, the bald bareness of Tarrant's temporary lair, a wooden cottage, with a rough front yard, a little naked piazza, which seemed rather to expose than to protect, facing upon an unpaved road, in which the footway was overlaid with a strip of planks. These planks were embedded in ice or in liquid thaw, according to the momentary mood of the weather, and the advancing pedestrian traversed them in the attitude, and with a good deal of the suspense, of a rope-dancer. There was nothing in the house to speak of; nothing, to Olive's sense, but a smell of kerosene; though she had a consciousness of sitting down somewhere,—the object creaked and rocked beneath her,—and of the table at tea being covered with a cloth stamped in bright colors.

As regards the pecuniary transaction with Selah, it was strange how she should have seen it through the conviction that Verena would never give up her parents. Olive was sure that she would never turn her back upon them, would always share with them. She would have despised her had she thought her capable of another course; yet it baffled her to understand why, when parents were so trashy, this natural law should not be suspended. Such a question brought her back, however, to her perpetual enigma, the mystery she had already turned over in her mind for hours together,—the wonder of such people being Verena's progenitors at all. She had explained it, as we explain all exceptional things, by making the part, as the French say, of the miraculous. She had come to consider the girl as a wonder of wonders, to hold that no human origin, however congruous it might superficially appear, would sufficiently account for her; that her springing up between Selah and his wife was an exquisite whim of the creative force; and that in such a case a

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few shades more or less of the inexplicable didn't matter. It was notorious that great beauties, great geniuses, great characters, take their own times and places for coming into the world, leaving the gaping spectators to make them "fit in," and holding from far-off ancestors, or even, perhaps, straight from the divine generosity, much more than from their ugly or stupid progenitors. They were incalculable phenomena, anyway, as Selah would have said. Verena, for Olive, was the very type and model of the "gifted being"; her qualities had not been bought and paid for; they were like some brilliant birthday present, left at the door by an unknown messenger, to be delightful for ever as an inexhaustible legacy, and amusing for ever from the obscurity of its source. They were superabundantly crude as yet,—happily for Olive, who promised herself, as we know, to train and polish them,—but they were as genuine as fruit and flowers, as the glow of the fire or the splash of water. For her scrutinizing friend Verena had the disposition of the artist, the spirit to which all charming forms come easily and naturally. It required an effort at first to imagine an artist so untaught, so mistaught, so poor in experience; but then it required an effort also to imagine people like the old Tarrants, or a life so full as her life had been of ugly things. Only an exquisite creature could have resisted such associations, only a girl who had some natural light, some divine spark of taste. There were people like that, fresh from the hand of Omnipotence; they were far from common, but their existence was as incontestable as it was beneficent.

Tarrant's talk about his daughter, her prospects, her enthusiasm, was terribly painful to Olive; it brought back to her what she had suffered already from the idea that he laid his hands upon her to make her speak. That he should be mixed up in any way with this exercise of her genius was a great injury to the cause, and Olive had already determined that in future Verena should dispense with his co-operation. The girl had virtually confessed that she lent herself to it only because it gave him pleasure, and that anything else would do as well, anything that would make her quiet a little before she began to "give out." Olive took upon herself to believe that *she* could make her quiet, though, certainly, she had never had that effect upon any one; she would mount the platform with Verena if necessary, and lay her hands upon her head. Why in the world had a perverse fate decreed that Tarrant should take an interest in the affairs of Woman—as if she wanted *his* aid to arrive at her goal; a charlatan of the poor, lean, shabby sort, without the humor, brilliancy,

prestige, which sometimes throw a drapery over shallowness? Mr. Pardon evidently took an interest as well, and there was something in his appearance that seemed to say that his sympathy would not be dangerous. He was much at his ease, plainly, beneath the roof of the Tarrants, and Olive reflected that though Verena had told her much about him, she had not given her the idea that he was as intimate as that. What she had mainly said was that he sometimes took her to the theater. Olive could enter, to a certain extent, into that; she herself had had a phase (some time after her father's death,—her mother's had preceded his,—when she bought the little house in Charles street and began to live alone) during which she accompanied gentlemen to respectable places of amusement. She was accordingly not shocked at the idea of such adventures on Verena's part; than which, indeed, judging from her own experience, nothing could well have been less adventurous. Her recollections of these expeditions were as of something solemn and edifying—of the earnest interest in her welfare exhibited by her companion (there were few occasions on which the young Bostonian appeared to more advantage), of the comfort of other friends sitting near, who were sure to know whom she was with, of serious discussion between the acts in regard to the behavior of the characters in the piece, and of the speech at the end with which, as the young man quitted her at her door, she rewarded his civility—"I must thank you for a very pleasant evening." She always felt that she made that too prim; her lips stiffened themselves as she spoke. But the whole affair had always a primness; this was discernible even to Olive's very limited sense of humor. It was not so religious as going to evening service at King's Chapel; but it was the next thing to it. Of course all girls didn't do it; there were families that viewed such a custom with disfavor. But this was where the girls were of the romping sort; there had to be some things they were known not to do. As a general thing, moreover, the practice was confined to the decorous; it was a sign of culture and quiet tastes. All this made it innocent for Verena, whose life had exposed her to much worse dangers; but the thing referred itself in Olive's mind to a danger which cast a perpetual shadow there—the possibility of the girl's embarking with some ingenuous youth on an expedition that would last much longer than an evening. She was haunted, in a word, with the fear that Verena would marry, a fate to which she was altogether unprepared to surrender her; and this made her look with suspicion upon all male acquaintances.

Mr. Pardon was not the only one she knew; she had an example of the rest in the persons of two young Harvard law-students, who presented themselves after tea on this same occasion. As they sat there Olive wondered whether Verena had kept something from her, whether she were, after all (like so many other girls in Cambridge), a college "belle," an object of frequentation to undergraduates. It was natural that at the seat of a big university there should be girls like that, with students dangling after them, but she didn't want Verena to be one of them. There were some that received the Seniors and Juniors; others that were accessible to Sophomores and Freshmen. Certain young ladies distinguished the professional students; there was a group, even, that was on the best terms with the young men who were studying for the Unitarian ministry in that queer little barrack at the end of Divinity Avenue. The advent of the new visitors made Mrs. Tarrant bustle immensely; but after she had caused every one to change places two or three times with every one else, the company subsided into a circle, which was occasionally broken by wandering movements on the part of her husband, who, in the absence of anything to say on any subject whatever, placed himself at different points in listening attitudes, shaking his head slowly up and down, and gazing at the carpet with an air of supernatural attention. Mrs. Tarrant asked the young men from the Law School about their studies, and whether they meant to follow them up seriously; said she thought some of the laws were very unjust, and she hoped they meant to try and improve them. She had suffered by the laws herself, at the time her father died; she hadn't got half the prop'ty she should have got if they had been different. She thought they should be for public matters, not for people's private affairs; the idea always seemed to her to keep you down if you *were* down, and to hedge you in with difficulties. Sometimes she thought it was a wonder how she had developed in the face of so many; but it was a proof that freedom was everywhere, if you only knew how to look for it.

The two young men were in the best humor; they greeted these sallies with a merri-ment of which, though it was courteous in form, Olive was by no means unable to define the spirit. They talked naturally more with Verena than with her mother; and, while they were so engaged, Mrs. Tarrant explained to her who they were, and how one of them, the smaller, who was not quite so spruce, had brought the other, his particular friend, to introduce him. This friend, Mr. Burrage, was from New York; he was very fashionable, he went out a great deal in Boston ("I have no

doubt you know some of the places," said Mrs. Tarrant); his father was very rich.

"Well, he knows plenty of that sort," Mrs. Tarrant went on, "but he felt unsatisfied; he didn't know any one like *us*. He told Mr. Gracie (that's the little one) that he felt as if he *must*; it seemed as if he couldn't hold out. So we told Mr. Gracie, of course, to bring him right round. Well, I hope he'll get something from us, I'm sure. He has been reported to be engaged to Miss Winkworth; I have no doubt you know who I mean. But Mr. Gracie says he hasn't looked at her more than twice. That's the way rumors fly round in that set, I presume. Well, I am glad we are not in it, wherever we are! Mr. Gracie is very different; he is intensely plain, but I believe he is very learned. You don't think him plain? oh, you don't know? Well, I suppose you don't care, you must see so many. But I must say, when a young man looks like that, I call him painfully plain. I heard Doctor Tarrant make the remark the last time he was here. I don't say but what the plainest are the best. Well, I had no idea we were going to have a party when I asked you. I wonder whether Verena hadn't better hand the cake, we generally find the students enjoy it so much?"

This office was ultimately delegated to Selah, who, after a considerable absence, reappeared with a dish of dainties, which he presented successively to each member of the company. Olive saw Verena lavish her smiles on Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage; the liveliest relation had established itself, and the latter gentleman in especial abounded in appreciative laughter. It might have been fancied, just from looking at the group, that Verena's vocation was to smile and talk with young men who bent towards her; might have been fancied, that is, by a person less sure of the contrary than Olive, who had reason to know that a "gifted being" is sent into the world for a very different purpose, and that making the time pass pleasantly for conceited young men is the last duty you are bound to think of if you happen to have a talent for embodying a cause. Olive tried to be glad that her friend had the richness of nature that makes a woman gracious without latent purposes; she reflected that Verena was not in the smallest degree a flirt, that she was only enchantingly and universally genial, that nature had given her a beautiful smile, which fell impartially on every one, man and woman, alike. Olive may have been right, but it shall be confided to the reader that in reality she never knew, by any sense of her own, whether Verena were a flirt or not. This young lady could not possibly have told her (even if she herself knew, which she didn't), and Olive,

destitute of the quality, had no means of taking the measure in another of the subtle feminine desire to please. She could see the difference between Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage; her being bored by Mrs. Tarrant's attempting to point it out is perhaps a proof of that. It was a curious incident of her zeal for the regeneration of her sex that manly things were, perhaps, on the whole, what she understood best. Mr. Burrage was rather a handsome youth, with a laughing, clever face, a certain sumptuousness of apparel, an air of belonging to the *jeunesse dorée*,—a precocious, good-natured man of the world, curious of new sensations, and containing, perhaps, the making of a *dilettante*. Being, doubtless, a little ambitious, and liking to flatter himself that he appreciated worth in lowly forms, he had associated himself with the ruder but at the same time acuter personality of a genuine son of New England, who had a harder head than his own and a humor in reality more cynical, and who, having earlier knowledge of the Tarrants, had undertaken to show him something indigenous and curious, possibly even fascinating. Mr. Gracie was short, with a big head; he wore eye-glasses, looked unkempt, almost rustic, and said good things with his ugly mouth. Verena had replies for a good many of them, and a pretty color came into her face as she talked. Olive could see that she produced herself quite as well as one of these gentlemen had foretold the other that she would. Miss Chancellor knew what had passed between them as well as if she had heard it; Mr. Gracie had promised that he would lead her on, that she should justify his description and prove the raciest of her class. They would laugh about her as they went away, lighting their cigars, and for many days afterwards their discourse would be enlivened with quotations from the "woman's rights girl."

It was amazing how many ways men had of being antipathetic; these two were very different from Basil Ransom, and different from each other, and yet the manner of each conveyed an insult to one's womanhood. The worst of the case was that Verena would be sure not to perceive this outrage—not to dislike them in consequence. There were so many things that she hadn't yet learned to dislike, in spite of her friend's earnest efforts to teach her. She had the idea vividly (that was the marvel) of the cruelty of man, of his immemorial injustice; but it remained abstract, platonic; she didn't detest him in consequence. What was the use of her having that sharp, inspired vision of the history of the sex (it was, as she had said herself, exactly like Joan of Arc's absolutely supernatural apprehension of the state of France) if

she wasn't going to carry it out, if she was going to behave as the ordinary pusillanimous, conventional young lady? It was all very well for her to have said that first day that she would renounce: did she look, at such a moment as this, like a young woman who had renounced? Suppose this glittering, laughing Burrage youth, with his chains and rings and shining shoes, should fall in love with her and try to bribe her, with his great possessions, to practice renunciation of another kind—to give up her holy work and to go with him to New York, there to live as his wife, partly bullied, partly pampered, in the accustomed Burrage manner? There was as little comfort for Olive as there had been on the whole alarm in the recollection of that off-hand speech of Verena's about her preference for "free unions." This had been mere maiden flippancy; she had not known the meaning of what she said. Though she had grown up among people who took for granted all sorts of queer laxities, she had kept the consummate innocence of the American girl, that innocence which was the greatest of all, for it had survived the abolition of the walls and locks elsewhere so jealously maintained; and of the various remarks that had dropped from Verena expressing this quality, that startling observation certainly expressed it most. It implied, at any rate, that unions of some kind or other had her approval, and did not exclude the dangers that might arise from encounters with young men in search of sensations.

## XVI.

MR. PARDON, as Olive observed, was a little out of this combination; but he was not a person to allow himself to droop. He came and seated himself by Miss Chancellor and broached a literary subject; he asked her if she were following any of the current "serials" in the magazines. On her telling him that she never followed anything of that sort, he undertook a defense of the serial system, which she presently reminded him that she had not attacked. He was not discouraged by this retort, but glided gracefully off to the question of Mount Desert; conversation on some subject or other being evidently a necessity of his nature. He talked very quickly and softly, with words, and even sentences, imperfectly formed; there was a certain amiable flatness in his tone, and he abounded in exclamations—"Goodness gracious!" and "Mercy on us!"—not much in use among the sex whose profanity is apt to be coarse. He had small, fair features, remarkably neat, and pretty eyes, and a mustache that he caressed, and an air of juvenility much at variance with his grizzled

locks, and the free familiar reference in which he was apt to indulge to his career as a journalist. His friends knew that, in spite of his delicacy and his prattle, he was what they called a live man; his appearance was perfectly reconcilable with a large degree of literary enterprise. It should be explained that for the most part they attached to this idea the same meaning as Selah Tarrant—the frequentation of the newspapers, the cultivation of the great arts of publicity. For this ingenuous son of his age, all distinction between the person and the artist had ceased to exist; the writer was personal, the person food for newsboys, and everything and every one were every one's business. All things, with him, referred themselves to print, and print meant simply infinite reporting, a promptitude of announcement, abusive when necessary, or even when not about his fellow-citizens. He poured contumely on their private life, on their personal appearance, with the best conscience in the world. His faith, again, was the faith of Selah Tarrant—that being in the newspapers is a condition of bliss, and that it would be fastidious to question the terms of the privilege. He was an *enfant de la balle*, as the French say. He had begun his career, at the age of fourteen, by going the rounds of the hotels, to cull flowers from the big, greasy registers which lie on the marble counters; and he might flatter himself that he had contributed in his measure, and on behalf of a vigilant public opinion, the pride of a Democratic State, to the great end of preventing the American citizen from attempting clandestine journeys. Since then he had ascended other steps of the same ladder; he was the most brilliant young interviewer on the Boston press. He was particularly successful in drawing out the ladies; he had condensed into shorthand many of the most celebrated women of his time,—some of these daughters of fame were very voluminous,—and he was supposed to have a remarkably insinuating way of waiting upon *prime donne* and actresses the morning after their arrival, or sometimes the very evening, while their luggage was being brought up. He was only twenty-eight years old, and, with his hoary head, was a thoroughly modern young man; he had no idea of not taking advantage of all the modern conveniences. He regarded the mission of mankind upon earth as a perpetual evolution of telegrams; everything to him was very much the same, he had no sense of proportion or quality; but the newest thing was what came nearest exciting in his mind the sentiment of respect. He was an object of extreme admiration to Selah Tarrant, who believed that he had mastered all the secrets

of success, and who, when Mrs. Tarrant remarked (as she had done more than once) that it looked as if Mr. Pardon was really coming after Verena, declared that if he was, he was one of the few young men he should want to see in that connection, one of the few he should be willing to allow to handle her. It was Tarrant's conviction that if Matthias Pardon should seek Verena in marriage, it would be with a view to producing her in public; and the advantage for the girl of having a husband who was at the same time reporter, interviewer, manager, agent, who had the command of the principal "dailies," would write her up and work her, as it were, scientifically—the attraction of all this was too obvious to be insisted on. Matthias had a mean opinion of Tarrant, thought him quite second-rate, a votary of played-out causes. It was his impression that he himself was in love with Verena, but his passion was not a jealous one, and included a remarkable disposition to share the object of his affection with the American people.

He talked some time to Olive about Mount Desert, told her that in his letters he had described the company at the different hotels. He remarked, however, that a correspondent suffered a good deal to-day from the competition of the "lady writers"; the sort of article they produced was sometimes more acceptable to the papers. He supposed she would be glad to hear that—he knew she was so interested in woman's having a free field. They certainly made lovely correspondents; they picked up something bright before you could turn round; there wasn't much you could keep away from them; you had to be lively if you wanted to get there first. Of course, they were naturally more chatty, and that was the style of literature that seemed to take most to-day; only they didn't write much but what ladies would want to read. Of course, he knew there were millions of lady readers, but he intimated that *he* didn't address himself exclusively to the gynæceum; he tried to put in something that would interest all grades. If you read a lady's letter you knew pretty well in advance what you would find. Now, what he tried for was that you shouldn't have the least idea; he always tried to have something that would make you jump. Mr. Pardon was not conceited more, at least, than is proper when youth and success go hand in hand, and it was natural he should not know in what spirit Miss Chancellor listened to him. Being aware that she was a woman of culture, his desire was simply to supply her with the pabulum that she would expect. She thought him very inferior; she had heard he was intensely bright, but there was probably some mistake; there couldn't

be any danger for Verena from a mind that took merely a gossip's view of great tendencies. Besides, he wasn't half educated, and it was her belief, or at least her hope, that an educative process was now going on for Verena (under her own direction) which would enable her to make such a discovery for herself. Olive had a standing quarrel with the levity, the good-nature of the judgments of the day; many of them seemed to her weak to imbecility, losing sight of all measures and standards, lavishing superlatives, delighted to be fooled. The age seemed to her relaxed and demoralized, and I believe she looked to the influx of the great feminine element to make it feel and speak more sharply.

"Well, it's a privilege to hear you two talk together," Mrs. Tarrant said to her; "it's what I call real conversation. It isn't often we have anything so fresh; it makes me feel as if I wanted to join in. I scarcely know whom to listen to most; Verena seems to be having such a time with those gentlemen. First I catch one thing and then another; it seems as if I couldn't take it all in. Perhaps I ought to pay more attention to Mr. Burrage; I don't want him to think we are not so cordial as they are in New York."

She decided to draw nearer to the trio on the other side of the room, for she had perceived (as she devoutly hoped Miss Chancellor had not) that Verena was endeavoring to persuade either of her companions to go and talk to her dear friend, and that these unscrupulous young men, after a glance over their shoulder, appeared to plead for remission, to intimate that this was not what they had come round for. Selah wandered out of the room again with his collection of cakes, and Mr. Pardon began to talk to Olive about Verena, to say that he felt as if he couldn't say all he did feel with regard to the interest she had shown in her. Olive could not imagine why he was called upon to say or to feel anything, and she gave him short answers; while the poor young man, unconscious of his doom, remarked that he hoped she wasn't going to exercise any influence that would prevent Miss Tarrant from taking the rank that belonged to her. He thought there was too much hanging back; he wanted to see her in a front seat; he wanted to see her name in the biggest kind of bills and her portrait in the windows of the stores. She had genius, there was no doubt of that, and she would take a new line altogether. She had charm, and there was a great demand for that nowadays in connection with new ideas. There were so many that seemed to have fallen dead for want of it. She ought to be carried straight ahead; she ought to walk right up to the top.

There was a want of bold action; he didn't see what they were waiting for. He didn't suppose they were waiting till she was fifty years old; there were old ones enough in the field. He knew that Miss Chancellor appreciated the advantage of her girlhood, because Miss Verena had told him so. Her father was dreadfully slack, and the winter was ebbing away. Mr. Pardon went so far as to say that if Dr. Tarrant didn't see his way to do something, he should feel as if he should want to take hold himself. He expressed a hope at the same time that Olive had not any views that would lead her to bring her influence to bear to make Miss Verena hold back; also that she wouldn't consider that he pressed in too much. He knew that was a charge that people brought against newspaper-men—that they were rather apt to cross the line. He only worried because he thought those who were no doubt nearer to Miss Verena than he could hope to be were not sufficiently alive. He knew that she had appeared in two or three parlors since that evening at Miss Birdseye's, and he had heard of the delightful occasion at Miss Chancellor's own house, where so many of the first families had been invited to meet her. (This was an allusion to a small luncheon-party that Olive had given, when Verena discoursed to a dozen matrons and spinsters, selected by her hostess with infinite consideration and many spiritual scruples; a report of the affair, presumably from the hand of the young Matthias, who naturally had not been present, appeared with extraordinary promptness in an evening paper.) That was very well so far as it went, but he wanted something on another scale, something so big that people would have to go round if they wanted to get past. Then, lowering his voice a little, he mentioned what it was: a lecture in the Music Hall, at fifty cents a ticket, without her father, right there on her own basis. He lowered his voice still more and revealed to Miss Chancellor his innermost thought, having first assured himself that Selah was still absent and that Mrs. Tarrant was inquiring of Mr. Burrage whether he visited much on the new land. The truth was, Miss Verena wanted to "shed" her father altogether; she didn't want him pawing round her that way before she began; it didn't add in the least to the attraction. Mr. Pardon expressed the conviction that Miss Chancellor agreed with him in this, and it required a great effort of mind on Olive's part, so small was her desire to act in concert with Mr. Pardon, to admit to herself that she did. She asked him, with a certain lofty coldness,—he didn't make her shy, now, a bit,—whether he took a great interest in the improvement of the position of women.

The question appeared to strike the young man as abrupt and irrelevant, to come down on him from a height with which he was not accustomed to hold intercourse. He was used to quick operations, however, and he had only a moment of bright blankness before replying:

"Oh, there is nothing I wouldn't do for the ladies; just give me a chance and you'll see."

Olive was silent a moment. "What I mean is—is your sympathy a sympathy with our sex, or a particular interest in Miss Tarrant?"

"Well, sympathy is just sympathy—that's all I can say. It takes in Miss Verena and it takes in all others—except the lady correspondents," the young man added, with a jocosity which, as he perceived even at the moment, was lost on Verena's friend. He was not more successful when he went on: "It takes in even you, Miss Chancellor!"

Olive rose to her feet, hesitating; she wanted to go away, and yet she couldn't bear to leave Verena to be exploited, as she felt that she would be after her departure, that indeed she had already been, by those offensive young men. She had a strange sense, too, that her friend had neglected her for the last half hour, had not been occupied with her, had placed a barrier between them—a barrier of broad male backs, of laughter that verged upon coarseness, of glancing smiles directed across the room, directed to Olive, which seemed rather to disconnect her with what was going forward on that side than to invite her to take part in it. If Verena recognized that Miss Chancellor was not in report, as her father said, when jocose young men ruled the scene, the discovery implied no great penetration; but the poor girl might have reflected further that to see it taken for granted that she was unadapted for such company could scarcely be more agreeable to Olive than to be dragged into it. This young lady's worst apprehensions were now justified by Mrs. Tarrant's crying to her that she must not go, as Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie were trying to persuade Verena to give them a little specimen of inspirational speaking, and she was sure her daughter would comply in a moment if Miss Chancellor would just tell her to compose herself. They had got to own up to it, Miss Chancellor could do more with her than any one else; but Mr. Gracie and Mr. Burrage had excited her so that she was afraid it would be rather an unsuccessful effort. The whole group had got up, and Verena came to Olive with her hands outstretched and no signs of a bad conscience in her bright face.

"I know you like me to speak so much—I'll try to say something if you want me to. But I'm afraid there are not enough people; I can't do much with a small audience."

"I wish we had brought some of our friends

—they would have been delighted to come if we had given them a chance," said Mr. Burrage. "There is an immense desire throughout the University to hear you, and there is no such sympathetic audience as an audience of Harvard men. Gracie and I are only two, but Gracie is a host in himself, and I am sure he will say as much of me." The young man spoke these words freely and lightly, smiling at Verena, and even a little at Olive, with the air of one to whom a mastery of clever "chaff" was commonly attributed.

"Mr. Burrage listens even better than he talks," his companion declared. "We have the habit of attention at lectures, you know. To be lectured by you would be an advantage indeed. We are sunk in ignorance and prejudice."

"Ah, my prejudices," Burrage went on; "if you could see them—I assure you they are something monstrous!"

"Give them a regular ducking and make them gasp," Matthias Pardon cried. "If you want an opportunity to act on Harvard College, now's your chance. These gentlemen will carry the news; it will be the narrow end of the wedge."

"Not so narrow, sir," Mr. Burrage rejoined, indicating his companion, who made up in thickness what he lacked in another dimension.

"I can't tell what you like," Verena said, still looking into Olive's eyes.

"I'm sure Miss Chancellor likes everything here," Mrs. Tarrant remarked, with a noble confidence.

Selah had reappeared by this time; his lofty, contemplative person was framed by the doorway. "Want to try a little inspiration?" he inquired, looking round on the circle with an encouraging inflection.

"I'll do it alone, if you prefer," Verena said soothingly to her friend. "It might be a good chance to try without father."

"You don't mean to say you ain't going to be supported?" Mrs. Tarrant exclaimed, with dismay.

"Ah, I beseech you, give us the whole programme—don't omit any leading feature!" Mr. Burrage was heard to plead.

"My only interest is to draw her out," said Selah, defending his integrity. "I will drop right out if I don't seem to vitalize. I have no desire to draw attention to my own poor gifts." This declaration appeared to be addressed to Miss Chancellor.

"Well, there will be more inspiration if you don't touch her," Matthias Pardon said to him. "It will seem to come right down from—well, wherever it does come from."

"Yes, we don't pretend to say that," Mrs. Tarrant murmured.

This little discussion had brought the blood

to Olive's face; she felt that every one present was looking at her—Verena most of all—and that there was a chance to take a more complete possession of the girl. Such chances were agitating; moreover, she didn't like, on any occasion, to be so prominent. But everything that had been said was benighted and vulgar; the place seemed thick with the very atmosphere out of which she wished to lift Verena. They were treating her as a show, as a social resource, and the two young men from the College were laughing at her shamelessly. She was not meant for that, and Olive would save her. Verena was so simple, she couldn't see herself; she was the only pure spirit in the odious group.

"I want you to address audiences that are worth addressing—to convince people who are serious and sincere." Olive herself, as she spoke, heard the great shake in her voice. "Your mission is not to exhibit yourself as a pastime for individuals, but to touch the heart of communities, of nations."

"Dear madam, I'm sure Miss Tarrant will touch my heart!" Mr. Burrage objected, gallantly.

"Well, I don't know but she judges you young men fairly," said Mrs. Tarrant, with a sigh.

Verena, diverted a moment from her communion with her friend, considered Mr. Burrage, with a smile. "I don't believe you have got any heart, and I shouldn't care much if you had!"

"You have no idea how much the way you say that increases my desire to hear you speak."

"Do as you please, my dear," said Olive, almost inaudibly. "My carriage must be there—I must leave you, in any case."

"I can see you don't want it," said Verena, wondering. "You would stay if you liked it, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know what I should do. Come out with me!" Olive spoke almost with fierceness.

"Well, you'll send them away no better than they came," said Matthias Pardon.

"I guess you had better come round some other night," Selah suggested pacifically, but with a significance which fell upon Olive's ear.

Mr. Gracie seemed inclined to make the sturdiest protest. "Look here, Miss Tarrant; do you want to save Harvard College, or do you not?" he demanded, with a humorous frown.

"I didn't know *you* were Harvard College!" Verena returned as humorously.

"I am afraid you are rather disappointed in your evening if you expected to obtain some insight into our ideas," said Mrs. Tarrant, with an air of impotent sympathy, to Mr. Gracie.

"Well, good-night, Miss Chancellor," she went on; "I hope you've got a warm wrap.

I suppose you'll think we go a good deal by what you say in this house. Well, most people don't object to that. There's a little hole right there in the porch; it seems as if Doctor Tarrant couldn't remember to go for the man to fix it. I am afraid you'll think we're too much taken up with all these new hopes. Well, we *have* enjoyed seeing you in our home; it quite raises my appetite for social intercourse. Did you come out on wheels? I can't stand a sleigh myself; it makes me sick."

This was her hostess's response to Miss Chancellor's very summary farewell, uttered as the three ladies proceeded together to the door of the house. Olive had got herself out of the little parlor with a sort of blind, defiant dash; she had taken no perceptible leave of the rest of the company. When she was calm she had very good manners, but when she was agitated she was guilty of lapses, every one of which came back to her magnified in the watches of the night. Sometimes they excited remorse, and sometimes triumph; in the latter case she felt that she could not have been so justly vindictive in cold blood. Tarrant wished to guide her down the steps, out of the little yard, to her carriage; he reminded her that they had had ashes sprinkled on the planks on purpose. But she begged him to let her alone, she almost pushed him back; she drew Verena out into the freshness of the night, closing the door of the house behind her. There was a splendid sky, all dark blue and silver—a sparkling wintry vault, where the stars were like a myriad points of ice. The air was silent and sharp, and the vague snow looked cruel. Olive knew now very definitely what the promise was that she wanted Verena to make; but it was too cold, she could keep her there bareheaded but an instant. Mrs. Tarrant, meanwhile, in the parlor, remarked that it seemed as if she couldn't trust Verena with her own parents; and Selah intimated that, with a proper invitation, his daughter would be very happy to address Harvard College at large. Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie said they would invite her on the spot, in the name of the University; and Matthias Pardon reflected (and asserted) with glee that this would be the newest thing yet. But he added that they would have a high time with Miss Chancellor first, and this was evidently the conviction of the company.

"I can see you are angry at something," Verena said to Olive, as the two stood there in the starlight. "I hope it isn't me. What have I done?"

"I am not angry—I am anxious. I am so afraid I shall lose you. Verena, don't fail me—don't fail me!" Olive spoke low, with a kind of passion.

"Fail you? How can I fail?"

"You can't, of course you can't. Your star is above you. But don't listen to *them*."

"To whom do you mean, Olive? To my parents?"

"Oh, no, not your parents," Miss Chancellor replied, with some sharpness. She paused a moment, and then she said: "I don't care for your parents. I have told you that before; but now that I have seen them,—as they wished, as you wished, and I didn't,—I don't care for them; I must repeat it, Verena. I should be dishonest if I let you think I did."

"Why, Olive Chancellor!" Verena murmured, as if she were trying, in spite of the sadness produced by this declaration, to do justice to her friend's impartiality.

"Yes, I am hard; perhaps I am cruel; but we must be hard if we wish to triumph. Don't listen to young men when they try to mock you and entangle you. They don't care for you; they don't care for *us*. They care only for their pleasure, for what they believe to be the right of the stronger. The stronger? I am not so sure!"

"Some of them care so much—are supposed to care too much—for us," Verena said, with a smile that looked dim in the darkness.

"Yes, if we will give up everything. I have asked you before—are you prepared to give up?"

"Do you mean, to give *you* up?"

"No, all our wretched sisters—all our hopes and purposes—all that we think sacred and worth living for!"

"Oh, they don't want that, Olive." Verena's smile became more distinct, and she added: "They don't want so much as that!"

"Well, then, go in and speak for them—and sing for them—and dance for them!"

"Olive, you are cruel!"

"Yes, I am. But promise me one thing, and I shall be—oh, so tender!"

"What a strange place for promises," said Verena, with a shiver, looking about her into the night.

"Yes, I am dreadful; I know it. But promise." And Olive drew the girl nearer to her, flinging over her with one hand the fold of a cloak that hung ample upon her own meager person, and holding her there with the other, while she looked at her, suppliant, but half hesitating. "Promise!" she repeated.

"Is it something terrible?"

"Never to listen to one of them, never to be bribed——"

At this moment the house-door was opened

again, and the light of the hall projected itself across the little piazza. Matthias Pardon stood in the aperture, and Tarrant and his wife, with the two other visitors, appeared to have come forward as well, to see what detained Verena.

"You seem to have started a kind of lecture out here," Mr. Pardon said. "You ladies had better look out, or you'll freeze together!"

Verena was reminded by her mother that she would catch her death, but she had already heard sharply, low as they were spoken, five last words from Olive, who now abruptly released her and passed swiftly over the path from the porch to her waiting carriage. Tarrant creaked along in pursuit to assist Miss Chancellor; the others drew Verena into the house. "Promise me not to marry!"—that was what echoed in her startled mind, and repeated itself there when Mr. Burrage returned to the charge and asked her if she wouldn't at least appoint some evening when they might listen to her. She knew that Olive's injunction ought not to have surprised her; she had already felt it in the air; she would have said at any time, if she had been asked, that she didn't suppose Miss Chancellor would want her to marry. But the idea, uttered as her friend had uttered it, had a new solemnity, and the effect of that quick, violent colloquy was to make her nervous and impatient, as if she had had a sudden glimpse of futurity. That was rather awful, even if it reserved the fate one would like.

When the two young men from the college pressed their petition, she asked, with a laugh that surprised them, whether they wished to "mock and entangle" her. They went away, assenting to Mrs. Tarrant's last remark: "I am afraid you'll feel that you don't quite understand us yet." Matthias Pardon remained; her father and mother, expressing their perfect confidence that he would excuse them, went to bed and left him sitting there. He staid a good while longer, nearly an hour, and said things that made Verena think that *he*, perhaps, would like to marry her. But while she listened to him, more abstractedly than her custom was, she remarked to herself that there could be no difficulty in promising Olive so far as he was concerned. He was very pleasant, and he knew an immense deal about everything, or, rather, about every one, and he would take her right into the midst of life. But she didn't wish to marry him all the same, and after he had gone she reflected that, once she came to think of it, she didn't want to marry any one. So it would be easy, after all, to make Olive that promise, and it would give her so much pleasure!

## IMMORTALITY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

"Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, Immortality."—*Novalis*.

THE apparent futility that has attended all efforts to prove the immortality of man springs largely from the fact that a sense of immortality is an achievement in morals, and not an inference drawn by logical processes from the nature of things. It is not a demonstration to, or by, the reason, but a conviction gained through the spirit in the process of human life. All truth is an achievement. If you would have truth at its full value, go win it. If there is any truth whose value lies in a moral process, it must be sought by that process. Other avenues will prove hard and uncertain, and will stop short of the goal. Eternal wisdom seems to say: If you would find immortal life, seek it in human life; look neither into the heavens nor the earth, but into your own heart as it fulfills the duty of present existence. We are not mere minds for seeing and hearing truth, but beings set in a real world to achieve it. This is the secret of creation.

But if demonstration cannot yield a full sense of immortality, it does not follow that discussion and evidence are without value. Mind is auxiliary to spirit, and intellectual conviction may help moral belief. Doubts may be so heavy as to cease to be incentives, and become burdens. If there are any hints of immortality in the world or in the nature of man, we may welcome them. If there are denials of it that lose their force under inspection, we may clear our minds of them, for so we shall be freer to work out the only demonstration that will satisfy us.

Whatever is here said upon this subject has for its end, not demonstration, but a clearing and paving of the way to that demonstration which only can be realized in the process of moral life—that is, by personal experience in a spirit of duty. Or, I might say, my object is to make an open and hospitable place for it in the domain of thought.

This result would be nearly gained if it were understood how the idea of immortality came into the world. It cannot be linked with the early superstitions that sprang out of the childhood of the race—with fetichism and polytheism and image-worship; nor is it akin to the early thought that personified and dramatized the forces of nature, and so built up the great mythologies. These were the

first rude efforts of men to find a cause of things, and to connect it with themselves in ways of worship and propitiation. But the idea of immortality had no such genesis. It is a late comer into the world. Men worshiped and propitiated long before they attained to a clear conception of a future life. A forecasting shadow of it may have hung over the early races; a voice not fully articulate may have uttered some syllable of it, and gained at last expression in theories of metempsychosis and visions of Nirvana; but the doctrine of personal immortality belongs to a later age. It grew into the consciousness of the world with the growth of man,—slowly and late,—and marked in its advent the stage of human history when man began to recognize the dignity of his nature. It does not belong to the childhood of the race, nor can it be classed with the dreams and guesses in which ignorance sought refuge, nor with the superstitions through which men strove to ally themselves with nature and its powers. It belongs to them neither in its history nor in its nature. It came with the full consciousness of selfhood, and is the product of man's full and ripe thought; it is not only not allied with the early superstitions, but is the reversal of them. These, in their last analysis, confessed man's subjection to nature and its powers, and shaped themselves into forms of expiation and propitiation; they implied a low and feeble sense of his nature, and turned on his condition rather than on his nature—on a sense of the external world, and not on a perception of himself. But the assertion of immortality is a triumph over nature—a denial of its forces. Man marches to the head and says: "I too am to be considered; I also am a power; I may be under the gods, but I claim for myself their destiny; I am allied to nature, but I am its head, and will no longer confess myself to be its slave." The fact of such an origin should not only separate it from the superstitions, where of late there has been a tendency to rank it, but secure for it a large and generous place in the world of speculative thought. We should hesitate before we contradict the convictions of any age that wear these double signs of development and resistance; nor should we treat lightly any lofty assertions that man may make of

himself, especially when those assertions link themselves with truths of well-being and evident duty.

The idea of immortality, thus achieved, naturally allies itself to religion, for a high conception of humanity is in itself religious. It built itself into the foundations of Christianity, and became also its atmosphere and its main postulate, its chief working factor and its ultimate hope. It is of one substance with Christianity — having the same conception of man; it runs along with every duty and doctrine, tallying at every point; it is the inspiration of the system; each names itself by one synonym — life.

Lodged thus in the conviction of the civilized world, the doctrine of immortality met with no serious resistance until it encountered modern science. It may have been weakened and obscured in the feature of personality by pantheistic conceptions that have prevailed from time to time, but pantheism never will prevail in a hurtful degree so long as it stands face to face with the freedom of our Western civilization. A slight infusion of it is wholesome, and necessary to correct an excessive doctrine of individualism, and to perfect the conception of God; and it has never gone far enough in its one line to impair the substantial validity of the doctrine of immortality. We may repeat without hesitation the verse of Emerson:

"Lost in God, in Godhead found."

But when modern science — led by the principle of induction — transferred the thought of men from speculation to the physical world, and said, "Let us get at the facts; let us find out what our five senses reveal to us," then immortality came under question simply because science could find no data for it. Science, as such, deals only with gases, fluids, and solids, with length, breadth, and thickness. In such a domain and amongst such phenomena no hint even of future existence can be found, and science could only say, "I find no report of it." I do not refer more to the scientific class than to a scientific habit of thought that diffused itself throughout society, and became general by that wise and gracious contagion through which men are led to think together and move in battalions of thought, — for so only can the powers of darkness be driven out. We do not to-day regret that science held itself so rigidly to its field and its principles of induction — that it refused to leap chasms, and to let in guesses for the sake of morals. If it held to its path somewhat narrowly, it still went safely and firmly, and left no gaps in the mighty argument it is framing and will yet perfect. The severity and even bigotry that at-

tended its early stages, even with its occasional apparent damage to morals, were the best preparation for the thoroughness of its future work. If its leaders — moved by the conviction that all truth is linked together — at times forsook the field of the three dimensions, and spoke hastily of what might *not* lie beyond it, they are easily forgiven. When scientists and metaphysicians are found in each other's camps, they are not to be regarded as intruders, even if they have not learned the pass-word, but rather as visitors from another corps of the grand army. The sappers and miners may undervalue the flying artillery, and the cavalry may gird at the builders of earthworks; but as the campaign goes on each will come to recognize the value of the other, and perhaps, in some dark night of defeat when the forces of the common enemy are pressing them in the rear, they will welcome the skill of those who can throw a bridge across the fatal river in front to the unseen shore beyond.

But science has its phases and its progress. It held itself to its prescribed task of searching matter until it eluded its touch in the form of simple force — leaving it, so to speak, empty-handed. It had got a little deeper into the heavens with its lenses, and gone a little farther into matter with its retorts, but it had come no nearer the nature of things than it was at the outset. I may cleave a rock once and have no proper explanation of it, but I know as little when I have cleaved it a thousand times and fused it in flame. In these researches of science many useful facts have been passed over to man, so that easier answer is given to the question, What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed? But it came no nearer to an answer of those imperative questions which the human mind will ask until they are answered — Whence? How? For what? Not what shall I eat and how shall I be clothed, but what is the meaning of the world? explain me to myself; tell me what sort of a being I am — how I came to be here, and for what end. Such are the questions that men are forever repeating to themselves, and casting upon the wise for possible answer. When chemistry put the key of the physical universe into the hand of science, it was well enough to give up a century to the dazzling picture it revealed. A century of concentrated and universal gaze at the world out of whose dust we are made, and whose forces play in the throbs of our hearts, is not too much; but after having sat so long before the brilliant play of elemental flames, and seen ourselves reduced to simple gas and force under laws for whose strength adamant is no measure, we have become a little restive and take up again the old questions. Science

has not explained us to ourselves, nor compassed us in its retort, nor measured us in its law of continuity. You have shown me of what I am made, how put together, and linked my action to the invariable energy of the universe; now tell me what I am; explain to me consciousness, will, thought, desire, love, veneration. I confess myself to be all you say, but I know myself to be more; tell me what that more is. Science, in its early and wisely narrow sense, could not respond to these demands. But it has enlarged its vocation under two impulses. It has pushed its researches until it has reached verges beyond which it cannot go, yet sees forces and phenomena that it cannot explain nor even speak of without using the nomenclature of metaphysics. In a recent able work of science the word "spirit" is adopted into the scientific vocabulary. Again, physical science has yielded to the necessity of allying itself with other sciences—finding itself on their borders. Chemistry led up to biology, and this in turn to psychology, and so on to sociology and history and religion, and even to metaphysics, whose tools it had used with some disdain of their source. In short, it is found that there is no such thing as a specific science, but that all sciences are parts of one universal science. The broad studies of Darwin and Herbert Spencer have done much toward establishing this conviction, which has brought about what may be called a comity of the sciences, or an era of good feeling. The chemist sits down by the metaphysician and says, Tell me what you know about consciousness; and the theologian listens eagerly to the story of evolution. Unless we greatly misread the temper of recent science, it is ready to pass over certain phenomena it has discovered and questions it has raised to theology. And with more confidence we may assert that theology is parting with the conceit it had assumed as "queen of the sciences," and—clothing itself with its proper humility—is ready to accept a report from any who can aid it in its exalted studies.

This comity between the sciences, or rather necessary correlation, not only leads to good feeling and mutual respect, but insures a recognition of each other's conclusions. Whatever is true in one must be true in all. Whatever is necessary to the perfection of one cannot be ruled out of another. That which is true in man's spiritual life must be true in his social life; and whatever is true in social life must not contradict anything in his physical life. We might reverse this, and say that no true physiologist will define the physical man so as to exclude the social man; nor will he so define the social and political man as

to shut out the spiritual man; nor will he so define the common humanity as to exclude personality. He will leave a margin for other sciences whose claims are as valid as those of his own. If, for example, immortality is a necessary coördinate of man's moral nature,—an evident part of its content,—the chemist and physiologist will not set it aside because they find no report of it in their fields. If it is a part of spiritual and moral science, it cannot be rejected because it is not found in physical science. So much, at least, has been gained by the new comity in the sciences,—that opinions are respected, and questions that belong to other departments are relegated to them in a scientific spirit.

But this negative attitude of natural science toward immortality does not by any means describe its relation to the great doctrine. The very breadth of its studies has made it humble and tolerant of hypothesis in other fields. It is parting with a narrow and confining positivism, and is keenly alive to the analogies and sweep of the great truths it has discovered—truths which, as science, it cannot handle. More than this: while it has taught us to distrust immortality, because it could show us no appearance of it, it has provided us with a broader principle that undoes its work,—namely, the principle of reversing appearances. The whole work of natural science might be described under this phrase; it has laid hold of the physical universe and shown that the reality is unlike that which first appears. It has thus bred a fine, wholesome skepticism which is the basis of true knowledge and of progress. Once men said, This is as it appears; to-day they say, The reality is not according to the first appearance, but is probably the reverse. The sky seems solid; the sun seems to move; the earth seems to be at rest, and to be flat. Science has reversed these appearances and beliefs. But the Copernican revolution was simply the beginning of an endless process, and science has done little since but exchange Ptolemaic appearance for Copernican reality, and the process is commonly marked by reversal. Matter seems to be solid and at rest; it is shown to be the contrary. The energy of an active agent seems to end with disorganization, but it really passes into another form. So it is throughout. The appearance in nature is nearly always, not false, but illusive, and our first interpretations of natural phenomena usually are the reverse of the reality. Of course this must be so; it is the wisdom of creation—the secret of the world; else knowledge would be immediate and without process, and man a mere eye for seeing. Nature puts the reality at a distance

and hides it behind a veil, and it is the office of mind in its relation to matter to penetrate the distance and get behind the veil; and to make the process valuable in the highest degree, this feature of contrariety is put into nature. What greater achievement has mind wrought than to turn the solid heavens into empty space, and fix the moving sun in the heavens, and round the flat world into a sphere? Truth is always an achievement, and it becomes such by reversing appearance—turning rest into motion, solids into fluids, centers into orbits, breaking up inclosing firmaments into infinite spaces. The human mind tends to rest in the first appearance; science—more than any other teacher—tells it that it may not. But it is this premature confidence in first appearance that induces skepticism of immortality. No one wishes to doubt it; our inmost soul pleads for it; our higher nature disdains a denial of it as ignoble. No poet, no lofty thinker suffers the eclipse of it to fall upon his page, but many a poet and thinker is—nay, are we not all?—tormented by a horrible uncertainty cast by the appearance of dissolving nature, and reinforced by the blank silence of science? The heavens are empty; the earth is resolving back to fire-mist; what theater is there for living man? Thought and emotion are made one with the force of the universe, shut up for a while in a fleeting organism. What is there besides it? Brought together out of nature, sinking back into nature,—has man any other history? What, also, is so absolute in its appearance as death? How silent are the generations behind us. How fast locked is the door of the grave. How speechless the speaking lips; how sightless the seeing eye; how still the moving form. Touch the cold hand; cry to the ear; crown the brow with weed or with flower—they are alike to it. It is an awful appearance; is it absolute—final? Say what we will, here is the source of the dread misgiving that haunts the mind of the age. Science has helped to create it, but it also has discovered its antidote. The minister of faith stands by this horrible appearance and says: "Not here, but risen." He might well be joined by the priest of science with words like these: "My vocation is to wrest truth out of illusive appearances. I do not find what you claim; I find instead an appearance of the contrary; but on that very principle you may be right; the truth is generally the reverse of the appearance." I do not advance this as an argument, but to create an atmosphere for argument. For we still think of death under Ptolemaic illusion; we have not yet learned the secret of the world, the order of truth—inverting the landscape

in the lens of the eye that the mind may get a true picture. To break away from the appearance of death—this is the imperative need; and whatever science may say in detail, its larger word and also its method justify us in the effort. Hence the need of the imaginative eye and of noble thought. Men of lofty imagination are seldom deceived by death, surmounting more easily the illusions of sense. Victor Hugo probably knows far less of science than do Büchner and Vogt, but he knows a thousand things they have not dreamed of, which invest their science like an atmosphere, and turn its rays in directions unknown to them. Goethe was a man of science, but he was also a poet, and did not go amiss on this subject.

I pass now to more positive ground—speaking still of science, for the antagonist of immortality is not science, but a contagion or filtration from science that permeates common thought.

Assuming evolution,—it matters not now what form of it, except the extremest which is not worthy of the name of science,—I remark that the process of development creates a skepticism at every stage of its progress so great that one has no occasion even to hesitate when the claim of immortality is made. Doubt has so often broken down that it is no longer wise to doubt. Improbability has so often given way to certainty and fact that it becomes almost a basis of expectation. One who traces evolution step by step, and sees one wonder follow another, should be prepared at the end to say, "I will wonder no longer at anything; I have turned too many sharp corners to be surprised at another." Take your stand at any stage of evolution, and the next step is no stranger, no more to be anticipated, it is no broader leap than that from death to future life. Plant yourself at any given stage, with the knowledge then given off by phenomena, and report what you can see ahead. Go back to the time when the swirl of fire-mist was drawing into spheres and predicate future life;—the raging elements laugh you to scorn. Life from fire!—no dream of metempsychosis is so wild as that. You detect a law of progress; but to what are you now listening—to the elements or to mind? The elements can tell you nothing, but mind detects a law in the elements that affords a ground for expectation. The appearance silences you; the hint leads you on, and you become perhaps a very credulous and unscientific believer, confronted by entirely scientific facts to the contrary. If one is skeptical of the reality of the spiritual world on scientific grounds, or on the score of simple improbability, the best practi-

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cal advice that can be given him is—to transport himself back into early geologic or chemic ages, and then attempt to use a positive philosophy to find out what shall or shall not be, on the ground of appearance. But I yield too much; the development of life from nebulous fire is a fact so immensely improbable, that mind cannot be conceived of as accepting it. Take later contrasts,—the headless mollusk glued to rock in a world of water, and an antlered deer in a world of verdure; or the huge monsters of the prime, and thinking man. Here are gulfs across which contemporaneous imagination cannot leap, but looking back we see that they have been crossed, and by a process of orderly development. We see the process and the energy by which it was wrought, but of the source of the process or of the energy we know nothing until we postulate it. But, shut off as we are at every stage of the process from the next by its improbability, and only able to accept it as we look back upon it, and even then with an essential unknown factor at work,—what right have we, with so confounding a history behind us, to cut it short and close it up with a doubt on the ground of improbability? Are we not rather taught to expect other wonders? I am quite ready to hear the answer of science, that the process under which immortality is claimed is unlike that of development,—that it cannot be gained under the same laws nor according to the same method. Evolution does not spare the individual nor the class. Life, as we see it, is a functional play of something—we know not what—set in favorable relations to an environment, and ending when the relations become unfavorable. When environment ceases to play well into the organization, and the organization fails to adjust itself to the changing environment, life ends; and the life of that organization cannot go on because it was simply a thing of relations which have been destroyed. This seems logical, and would be final if all the factors and all their processes were embraced and understood in the argument. This, we claim, is not the case, but, on the contrary, claim that there are factors and elements not recognized, which may involve other processes and another history. Science responds: This is all we find; we cannot go outside of the facts and the processes. Life is a functional play of something—we know not what; but, not knowing it, we have no right to deal with it, and so set it aside.

This is the crucial point upon which immortality as a speculative question turns. Shall it be silenced in its claim on such evidence? Is there no higher tribunal, of wider

powers and profounder wisdom, before which it may plead its eternal cause? We turn to that which is the substantial method of all ages—the necessary habit of the human mind—to philosophy.

We now have the grave question whether we are to be limited in our thought and belief by the *dicta* of natural science. In accounting for all things, are we shut up to matter and force and their phenomena? Science as positivism says: Yes, because matter and force are all we know, or can know. Another school says boldly: Matter and force account for all things—thought, and will, and consciousness; a position denied by still another school, which admits the existence of something else, but claims that it is unknowable. If any one of these positions is admitted, the question we are considering is an idle one, so far as demonstration is concerned; it is even decided in the negative. The antagonist to these positions is metaphysics. Faith may surmount, but it cannot confute them without the aid of philosophy. And how goes the battle? I think an impartial judge of this friendly conflict, in which a man is often arrayed against himself, would say that metaphysics not only holds, but is master of the field. At least, science is speechless before several fundamental questions that itself has put into the mouth of philosophy. Science begins with matter in a homogeneous state of diffusion,—that is, at rest and without action, either eternally so, or as the result of exhausted force. Now, whence comes force? Science has no answer except such as is couched under the phrase “an unknowable cause,” which is a contradiction of terms, since a cause with a visible result is so far forth known. Again, there are mathematical formulæ, or thought, in the stars, and in matter, as in crystallization. The law or thought of gravitation necessarily goes before its action. What is the origin of this law as it begins to act?—and why does it begin to act in matter at rest?—a double question to which science renders no answer except to the latter part, which it solves by polarization; but this is simply putting the tortoise under the elephant. Again, evolution, as interpreted by all the better schools of science, admits teleology or an end in view; and the end is humanity. But the teleological end was present when the nebulous matter first began to move. In what did this purpose then reside?—in the nebulous matter, or in some mind outside of matter and capable of the conception of man?

Again, how do you pass from functional action of the brain to consciousness? Science does not undertake to answer, but confesses that the chasm is impassable from its side.

What, then, shall we do with the fact and phenomena of consciousness? Again, what right has science, knowing nothing of the origin of force, and therefore not understanding its full nature,—what right has it to limit its action and its potentiality to the functional play of an organism? As science it can, of course, go no farther; but, with an unknown factor, on what ground can it make a negative and final assertion as to the capability of that factor? Again, you test and measure matter by mind; but if matter is inclusive of mind, how can matter be tested and measured by it? It is one clod or crystal analyzing another; it is getting into the scales along with the thing you would weigh.

These are specimens of the questions that philosophy puts to science—or rather, as I prefer to phrase it, that one's mind puts to one's five senses. The observing senses are silent before the thinking mind. But these questions are universal and imperative. No further word of denial or assertion can be spoken until they are answered. And as science does not answer them, philosophy undertakes to do so, and its answer is—Theism. The universe requires a creating mind; it rests on mind and power. Metaphysics holds the field, and on its triumphant banner is the name of God. Science might also be pressed into close quarters as to the nature of this thing that it calls *matter*, which it thinks it can see and feel; and how it sees and feels it, it does not know. When Sir William Thompson—led by a hint of Faraday's—advances the theory that all the properties of matter probably are attributes of motion, a surmise is awakened if matter be not a mere semblance or phantasm; and if force, or that which creates force, is not the only reality—a true substance upon which this play and flux of unstable matter takes place. Under this theory of advanced science, it is no longer spirit that seems vague, illusive, unreal, but matter—slipping away into modes of motion, dissolving into mere activity, and so shading off toward some great Reality that is full of life and energy—not matter, and therefore spirit. Science itself has led up to a point where matter, and not God, becomes the unknowable. A little further struggle through this tangle of matter, and we may stand on a "peak of Darien" in "wild surmise" before the ocean of the Spirit.

The final word which the philosophical man within us addresses to our scientific man is this: Stop when you come to what seems to you to be an end of man; and for this imperative reason, namely, you do not claim that you have compassed him; you find in him that which you cannot explain—some-

thing that lies back of energy and function, and is the cause or ground of the play of function. You admit consciousness; you admit that while thought depends upon tissue, it is not tissue nor the action of tissue, and therefore may have some other ground of action; you admit an impassable chasm between brain-action and consciousness. What right has science as science to leap that chasm with a negative in its hand? And why should science object to attempts to bridge the chasm from the other side? Physical science has left unexplained phenomena; may no other science take them up? Science has left an entity—a something that it has felt but could not grasp, just as it has felt but could not grasp the ether. May not the science that gave to physics the ether try its hand at this unexplained remainder? Let us have, then, no negative assertions; this is the bigotry of science. But a generous-minded science will pass over this mystery to psychology, or to metaphysics, or to theology. If it is a substance, it has laws. If it is force or a life, it has an environment and a correspondence. If it is mind and spirit, it has a mental and spiritual environment; and if the correspondence is perfect and the environment ample enough, this mind and spirit may have a commensurate history. This is logical, and also probable, even on the ground of science, for all its analogies indicate and sustain it. My conclusion is this: Until natural science can answer these questions put by other sciences, it has no right to assume the solution of the problem of immortality, because this question lies within the domain of the unanswered questions. Not to the Trojan belongs the wounded immortal Diomed, but to the Greek, who vindicates the claim of his heart by the strength of his weapons.

BUT has science no positive word to offer? The seeming antagonist of immortality during its earlier studies of evolution, it now seems, in its later studies, about to become an ally. It suddenly discovered that man was in the category of the brutes and of the whole previous order of development. It is now more than suspecting that, although in that order, he stands in a relation to it that forbids his being merged in it, and exempts him from a full action of its laws, and therefore presumably from its destinies. It has discovered that because man is the end of development he is not wholly in it—the product of a process, and for that very reason cut off from the process. What thing is there that is made by man, or by nature after a plan and for an end, that is not separated from the process when it is finished, set in entirely

different relations and put to different uses? When we build a wagon, we gather metal and wood, bring them together, forge, hew, fit, and paint till it is made; but we do not then break it into pieces, cast the iron into the forge and the timber into the forest; we trundle it out of the shop and put it to its uses which have little to do with the processes by which it was framed,—made under one set of laws but used under another. When a child is born, the first thing done is to sever the cord that binds it to its origin and through which it became what it is. And what is creation with its progressive and orderly development,—heat acting upon matter overshadowed by the Spirit; then a simple play of forces; at length a quickening into life, and then a taking on of higher and more complex forms, till at last the hour comes and man is born into the world,—what is creation but a divine incubation or gestation within the womb of eternity? The thought is startling, but I disclaim a rhetorical interpretation and offer it as a generalization of science. What then? The embryotic condition and processes and laws are left behind, and man walks forth under the heavens—the child of the stars and of the earth, born of their long travail, their perfect and only offspring. Now he has new conditions, new laws, new methods and ends of his own. Now we have the image of the creating God—the child of the begetting Spirit. It is to such conclusions that recent science is leading. Nowhere have they been indicated so clearly and ably as in the recent work of Professor Fiske, “The Destiny of Man.” It is indeed meager, though not weak, as a plea for immortality, not touching fields where the considerations are strongest, the moral nature and history of man; but it meets successfully and unanswerably the main point which, if not met, renders all after arguments vain, or leaves them in an empirical state. The march of Hannibal into Italy was a triumph of military genius, but the difficult part was a few miles on the summit of the St. Bernard pass. Mr. Fiske’s book conducts us over the Alps of the question. The imperative requirement is to take man out of the category of physical nature and the process of evolution as it has been going on, and put him into another category, and under laws that are the reverse of those heretofore acting in material and brute development. The author I have referred to does this through a broader generalization than his *confrères* in science usually indulge in. Briefly stated, the thought is this: Man is the end or product that nature had in view during the whole process of evolution; when he is produced, the process ceases, and its laws either end at once

or gradually, or take on a form supplementary to other laws, or are actually reversed. Thus, the struggle for existence ceases, and a moral or humane law of preservation takes its place. The secret of history is the dethronement of the strong by the weak, or rather the introduction of a force by which the meek become the inheritors and rulers of the earth. Natural selection gives way to intelligent choice. Instinct ends, and thought determines action. The whole brute inheritance is being gradually thrown off; its methods constitute evil—the serpent whose head the seed of woman is bruising and shall finally crush. The imperative conclusion follows that man is not to be regarded as in the process, nor under the laws, nor even under the analogies of the order from which he has been evolved or created. The leaden suggestion of nature, as it destroyed the individual and the type, no longer has even scientific weight. The thing that has been is the very thing that shall not be; and Tennyson, with this fresh page of science before him, could now stretch out towards his great hope hands no longer lame, and gather something more than dust and chaff as he calls to the Lord of all; for it is the appearance and analogy of nature that crush our hope. But science itself bids us turn our back upon physical nature, or but look to it to find that we are no longer of it.

The importance of this generalization or revelation of science cannot be exaggerated. Canon Mozley, in his great sermon on Eternal Life, says substantially, “It does not matter how we came to be what we are; we are what we are,” and from that builds up his masterly argument for immortality. Still, it does matter whether we face the great question weighted by our previous history or freed from it. It is possible, indeed, to scale the heights of our hope burdened with the clay out of which we were made; but why bear it, when friendly science offers to take it off? Besides, man is a logical being, and he cannot be induced to leave unexplained phenomena behind him, nor to leap chasms in his thought; nor will he build the heavenly city upon reason while it is confused by its relations to physical nature. So freed, we have man as mind and spirit, evolved or created out of nature, but no longer correlated to its methods,—correlated instead to contrasting methods,—face to face with laws and forces hitherto unknown or but dimly shadowed, moving steadily in a direction opposite to that in which he was produced.

Receiving man thus at the hands of science, what shall we do with him but pass him over into the world to the verge of which science has brought him—the world of mind and spirit? From cosmic dust he has become

a true person. What now? The end of the demiurgic strife reached, its methods cease. Steps lead up to the apex of the pyramid. What remains? What, indeed, but flight, if man be found to have wings? Or does he stand for a moment on the summit, exulting in his emergence from nature, only to roll back into the dust at its base? There is a reason why the reptile should become a mammal: it is more life. Is there no like reason for man? Shall he not have more life? If not, then to be a reptile is better than to be a man, for it can be more than itself; and man, instead of being the head of nature, goes to its foot. The dream of pessimism becomes a reality, justifying the remark of Schopenhauer that consciousness is the mistake and malady of nature. If man becomes no more than he now is, the whole process of gain and advance by which he has become what he is turns on itself and reverses its order. The benevolent purpose, seen at every stage as it yields to the next, stops its action, dies out, and goes no farther. The ever-swelling bubble of existence, that has grown and distended till it reflects the light of heaven in all its glorious tints, bursts on the instant into nothingness.

The question is, whether such considerations are subjects for thought; whether they have in them an element of reason that justifies a conclusion; whether they are phenomena, and may be treated scientifically; whether they do not address us in a way as impressive as physical science could address us at any particular stage of evolution. Having thought up to this point and found always a path leading through the improbabilities of the future, shall we think no longer because we face other improbabilities? We cannot, indeed, think facts out of existence—the world is real; but natural science justifies us in regarding man as under the laws of the intellectual and moral world into which it has delivered him. It has shown us the chemical coming under the subjection of the dynamic, and the dynamic yielding to the organic, and the organic, with man in it and over it, working miracles of his own—a power over nature, under laws that are neither chemical nor dynamic nor organic, but creative in their essence and spiritual in their force. He is therefore to be measured, not by the orders behind him, but by that into which he has come.

Proceeding now under theistic conceptions, I am confident that our scientific self goes along with our reasoning self when I claim that the process of evolution at every step and in every moment rests on God, and draws its energy from God. The relation, doubtless, is organic, but no less are its proc-

esses conscious, voluntary, creative acts. Life was crowded into the process as fast as the plan admitted; it was life and more life till the process culminated in man—the end towards which it had been steadily pressing. We have in this process the surest possible ground of expectation that God will crown his continuous gift of life with immortal life. When, at last, he has produced a being who is the image of himself, who has full consciousness and the creative will, who can act in righteousness, who can adore and love and commune with his Creator, there is a reason—and if there is a reason there will be found a method—why the gift of immortal life should be conferred. God has at last secured in man the image of himself—an end and solution of the whole process. Will he not set man in permanent and perfect relations? Having elaborated his jewel till it reflects himself, does he gaze upon it for a briefer moment than he spent in producing it, and then cast it back into elemental chaos? Science itself forces upon us the imperious question, and to science also are we indebted for a hopeful answer—teaching us at last that we are not bound to think of man as under the conditions and laws that produced him,—the end of the creative process, and therefore not of it. Such is the logic of evolution, and we could not well do without it. But we must follow it to its conclusions. Receiving at its hands a Creating Mind working by a teleological process toward man as the final product, we are bound to think consistently of these factors; nor may we stop in our thought and leave them in confusion. If immortality seems a difficult problem, the denial or doubt of it casts upon us one more difficult. We have an intelligent Creator starting with such elements as cosmic dust, and proceeding in an orderly process that may be indicated under Darwin's five laws, or Wallace's more pronounced theism, or Argyll's or Naudin's theory of constant creative energy,—it matters not which be followed,—developing the solid globe; then orders of life that hardly escape matter; then other orders that simply eat and move and procreate; and so on to higher forms, but always aiming at man, for "the clod must think," the crystal must reason, and the fire must love,—all pressing steadily toward man, for whom the process has gone on and in whom it ends, because he—being what he is—turns on these very laws that produced him and reverses their action. The instincts have died out; for necessity there is freedom; for desire there is conscience; natural selection is lost in intelligence; the struggle for existence is checked and actually reversed

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under the moral nature, so that the weak live and the strong perish unless they protect the weak. A being who puts a contrast on all the ravening creation behind him, and lifts his face toward the heavens in adoration, and throws the arms of his saving love around all living things, and so falls into sympathetic affinity with God himself and becomes a conscious creator of what is good and true and beautiful—such is man. What will God do with this being after spending countless eons in creating him? what will God do with his own image? is the piercing question put to reason. I speak of ideal man—the man that has been and shall be; of the meek who inherit the earth and rule over it in the sovereign power of love and goodness. How much of time, what field of existence and action, will God grant to this being? The pulses of his heart wear out in less than a hundred years. Ten years are required for intelligence to replace the loss of instinct, so that relatively his full life is briefer than that of the higher animals. A quarter of his years is required for physical and mental development; a half—perchance a little more—is left for work and achievement, and the rest for dying. And he dies saying: I am the product of eternity, and I can return into eternity; I have lived under the inspiration of eternal life, and I may claim it; I have loved my God, my child, my brother man, and I know that love is an eternal thing. It has so announced itself to me, and I pass into its perfect and eternal realization. Measure this being thus, and then ask reason, ask God himself, if the pitiful three score and ten is a reasonable existence. There is no proportion between the production of man and the length of his life; it is like spending a thousand years in building a pyrotechnic piece that burns against the sky for one moment and leaves the blackness of a night never again to be lighted. Such a destiny can be correlated to no possible conception of God nor of the world except that of pessimism—the philosophy of chaos—the logic that assumes order to prove disorder—that uses consciousness to show that it is a disease. But any rational conception of God forces us to the conclusion that he will hold on to the final product of his long creative struggle. If man were simply a value, a fruit of use, an actor of intelligence, a creator of good, he would be worth preserving; but if God loves man and man loves God, and so together they realize the ultimate and highest conception of being and destiny, it is impossible to believe that the knife of Omnipotence will cut the cords of that love and suffer man to fall back into elemental flames; for, if we do not live when we

die, we pass into the hands of oxygen. Perhaps it is our destiny—it must be under some theories; but it is not yet necessary under any accredited theory of science or philosophy to conceive of God as a Moloch burning his children in his fiery arms, nor as a Saturn devouring his own offspring.

I am well aware that just here a distinction is made that takes off the edge of these horrible conclusions,—namely, that humanity survives though the individual perishes. This theory, which is not recent, had its origin in that phase of nature which showed a constant disregard of the individual and a steady care for the type or class. It found its way from science into literature, where it took on the form of lofty sentiment and became almost a religion. It is a product of the too hasty theory that we may carry the analogies of nature over into the world of man, and lay them down squarely and without qualification as though they compassed him. Science no longer does this, but the blunder lives on in literature and the every-day thought of the world. But suppose it were true that the individual perishes and humanity survives, how much relief does it afford to thought? It simply lengthens the day that must end in horrible doom. For the question recurs, how long will humanity continue? For long, indeed, if man can preserve the illusion of immortality and the kindred illusions of love and duty and sacrifice that go with it, and can be kept apart from an altruism that defeats itself by cutting the nerve of personality. Humanity will stay long upon the earth if love and conscience are fed by their proper and only sustaining inspirations; but even then how long will the earth entertain that golden era when the individual shall peacefully live out his allotted years, and yield up the store of his life to the general fund of humanity, in the utter content of perfect negation? I might perhaps make a total sacrifice for an eternal good, but I will sit down with the pessimists sooner than sacrifice myself for a temporary good; the total cannot be correlated to the temporary. If such sacrifice is ever made, it is the insanity of self-estimate, or rather is the outcome of an unconscious sense of a continuous life. How long do I live on in humanity? Only till the crust of the earth becomes a little thicker, and days and nights grow longer, and the earth sucks the air into its "interlunar caves"—now a sister to the moon. Chaos does not lie behind this world, but ahead. The picture of the evolution of man through "dragons of the prime" is not so dreadful as that foreshadowed when the world shall have grown old, and environment no longer favors full life. Human-

ity may mount high, but it must go down and reverse the steps of its ascent. Its lofty altruism will die out under hard conditions; the struggle for existence will again resume its sway, and hungry hordes will fish in shallow seas, and roam in the blasted forests of a dying world, breathing a thin atmosphere under which man shrinks towards inevitable extinction. Science paints the picture, but reason disdains it as the probable outcome of humanity. The future of this world as the abode of humanity is a mystery, though not wholly an unlighted one; but under no possible conception can the world be regarded as the theater of the total history of the race.

A modification of this view is the theory that sets aside personality and asserts a return of the individual life into God. Mr. Emerson in his essay, the suggestive value of which is very great, says: "I confess that everything connected with our personality fails." It would be easy to quote Emerson against himself, but that were no gain. He wrote this sentence too early to have the advantage of recent science. In that play of nature on which he fixed his gaze years before Darwin, he saw indeed that "nature never spares the individual," but his prophetic soul did not reveal to him the things to be. The interpretation of science, as now given, tells us that when man is reached in the process of development nature does spare the individual, or, more properly, the person. It is the very thing nature has been aiming at all along, namely, to produce a person and then preserve him. The whole trend of the laws in social and intelligent humanity is toward securing a full personality, and a defense and perpetuity of it. Emerson apparently never caught sight of the fact that in humanity there is a reversal of those laws by which matter and brute-life led up to man. He looked at nature more closely than Plato dared, and was dazzled.

This altruism that assumes for itself a loftier morality in its willingness to part with personality and live on simply as influence and force, sweetening human life and deepening the blue of heaven,—a view that colors the pages of George Eliot and also some unfortunate pages of science,—is one of those theories that contains within itself its own refutation. It regards personality almost as an immorality: lose yourself in the general good; it is but selfish to claim existence for self. It may be, indeed, but not if personality has attained to the law of love and service. Personality may not only reverse the law of selfishness, but it is the only condition under which it can be wholly reversed. If I

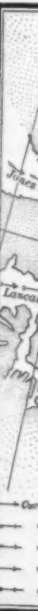
can remain a person, I can love and serve,—I may be a perpetual generator of love and service; but if I cease to exist, I cease to create them, and leave a mere echo or trailing influence thinning out into an unmeaning universe. Such an altruism limits the use and force of character to the small opportunity of human life; it is so much and no more, however long it may continue to act; but the altruism of ideal and enduring personality continues to act forever, and possibly on an increasing scale. This altruism of benevolent annihilation cuts away the basis of its action. It pauperizes itself by one act of giving—breaks its bank in the generosity of its issue. It is one thing to see the difficulties in the way of immortality, but quite another thing to erect annihilation into morality; and it is simply a blunder in logic to claim for such morality a superiority over that of those who hope to live on, wearing the crown of personality that struggling nature has placed on their heads, and serving its Author for ever and ever. The simple desire to live is neither moral nor immoral, but the desire to live for service and love is the highest morality and the only true altruism.

I shall not follow the subject into those fields of human life and spiritual experience—it being a beaten path—where the assurances of immortality mount into clear vision, my aim having been to lessen the weight of the physical world as it hangs upon us in our upward flight. We cannot cut the bond that binds us to the world by pious assertion, nor cast it off by ecstatic struggles of the spirit, nor unbind it by any half-way processes of logic, nor by turning our back upon ascertained knowledge. We must have a clear path behind us if we would have a possible one before us.

There are three chief realities, no one of which can be left out in attempts to solve the problem of destiny: man, the world, and God. We must think of them in an orderly and consistent way. One reality cannot destroy nor lessen the force of another. If there has been apparent conflict in the past, it now seems to be drawing to a close; the world agrees with theism, and matter no longer denies spirit. If, at one time, matter threatened to possess the universe and include it under its laws, it has withdrawn its claim, and even finds itself driven to mind and to spirit as the larger factors of its own problems. Mind now has full liberty to think consistently of itself and of God, and, with such liberty, it finds itself driven to the conclusion of immortality by every consideration of its nature and by every fact of its condition,—its only refuge against hopeless mental confusion.

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to the character of the shore and the thickness of the ice. The ebb and flood tides alternately clear and fill the bays with the detached floes, while the "ice-foot" remains fast and affords a path from place to place which the treacherous floe oftentimes forbids. This same phenomenon exists in the broader waters of Baffin's Bay. Clinging to the shores of Greenland is this fringe, known also as the Land Ice, and varying in width from one to fifty miles. The power of tide and current silently moves the Middle Pack from and towards this Land Ice, leaving a narrow strip of open water between them, known to Arctic cruisers as "a lead." At times the leads are a mile in width, oftener but a hundred yards, and, at times, barely as wide as the ship. It was through these narrow channels that the Relief Squadron had picked its way, using steam to push the ice aside and torpedoes to widen the path, when the leads were obstructed or narrowed.

The reward of twenty-five thousand dollars that Congress had offered for the first information of Greely had incited the whalers to take risks that they otherwise would have shunned. They had expressed a determination to strive for it, and were ever on the alert for a chance to creep northward. The Relief Squadron was determined, on its part, that the whalers should not secure the first information, and were equally zealous in pushing northward. It was this rivalry (a friendly one, for our relations with the whaling captains were of the pleasantest nature) that hurried us across Melville Bay and brought us together within sight of Cape York. It had been thought possible that Greely or an advance party might be there. In fact, a story was current, which a native from that place had told one of the whaling captains, of a white man who had come to him for food, offering a gun in exchange. On the remote chance of this being true, the Relief Squadron hoisted flags at each mast-head, in order that any party on shore might distinguish the United States ships from the others. Thus decorated, we raced across the North Water, each vessel straining every power to be the first at Cape York.

My morning watch called me to the "Crow's Nest." The officer whom I was to relieve met me at the cross-trees, and described the situation in a few words. "The ships cheered the North Water when they passed the floe," he said; "the *Bear* is racing the *Wolf* for the cape; a search party is to land at once and explore the coast. Good-morning." For the Crow's Nest, imagine a stoutly built barrel nearly six feet high and three feet in diameter, bound with heavy iron

hoops, a seat and two foot-rests on the inside, with an elliptical opening in the bottom large enough to admit your shoulders with a squeeze, and when you have passed in, closed with a hinged lid. A buggy-top arrangement opposes the wind and snow, and a light circular railing shouldered out from the upper edge affords a rest for the outer end of the long telescope. The outside is painted black, and it is secured with stout iron bands to the mast-head, one hundred and ten feet above the water's edge. Here the captain, pilot, or officer of the deck sits and directs the course of the ship by a system of signals to the man at the wheel. When stopped by the ice, a lookout spends his watch with an eye at the telescope, searching in all directions for a lead.

I mounted the last ladder and rapped on the lid. Captain Schley, by means of a small line, pulled up the lid, stepping on the two foot-rests to permit me to enter. I squeezed through, and closed the lid again. It was a tight fit for two persons, so I sat on the edge and leaned out on the railing for support. Before me lay Cape York, a rugged headland, seamed with white lines of snow and ice. Its contour, seen as we approached, was regular, as we were too far away to see the deep ravines that scarred its surface or to notice that shadows filled in the jagged outline. To the right was a bay, smooth and shining with its covering of white; high hills encircled it, their tops glistening with icy caps; here and there a glacier pushed its way through a ravine, and a heavy mist veiled the valleys. Farther to the right the hills faded in the gray of distant rock and ice. Stretching from the Cape to the left was a white thread that told of the floe edge; over it hung the hazy gray of the "ice-blink,"—the warning of what lay before us. Toward this floe edge, at the foot of Cape York, we were steaming, the *Bear* ahead, close behind her the whaling steamer *Wolf*, then her mate the *Aurora*, and finally our flag-ship, the *Thetis*. The distance from the *Bear* to the *Thetis* was perhaps a mile. Each vessel followed in the other's wake, and the forecables were black with the crews excited by the race. In each crow's nest the figure of the captain might be seen leaning far out, and extending his arms in signal to the helmsman below him. We may learn something of Greely on those rocky shores.

"Good-morning, Captain," I said, on entering the crow's nest; "what are the prospects?"

"Good," he replied; "the *Bear* will be at the Cape first. Colwell (one of the watch-officers of the *Bear*) is to land with a dory and light sledge to visit the shore at once. If he hears of their being in the neighborhood, I shall start a sledging party immediately."

A sledge loaded with ten days' provisions for four men and six dogs was ready on deck for such an emergency. Details had been made for the party, and at a moment's notice they could have started.

In a few words Captain Schley gave me an inkling of his plans: "If the whalers show a disposition to push on, I'll send the *Bear* after them while I pick up Colwell and keep in to the land. If the whalers stay with us, we will go up the coast together."

A word in explanation: From Cape York to Littleton Island there are two routes, one close in shore, the other up the center of Smith Sound. The whalers could have slipped out of sight to the westward, bound apparently for Lancaster Sound, and then could have turned up this middle passage, and gone directly to Littleton Island while we were scanning the coast, which it was our bounden duty to do. It was a question with the whalers whether to try for the \$25,000 reward, or take advantage of their early arrival on the fishing-grounds. The reward was equivalent to several good whales, and might induce them to take the greater risks of Smith Sound.

Meanwhile we approached Cape York. The distances shortened. The *Bear* reached the floe; black objects appeared on the ice, which our strong glass told us to be Colwell and his party dragging their boat toward the open water immediately off the Cape. The *Wolf* simply touched her nose to the ice, as if saluting the headland, then turned, and was off to the westward. The *Bear* steamed out to the eastward and tried a narrow lead that promised to carry her closer in shore. The *Aurora*, to our surprise, lowered a boat, and her captain was rowed toward us. While he was pulling over to us, the captain and I descended from the cro' nest. I welcomed Captain Fairweather, a red-faced, honest-looking Scotchman, as he came over the side, and escorted him to Captain Schley. "There lies your path, Captain," the whaler said; "keep close to the land! Mine lies yonder," he added, pointing to the south-west. "Good luck to ye, and God grant that ye may find the poor fellows alive and well!" A word of thanks for his kind visit, a grasp of his hand, and he was off.

Then the question arose,—"What are the intentions of the whalers?" Their pretensions are for Lancaster Sound. In two hours they will be out of sight and able to turn toward Littleton Island. There seemed but one thing to do—follow them! Signaling to the *Bear* to come over to us, Captain Schley instructed them to "take the middle passage; leave records at Cape Parry, and wait for us

at Littleton Island." Captain Emory waved his "Aye! aye!" from his cro' nest, and turned to the westward in pursuit of the black smoke of the *Aurora*, that was already on the horizon.

We turned our attention to Colwell, who could not be seen from the deck; but the lookout in the cro' nest soon discovered him, and indicated the direction the ship should take to intercept him. He had not yet reached the shore. We steamed around and approached the group that had halted for some reason. The word came down from the nest: "There is a native with him!" All glasses were at once turned upon the party. We could see the dory hauled up on the floe, and the men gathered about a native, who stood beside his sled in a frightened, undecided attitude. In a few moments the *Thetis* was near them. Colwell reported that he had learned by signs that no white men were in the neighborhood. The native was questioned again, and fed; we loaded his sledge with a generous supply of salt meat and bread, and then allowed him to go. He snapped his whip to arouse his sleeping team of dogs, untangled their traces, started them off on a good gallop, then sprang upon his sledge and disappeared behind the hummocks.

We started northward again, having taken on Colwell and his party, and kept close to the shore. We reached Conical Rock at three in the afternoon, and deposited a record on its western end. Arctic postal arrangements require the correspondent to seal his letter in a bottle and then place it in a cone-shaped pile of rocks on some prominent cliff or peak. It is customary to plant a flag or a stick in the top of the cone, so as to attract the attention of passing ships. This is what is known as a *cairn*. When provisions are stored under a pile of rocks, it is called a *cache*.

An attempt to find a lead at midnight resulted in failure, and we put back to our old moorings. At noon of the 19th we tried again, and with great difficulty forced our way through the heavy but soft ice that lay off the Petowik Glacier and Cape Atholl. Midnight found us at Wolstenholme Island, where we left a record, and then visited Saunders' Island. There the natives knew nothing of white men, save a story, more or less legendary, that was supposed by us to refer to Captain Hall and the *Polaris*. Cape Parry was reached about noon of the 20th, and we left a cairn and record there. We had carefully scanned the coast for any traces of life, but nothing had been discovered. We passed Northumberland and Hakluyt islands at evening-time, and finally, on the morning of the 21st, reached Littleton Island and made fast to an iceberg within two hun-

dred yards of the shore. The *Bear* had not yet arrived. The Beebe cache of 1882 was visited and found intact; therefore, Greely must be somewhere between Cape Sabine and Fort Conger, and the prospects for his safety became a subject of grave comment. His orders required him to abandon his station at Fort Conger not later than September, 1883. Provisions had been promised him to fall back upon. But the utter failure of the *Proteus* to fulfill her mission made Greely's obedience to orders a retreat to death. Reflecting on these facts, we hoped that Greely had remained at Conger.

The above, as also what follows, is a condensation of the entries in my journal (written from day to day) of what I saw and of conversations had by me with members of the rescued party.

#### THE FIRST TIDINGS OF GREELY.

LITTLETON ISLAND is the largest of a group of islands that lie in a small indentation of Smith Sound, known as Life Boat Cove. It is simply a granite rock, about two miles in circumference and one hundred feet high. Its sides are precipitous; its top is flat. From its position at the junction of Smith Sound and Kane Basin, it has always been considered an important point in Arctic exploration. It is usual to cross over to the western shore from here; and a depot of provisions is generally deposited before any further advance is made. A channel half a mile wide separates its eastern side from the mainland; lying off its western and south-western side is a much smaller island, known as McGary Island. A channel of two hundred yards width separates the two. There is considerable rise and fall of tide, and the current in these channels runs very swiftly. When we were there, the report of a gun would start thousands of eider-ducks from their nests on McGary Island. The shooting was easy, except that we found it difficult to penetrate their thick shield of feathers and down with our small shot. They flew in pairs. The male black and white, with a greenish-gold patch over the ear; the female mottled brown. They make their nests among the rocks by scratching a hole in the gravel and lining it with the down from their breasts. They lay from one to four eggs, green in color. We tried the eggs both boiled and fried, and found them quite palatable. The ducks themselves, when skinned, were delicious.

The *Thetis* had been moored to a grounded iceberg just north of McGary Island, so that the view to the south was cut off from the deck. Nothing was to be learned of Greely

on this side of Smith Sound, and we were anxious to push on. The sound was nearly clear of ice, the wind favorable, though increasing in force. Hunting, nesting, and rambling had grown monotonous; but still the *Bear* did not come. A gale was threatening, so it was decided to run over to Cape Sabine. The time for starting was set at 1 P. M. Sunday, the 22d. A record was left on the top of McGary Island, directing the *Bear* to come over at once; the fires were spread, and the line that held us to the berg was singled; we were ready to start. Two men had obtained permission to pick up the bodies of some ducks that were seen on the ice-foot on Littleton Island. They were returning in the dory, sculling across the mouth of the narrow channel, when one of them suddenly shouted: "There's the *Bear*!" The excitement warranted a trip to the crow's nest, so I mounted as quickly as I could. Two or three minutes passed, and then the little black nest at the *Bear's* foremast-head slowly crept over the edge of the island; then her mainmast and mizzenmast heads, with the ensign and pennant flying, assured me beyond doubt that it was the *Bear*. She soon made fast. Captain Emory came on board, reported, and returned to his ship, and by 2:30 we were bound across Smith Sound under sail and steam, with a gale of wind behind us. We had occasionally to dodge a piece of floe, but on the whole the run across was uneventful. It is thirty-five miles to Payer Harbor; we reached it at 6:30, and made fast to the edge of the ice that filled the harbor from Brevoort Island to Cape Sabine. Payer Harbor is a little bay opening to the northward, two miles long by three wide in its widest part. It is bounded on the east by Brevoort Island, a conical mass of black rock about five hundred to six hundred feet high, and perhaps three miles in circumference at its base; a narrow strait, through which the tide ran sufficiently strong to keep it generally clear of ice, separated it from Stalknecht Island, a low-lying rock bounding the bay on the south; to the westward was a high range of hills, with occasional ravines filled with glaciers, the outcroppings of the ice-cap that covers their top. These hills terminated at their northern end in the point known as Cape Sabine.

There was a cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; we saw it as we approached; our ice-pilot had visited the harbor before in the *Neptune*, in 1882, and told us of another cairn on Stalknecht Island, describing its exact location and appearance. Mr. Taunt and I were sitting at the wardroom table hastily writing letters that were to be left here for the *Alert* to carry back with her, when the word

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came down the hatch, "Mr. Taunt and Mr. Harlow, you are wanted for duty." We at once went on deck. Taunt was directed to take a party of men and visit the cairn on the top of Brevoort Island; I to visit Stalknecht Island. The rise and fall of the tide had broken up the floe badly, and the northerly winds had piled the ice up in all imaginable shapes. The whole bay was a net-work of tide-channels, over which we had frequently to ferry ourselves on cakes of ice. It was two miles to the island, and an hour's hard tramping. As we approached it, the cairn appeared with something projecting from its top, that struck me as little resembling the oar I was told had been left there. Reaching the ice-foot, we hurried across it and up the smooth sides of the island. In the place of the oar was a long rusty tin case—I knew that it must belong to Greely. My party hunted about the rocks, and soon discovered a bottle, which they brought to me. I broke it eagerly, only to find that it contained a record left by Captain Stephenson of the discovery in 1875, indorsed by Beebe in the *Neptune*, 1882, and by Garlington, 1883. Indorsing on it the visit of the expedition of 1884, I put it in a new bottle, and laid it in the crevice where it had been found. I then turned to the cairn. Removing a few stones from the top, I found several tin boxes, more or less rusted, with their contents scratched on them in rude letters; two wooden cases, a bundle of flags, and a leather sextant-case. Folded and tucked in the side of this case was a leaf from an ordinary note-book, on which was written in lead-pencil:

"October 23, 1883. This cairn contains the original records of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, the private journal of Lieutenant Lockwood, and a set of photograph negatives. The party are permanently encamped at a point midway between Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well.

J. B. LOCKWOOD,  
1st Lieutenant, 23d Infantry."

To unroll the bundle of flags, that contained an American Ensign, a British Jack, the flag of the *Gulnare*, and a masonic emblem, lash the ensign to a pike, run to the top of the hill and signal the news to the ship, was the work of a moment. Dispatching a man with a copy of Lockwood's note, with instructions to make all haste to the ship, I signaled, "Have found Greely records. Send news by man." It was understood, and I returned to the cairn. My observation from the hill-top showed that Stalknecht Island was a rock over which the floe-ice had frequently been forced by tide and gale. That such a place should have been selected for the valuable records seemed strange to me; yet Lockwood

had doubtless used the stones of the Beebe cairn where they were, rather than have the trouble and work of transporting them to a higher point. A few traces of moss and lichens were the only relief to the barren rock; a few papers containing tea, a canvas cover that had probably been on the record bottle, some pieces of the gunwale of a boat with fire-charred ends gave evidence of previous visitors to the spot. I dispatched my men with the smaller boxes, and then visited the hill again to watch the ship. The *Bear* was about to leave for the Greely camp, and the "general recall" was flying from the mast-head for me, so I left the remainder of the records and hurried back across the floe. Several times I fell in up to my waist; once up to my neck, and often jumped as the floe was sinking beneath me. It was an exciting time, but I was nerved with the prospects of the next few hours. I reached the ship, changed my clothes, and was on deck again just as the ship was rounding the Cape and standing up for the Greely camp. Lieutenant Sebree was on the bridge, and I joined him. I learned that Taunt had found a paper in his cairn, written by Greely himself, dated October 21, 1883, which read as follows: "My party is now permanently in camp on the west side of a small neck of land which connects the Wreck Cache Cove and the one to its west, distant about equally from Cape Sabine and Cocked Hat Island. All well." This he sent to Captain Schley by one of his men, who reached the ship about ten minutes before my message was signaled. Captain Schley at once went on board the *Bear*, leaving the *Thetis* to collect the detailed parties.

#### THE RESCUE.

AS SOON as the ships reached Payer Harbor, Lieutenant Colwell was directed to take the *Bear's* steam-launch and visit the Wreck Cache, left by the *Proteus* in July, 1883. He was one of the officers of the unfortunate *Proteus* expedition, and knew the exact location of the cache that was built before the retreat of its survivors. The launch had been supplied with provisions and water for the use of her crew, and had started for Cape Sabine, when a hail from the *Bear* recalled him. Taunt's messenger had arrived and told of the location of Greely's camp. Beef tea, milk, crackers, an alcohol stove, blankets, etc., were hastily thrown in the launch, and he started again, taking with him Chief Engineer Lowe and the two ice-pilots. He was instructed to find out the condition of the party, and tell them that relief was at hand. The *Bear* followed them in a few moments.

The launch whistled frequently as she steamed along, and we knew afterwards that the sound was heard by those who lay in the tent, which was partly blown down. Brainard and Long succeeded in creeping out from under its folds, and crawled to the top of a hill near by, from which was visible the coast towards Cape Sabine. At first nothing was seen by them; and Brainard returned to the tent, telling by the silent despair of his face that "there was no hope." The survivors discussed the probable cause of the noise, and decided that it was the wind blowing over the edge of a tin can. Meanwhile Long crept higher up the hill and watched attentively in the direction from which the sound had apparently come. A small black object met his gaze. It might be a rock, but none had been seen there before. A thin white cloud appeared above it; his ear caught the welcome sound, and the poor fellow knew that relief had come. In the ecstasy of his joy he raised the signal-flag, which the gale had blown down. It was a sad, pitiable object,—the back of a white flannel undershirt, the leg of a pair of drawers, and a piece of blue bunting tacked to an oar. The effort proved too much for him, and he sank exhausted on the rocks. It was enough for the relief party; they saw him, whistled again, and turned in for the shore with all possible speed. Long rose again, and fairly rolled down the hill in his eagerness to meet them. The launch touched the ice-foot, and the relief party hurried towards him. The ice-pilot of the *Bear* reached him first, spoke a word of cheer, and asked him where Greely was. He informed him of the location of the tent and the state of the party. They hurried in the direction indicated, and soon reached the tent, while Mr. Lowe took Long off to the *Bear*.

In reply to our ice-pilot's question, "Is that you, Greely?" a feeble voice responded, "Yes; cut the tent." The pilot whipped out his knife and cut the hind end of the tent open from as high as he could reach to the ground. Through this opening, Colwell entered. The light in the tent (it was 9 o'clock P. M.) was too dim to see plainly what lay before him, but he heard a voice in the farther corner warning him to be careful and not step on Ellison and Connell. He found Greely lying under the folds of the tent, with the fallen poles across his body. Biederbeck was standing; Ellison and Connell lay on either side of the opening, the latter apparently dead. Stepping carefully across their bodies, he dragged Greely out and sat him up. He was so weak that he could barely swallow the crumbs of hard-tack that Colwell gave to him

in the smallest pinches. It was said that Greely first asked the rescuers if we were Englishmen; and on being told that we were his own countrymen, he added, "and I am glad to see you."

Greely told Colwell that Ellison had both hands and feet frozen off, and that Connell was dying; and then began in a rambling way to tell the long tale of suffering and misery that had just ended. Colwell cheered him with the story of the friends who were waiting to carry him home; urged him to lie down and wait patiently; turned to the other poor fellows in the tent, sat them up in their bags, and fed them with cracker and pemmican. A small rubber bottle containing about a quarter of a gill of rum, probably reserved for medical purposes, had been kept hanging in the tent. When the first cheers of the relief party were heard, Biederbeck arose to take it down. He had it in his hand when Colwell entered. He reached over Connell, raised his head, and poured a few drops in his mouth, then divided the remainder equally among his comrades. Connell's last words would doubtless have been, "Let me alone; let me die in peace," had he not been revived by the influence of this rum. As he described his situation to me afterwards, he said he was dead to the waist, all feeling had left him, and he had but an hour or two more of life. "Death had me by the heels, sir, when you gentlemen came and hauled me out by the head" was his description of his plight. Colwell then directed his party to prop up as much of the tent as they could; he built a fire, and set pots of milk and beef tea to warming, carried Brainard and Biederbeck outside of the tent and wrapped clean blankets about them. A large party soon arrived from the *Bear*, Captains Schley and Emory and Doctor Ames among them. They busied themselves in doing all they could to relieve the sufferers. The doctor superintended the administering of the food, allowing only the smallest quantities to be given at a time. The sailors required to be watched. With their pockets full of bread and open cans of pemmican in their hands they would feed the poor fellows surreptitiously. Their hearts were larger than their judgment and experience. As soon as order and system were attained, Captain Schley directed Colwell to signal to the *Thetis* for the photographer, for Doctor Green, more men, blankets, food, etc.

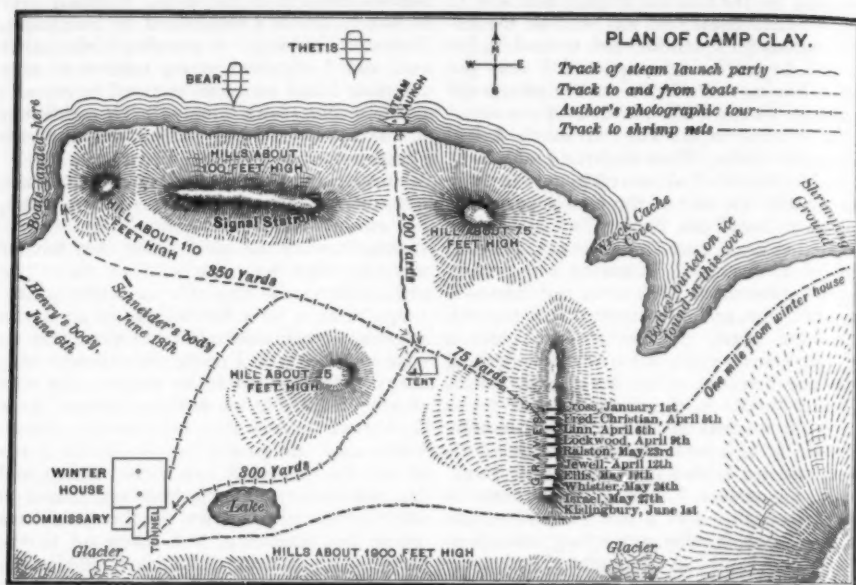
#### ON THE "THETIS."

SEBREE and I had speculated upon the possibilities of the next hour, but little

dreamed of the horrible tragedy that was to be revealed. Some one was seen on the ice-foot signaling. I ran forward to read it, but he had begun his message, and I only got the following: "*Harlow with photograph machine. Doctor with stretchers. Seven alive.*" When it came to the last two words, I had him repeat them. They might be D-E-A-D. But no! A-L-I-V-E waved plainly through the air, and the fate of the Greely party was known on board the *Thetis*. Two boats were lowered at once, and Taunt, Lemly, Melville, Doctor Green, and I started with strong crews for the shore. The wind had increased to a full gale, and was tearing over the hills in furious blasts. It was a *hard* pull; it seemed a long pull; but with water dashing over the bows at every lunge and rolling gunwales under in the short but heavy seas we finally reached the shore. The boats were secured to the ice-foot in the quiet of a little cove, and we landed at Camp Clay. Shouldering my camera, I started for the tent. A few steps farther and I met Fredericks, one of the survivors, who was strong enough to walk to the boats. A clean white blanket was thrown over his head and wrapped about his shoulders. A sailor supported him on either side. His face was black with dirt, and his eyes gleamed with the excitement of relief. What to say to him I did not know. The commonplace "How are you, old fellow?" elicited the reply, "Oh, I am all right"; and I passed on. Turning a little to the left, the tent came in view. To my right, stretched out on the snow-drift, lay one of the dead. His face was covered with a woolen hood, his body with dirty clothes. Hurrying on past a little fire, over which a pot of milk was warming, I came to the tent. One pole was standing, and about it the dirty canvas belied and flapped in the fierce gusts. Brainard and Biederbeck lay outside at the bottom of the tent and a little to the left of the opening, one with his face swollen and rheumy, so that he could barely show by his eyes the wild excitement that filled him; the other muttering in a voice that could scarcely be heard in the howling of the gale his hungry appeal for food. Reaching over, I wiped their faces with my handkerchief, spoke a word of encouragement to them, and then pushed aside the flap of the tent and entered. The view was appalling. Stretched out on the ground in their sleeping-bags lay Greely, Connell, and Ellison, their pinched and hungered faces, their glassy, sunken eyes, their scraggy beards and disheveled hair, their wistful appeals for food, making a picture not to be forgotten. I had time for a glance only; the photograph must be taken and the poor

fellows removed to the ships. Stepping over to Greely, whom I recognized by his glasses, I pressed his hand. A greeting to the other two, and I returned to my camera to take the plate I had so often pictured to myself: "The meeting with Greely!" How different it was from the ideal picture, only my own imagination can know.

Strewn about the ground were empty cans, a barometer case, chronometer boxes, a gun, old clothes, valuable meteorological instruments, showing the indifference they felt for anything that was not food or fuel. The difficulties in the way of a successful photograph at 11 P. M. in the twilight of an Arctic evening were innumerable, but there was no time to be lost; so I made the exposure with many misgivings as to its results. But four plates remained in my holders. Two of these I devoted to the tent, one to the winter-house, and one to the graves. While I was absent for these last two views, Greely and his men were wrapped in blankets, placed on stretchers, carried down to the little cove where the boats lay, and taken off to the ships—Greely, Connell, Brainard, and Biederbeck to the *Thetis*; Fredericks and Ellison to the *Bear*. The living having been attended to, our next duty lay with the dead. Placing my camera on the rocks near the tent, I joined Captain Emory and Colwell, who, with a party of men, had been directed to disinter the bodies. On a piece of canvas cut from the tent I drew a diagram of the graves, numbering each one from the right facing their heads. This precaution was necessary, in order to avoid any confusion in identifying the remains. With a memorandum of the order in which they had been buried, the name of each one could be appended to its number. By the aid of tin cans and dishes as implements, each body was then uncovered, wrapped in the tent canvas, or some of the new blankets that we had with us, lashed with the tent-cords, numbered according to its place on the diagram, and sent down to the boats on the shoulders of the men. This task finished, and the bodies divided between the boats, the next difficulty was to reach the ships. The gale had increased to a hurricane by this time, and the moment the boats got clear of the land oars became perfectly useless. The ships steamed up as close to us as they dare come; and by alternately drifting and struggling to keep the boats' head to wind, their bows deeply loaded with the dead bodies, shipping gallons of water until it swashed nearly to the thwarts, we finally got alongside. Meanwhile the survivors were under treatment, having their rags removed, and being bathed and fed.



When the dead had been placed on the deck and covered with a tarpaulin, we steamed back to Cape Sabine, and made fast to the floe about 3:30 in the morning. A little later I was dispatched to my cairn on Stalknecht Island, and brought back all the records I had left the night before. The *Bear* revisited Camp Clay and gathered up every vestige of the party that the closest scrutiny could detect. Greely lay in his bunk and talked fluently all through the night. The officers relieved one another in telling him of the events of the past three years, and trying to quiet him. He seemed to realize his nearness to death, and desired to tell all he could about his work, lest some part might be overlooked. His face was emaciated, his cheeks sunken and pale, his form wasted to a shadow. His hair was long, tangled, and unkempt. As he lay partly on his side with head resting on his left hand, his right hand moving restlessly about, one could not look at him unmoved. Had he kept silent, a single glance bespoke the days of misery that he had passed through; but to hear his low, weak voice telling the incidents of the dark days brought tears to the eyes of many of his listeners.

#### CAMP CLAY.

WHILE on my photographic tour I took careful note of the surroundings of the tent.

The site of the camp was on a small promontory, about four miles from Cape Sabine. Greely called it Camp Clay, in honor of a member of the party, a grandson of Henry Clay, who had come with them to Conger, and then returned. The high hills of Payer Harbor, extending around Cape Sabine, back of the camp, were nineteen hundred feet high. An ice cap covered their top, overhanging in many places. In each of the two ravines on either side of the promontory was a glacier. As you faced these hills from the ships, a ridge about one hundred to seventy-five feet high concealed the low level ground of the camp. There were three indentations in the coast: a deep one at the extreme eastern end, a smaller one a little to the west, in which the Wreck Cache was built, and then another at the extreme west; and in this last one the boats landed. To the west of the Wreck Cache Cove was a small round hill about seventy-five feet high. Between it and the ridge was a ravine, at the foot of which the steam-launch landed, and up which the first party ran. The signal-flag was planted on the eastern end of the ridge. On the west side and at the foot of the back hills was the winter house. Near it was the lake, a depression in the rocks that caught the thawings of the glaciers, and which supplied the camp with water, a hole in the ice being kept open for that purpose. The winter house was situated on the lowest ground of the promontory.

From it toward the east there was a gradual rise, terminating in a knoll that ran northward and joined the little hill at the Wreck Cache Cove. To the left it sloped down to the shores of the large cove. The tent was on a small plateau about three hundred yards east of the winter house, and one hundred yards from the knoll. West of it was a slight elevation, perhaps twenty-five feet in height, that sloped down to the lake on one side and towards the ridge on the other. It was up this valley, between this hill and the ridge, that the relief parties came and went to their boats. The graves were on the knoll to the east. The sight for the winter camp was selected because it was near the Wreck Cache, and because there were plenty of small rocks, the moraine of the glacier, with which to build their house.

The winter house was twenty-five feet long by seventeen feet wide, with broad walls made of stones each about six inches in thickness, piled to a height of three feet. Over the top was laid the *Neptune's* whale-boat, upside down, forming a ridge pole; and their canvas tent and sails were stretched across this for a roof. Through the roof were two pipes, which served as chimneys and ventilators. The whole structure was so low that, from the lake, its existence would not have been suspected, were it not for these chimneys; the snow had banked up against the walls and on the roof, so that it resembled a huge drift, more than the dwelling-place of twenty-five men. The entrance was toward the high hills. It was a tunnel after the manner of the Esquimaux, about three feet high, two and a half feet wide, and eighteen feet long, roofed over with canvas. Over its outer end a canvas flap was hung. About eight feet from the entrance was a door across the tunnel, dividing it into two compartments. Another door admitted you into the house. These compartments were necessary, to prevent the inrush of cold air when the door was opened. On entering, it was customary to remain a little while in each one before going farther. The outside corner made by the tunnel and the house proper was walled in and called the commissary. A door from the compartment of the tunnel nearest the house gave admittance to the commissary. There were no windows, and the only source of light was an Esquimaux blubber-lamp, which was lighted about an hour each day. Into this hovel the party moved on November 1, 1883.

Immediately after occurred events of which I learned the following: On June 28, five days after the rescue, Doctor Green was called over to the *Bear* to consult with Doctor Ames in regard to Ellison, who was no

longer expected to live. On the same day Fredericks described to me the scenes of Ellison's terrible suffering, and the narrow escape of the four who attempted to bring up the English meat from Cape Isabella, in November, 1883. The labor of building the winter house made such an inroad upon the few provisions that were left after their long and perilous retreat from Fort Conger, that when they moved in on November 1 they had barely one thousand rations left, and were by no means schooled to the reduced allowances, which were necessary. Under the circumstances, Greely saw his men gradually despairing, and becoming physically and mentally weaker, and he decided that something must be done at once or else abandon themselves to the horrible fate that stared them in the face. The English expedition of 1875-6, under the command of Captain Nares, had left a quantity of beef, several hundred rations, cached at Cape Isabella, about thirty-five miles distant from the camp. This it was determined must be secured. On November 2 Greely detailed Sergeants Rice and Linn and Privates Ellison and Fredericks to make the attempt. They took a sledge, with sleeping-bags and cooking utensils, alcohol, four ounces of meat, and eight ounces of bread for a daily ration, and a little tea. The weather was about thirty-five degrees below zero, the wind biting, and the road over broken floe and through soft snow-drifts. Traveling was slow, and it was three days before they reached the cache and found the meat. They had left their sleeping-bags and cooking utensils several miles back, and traveled the last day with only the sledge and a little tea, intending to eat some of the meat on finding it, and use the barrels for fuel. Loading their sledge, they started to return to their last encampment, full of hope for the future, in view of the glorious life-giving beef which had survived so many Arctic winters. Despite the entreaties of his comrades, Ellison insisted on eating snow. This wet his mittens, which soon froze stiff in the cold wind, and froze his hands also. They hurried along, however, Ellison growing weaker and weaker from the pain of his hands; and when they finally reached their sleeping-bags, his feet were found to be frozen also. They passed a frightful night, with a temperature at thirty degrees below zero, and a suffering comrade who required their unremitting attentions to prevent his freezing to death. They cut off his boots and rubbed his feet for hours, trying to restore the circulation. They had to hurry on with their increased load, Fredericks supporting Ellison, while Rice and Linn tugged away at the sledge. This could last but a little while, for their

strength soon gave out and another halt was necessary. The brave fellows devoted themselves again to their comrade, and when the time came for them to start anew, they had to choose between the life of Ellison or the provisions. Although he begged them to let him die and save their comrades at Camp Clay, brave, heroic man that he was, they decided on trying to get him to camp; so they cached the provisions, leaving one of their guns sticking up for a mark. With their lightened sledge, they struggled on, only to stop again and work on Ellison. Another fearful night. The untold suffering of those hours, who can imagine them? How vain it is for us to attempt to put ourselves in their places, we who shiver if a door is left open! cast down in the snow in that bitter piercing cold, their minds half-crazed with the thought of the future, suffering the pangs of hunger, and hearing the moans of their suffering companion! Tying Ellison to the back of the sledge, they struggled on until the failing of Linn warned them that death was certain for all unless they procured relief; so, creeping into their bags again, they sent Rice ahead alone to obtain help from Camp Clay. It was twenty-six hours before the relief came in the person of Brainard, who had a little tea, and made some warm soup, and a long time afterward that Lockwood and Pavy came up. They hauled Ellison into camp, and found that his feet were frozen beyond any possible hope of restoration, while his fingers and thumbs were gone entirely. Finally hands and feet went away by natural amputation. A spoon was bound to the stump of one of his arms so he could feed himself, and he was cared for all through the dark days with a devotion which bespoke their gratitude to one who had undergone terrible sufferings in their behalf. The care bestowed upon Ellison speaks volumes for the manhood of the party.

Rice's death occurred during an effort to recover the provisions which had been abandoned in order to save Ellison. The few stores with which the party commenced the winter were eked out in daily mouthfuls until April, when the last crumb was reached. Weak and exhausted as they were, what was to be done? There were the abandoned provisions of last November some fifteen miles from the camp, down toward Cape Isabella. Who would, who could, go after them? In the extremity Rice and Fredericks offered to attempt their recovery. It was a perilous feat, this venturing out into the cold with unsteady limbs and aching, stiffened joints, to tramp over miles of broken ice and attempt what four men had failed to accomplish when far stronger than they were. But they saw their

desperate condition, and felt that the lives of their friends in misery depended upon them; so they started out, strong in heart and will. Taking five days' provisions, a sledge, rifle, and hatchet, they bid adieu to their comrades, and for three days wandered about, unable to find any trace of the cache they had left not six months before. The snow had covered it up completely, and in their despairing tramps back and forth where they thought it ought to be, Rice was suddenly taken with a hemorrhage of the bowels, and died in his companion's arms. Poor Fredericks! alone with his dead companion, miles from his cheerless camp, with no hope of recovering the coveted meat, laid the body of Rice in an ice-made grave, and struggled again to find the meat. Finally he staggered into Camp Clay, to greet his anxious comrades with a report that could but add to their despair.

They remained in the winter house until May, 1884, when the thawing of the glacier above them compelled a move to higher ground, where they pitched the tent in which the survivors were found. One or two thicknesses of canvas were spread over the ground, and on this the sleeping-bags of the party were laid. These sleeping-bags were made to accommodate two men, and resembled a large moccasin with the hair on the inside. Could they have been shaken and aired each day, nothing better could be asked for to sleep in; but, as it was, the condensation of their breath and the precipitation of the moisture in the atmosphere froze them to the ground, and made them stiff and uncomfortable. During the day-time they would draw themselves out far enough to sit up, and the frost would gather in thick, white masses in the fur, and melt as soon as they slipped back again into the bags to sleep. There was no warmth save what they got from their bodies. They had nothing to read except the few well-thumbed, torn, and dirty books they had brought with them, and the scraps of newspapers that were wrapped about the stores in the Wreck Cache. From these scraps they learned of the death of President Garfield. Daylight had been growing shorter each day, and complete darkness shut them in early in December. In this condition they lay day after day, seeing their scanty store of provisions growing less and less, knowing that each mouthful was hastening the probabilities of their eventually starving to death. None of the party had washed for nearly eleven months. The dirt and soot had begrimed their features. When asked why they did not wash when they had a chance, they replied: "What was the use?" Greely said he en-

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couraged the men to give long talks on the resources of their own countries and states, and to tell the stories of their lives in a simple, straightforward way, and to recount their adventures during the various sledging journeys from Fort Conger. Greely discoursed on all subjects — political, historical, religious, and scientific. The doctor explained the anatomy of the body, the principles of medicine, and gave talks on the nature and effects of poisons and their antidotes. A favorite amusement was to make out the bill of fare that they would order when home again. Tastes varied, and led to discussions; and so the hours and days crept away until, with returning daylight, they could again venture out for an effort to procure game and gather moss.

#### SERVING OUT THE PROVISIONS.

BRAINARD was the commissary of the party. Upon him devolved the task of weighing out the scanty allowances and guarding the stores. Canned food was issued weekly, while bread and pemmican was served out daily. The party was divided into two messes, each with its cook. It was the duty of the cooks to rise at six and prepare the morning meal. Their rising was a signal for all to sit up in their bags and hungrily watch this serving out, lest the temptation should be too great for the cooks to resist. The plates were set around, and the bread and meat equally divided on each. Experience soon taught them to gauge the plates with great accuracy, but dissensions arose, and it was finally arranged that the cooks should do the best they could, and then another man was detailed to hand them around without a chance to see any possible difference in the amount of food on them. Long was the best shot, and a successful hunter; so this duty devolved upon him. He tramped many miles during the spring, and added greatly to their supply of food. One of their most unfortunate accidents was the loss of their Esquimaux Jens Edwards, on April 30th. The assistance of this man was most valuable, for, with his kayak, or native boat, he could recover much of the game that fell in the water; besides, he had the native instinct for hunting the seal. His kayak was caught in the newly formed ice and crushed, and he was drowned. A bear was killed early in April, that required the entire strength of the party to drag to camp, the distance of a mile. They ate every particle of him save hair and bone. Of all the birds that they shot, nothing was wasted that was digestible. The entrails were chopped up for seasoning to the soup. Brainard was the shrimper. For seventy days during the spring he made a

journey past the graves, and a little beyond the large cove, a distance of a mile, to examine the shrimp-nets. These were gunny-sacks, with hoops in their mouths, baited and sunk to the bottom of the bay. As it took twelve to fifteen hundred of these to make a gill, they afforded but little sustenance, especially as they passed through the system undigested. For food, when all their stores had been eaten, they resorted to the moss and lichens that grew among the rocks, and to a broth made by boiling the sealskin, with which they made or repaired their boots. The former contained a small percentage of a gelatinous substance, of considerable nutritive quality. The latter was cut into small squares as large as a thumb-nail, and boiled more for the oil in them than for any nutriment in the skin itself.

In conversation with Greely one morning, I told him of the generous rations we had left at Littleton Island, and said: "Why, Major, when we were calculating on a ration of four pounds per man, you were doubtless figuring on ounces." Before I could qualify my remark, Greely exclaimed, in a voice full of feeling, "Ounces! ounces! we were reckoning on sixteenths of ounces. Scarcely a thing that was not divided in the ounce!" He then told me of the pair of steel yards that had been made out of a piece of wood, with a tin cup and cartridges for the balance. Oftentimes each man's allowance would barely cover the hollow of his hand. He dwelt on the faithfulness of Brainard, to whom he intrusted the stores, and who kept the account religiously to the smallest fraction. He related how each day's expenditure would be posted, and when the balance was struck at the end of the week, how the book would show less provisions on hand than they actually had in store; how he inferred, how he knew that the devoted Brainard would deny himself, rather than have his slender stock balance the other way. Such deeds as these, the sacrifices of Rice and Ellison, their care for their helpless companion, stand out in glowing contrast to the one black spot that Henry made on this record of heroes.

#### THE GRAVES.

WHEN the first man, Cross, died in January, the question arose as to the proper place to bury him. Many were in favor of sinking him in the lake, reasoning, first, that they would all probably die, and that it mattered little what became of them; and secondly, that if relief should come, the relief party would not care to carry back the dead bodies. In fact, Greely expressed a wish to Captain Schley that the remains of his men be



—The Arctic Moon—  
J. B. Lockwood, Principal Editor  
G. W. Rice, Associate Editor  
C. B. Henry, City Editor  
Assisted by a complete staff.

The Arctic Moon is a semi-monthly newspaper devoted to the dissemination of literature, science and art. The record of events and the development of the marvellous interests of Grinnell Land. Its corps of contributors embraces the finest minds in the country. Its reporters are always on the spot, ready to get the full particulars of every occurrence and to portray it in the most vivid and thrilling colors. All this is well illustrated in the success of the paper which, though but a few weeks old, has already the enormous number of 25,000 subscribers. We thank the Public for their patronage in the past and now, at the beginning of a new year, respectfully solicit its continuance, assuring our un-enlightened customers (un-enlightened except by the beams of the Arctic Moon) that no pains will be spared to make this journal by far superior to any other in this country.

#### Advertisements

We beg leave to announce to the public that we have made extensive improve-

ments in our establishment which we can furnish at the shortest notice bread, cake, rolls, cakes, pies and tarts and, in fact, everything in the Bakers line. Wedding cakes made a specialty. Over thankful for patronage, we respectfully ask its continuance in the future.

Fredrick Shortman  
San Francisco Longman  
Merchant Bakers

Information wanted of the belated Arctic Expedition. It showed away from home last July and was last heard from at Adirivik, Greenland.

Address Bereaved Parents

Wanted - a good family horse will buy it cheap or will take for his keeping, or keep for his taking: to be used on good country roads and for family driving. Must be intelligent. - No objections to a government mill. Address Jacob Doby.

Wanted a Port for the Arctic Moon. Must be strictly temperate and a good speaker. No tailors need apply. Address this office.

Wanted a humorous, paradoxical for the Arctic Moon. The present incumbent has suddenly become ill from too close application.



undisturbed. "They died beneath Arctic skies," he said. "Arctic desolations witnessed their sufferings, heard their cries of anguish. They are buried in Arctic soil; let them lie where they fell. Lockwood told me that he wanted to rest forever on the field of his work. Why disturb them — why not respect their wishes?"

But they decided, after much deliberation, to bury Cross on the knoll, where most of the bodies were found. This spot was chosen because the gravel afforded easy digging; being free from dirt and moisture, it did not freeze, and exposed to the easterly winds as it was, it was generally free of snow. Cross's body was neatly sewed in sacking, buried some distance below the surface, and the grave was outlined with small stones. The other victims received less and less attention, until finally they were scarcely covered. Brainard told me that he could always dis-

tinguish Lockwood's grave as he passed to and from the shrimping-ground. He had been buried in an officer's blouse. The buttons projected above the little mound, and the wind and gravel scoured them so that, as he passed, the sunlight on them would dazzle his eyes. "At first," he said, "it affected me deeply to think, as I passed, of the fate of Lockwood, the leader of our little party which carried the Stars and Stripes beyond the English Jack; but this feeling soon wore away. We had so many other horrible things to think of, I grew indifferent." Indifference to death was a characteristic of the entire party. Starvation blunted their feelings, and doubtless made death welcome to many of them. The first stages were painful; but there came a time when the suffering gave place to quiet, painless sinking away. Two men would be in the same sleeping-bag; one would die, and his comrade lie for hours, with the corpse

beside him, too weak to draw the dead out for burial. Some were carried to the ice-foot, and left there. Henry was shot (for taking provisions) and remained where he fell, a little to the left of the place where the boats landed. Two days before we arrived, Schneider's body had been carried to the place where we found it. Their strength gave out, and they could not get him to the ice-foot. Some were buried on the ice in the large cove behind the graves. On many of the bodies we found from eight to eleven suits of clothes. During the seven winter months they had added suit after suit, and when spring came they were too weak to take them off. Some had but two or three suits on; and it is explained by the fact that after a man died they took off his clothes, if in good condition, for the use of the living, burying him only in the suit next his body.

#### WHY GREELY DID NOT CROSS SMITH SOUND.

It seemed to some of us inexplicable that Greely should have remained at Cape Sabine when he had a boat to get across to Littleton Island, where there were two hundred and sixty rations, and game in abundance. Greely described Smith Sound as a rushing channel, filled with pieces of broken floe and berg; he waited for it to freeze over,—an event which did not happen that winter of all others. As a sailor, I could not help thinking his failure to get across was due to his being a soldier, and the fact that his party was made up of soldiers. Put a sailor in his place, thought I, and with the boat he would have ventured anywhere, so long as he had his shirt for a sail. Tell a sailor that food lay but thirty-five miles southeast of him, that a current set in that direction, and he would have paddled his way across on a cake of ice with a barrel-stave, before he would have remained where almost certain death awaited him; he would not have been deterred from making the attempt, even if it were a choice of deaths. A sailor would have frozen beneath the thwarts before destroying his boat for fuel. But since my return I have talked with Brainard on this subject, and see that my speculations were unjust. He told me of crushing floes, fierce gales of wind, scenes of the wildest description—all these, he admitted, could have been avoided; but the real danger lay in the fact that, as soon as the surface of the sound was still for any length of time, a thin scum of ice formed

over it, often an inch or two in thickness. Suddenly the whole field would break up into immense floe-pieces; if the sides of the boat were not cut through by the sharp edges of the ice, it would float about, entirely at the mercy of wind and current, while they would be utterly powerless to extricate themselves. The experiences of Lieutenant Greely in September, 1883, settle the question of the practicability of this navigation better than all theories can do. After abandoning their launch eleven miles from land, they were nineteen days reaching shore, with daylight to facilitate their movements. To attempt at their landing, October 1st, the crossing of this sound, after such an experience, would have been more than rash. The Arctic night was already on them, young ice was forming, and the moving pack, over which a couple of miles a day might be made, was being carried by a southerly current, miles every day, towards Baffin's Bay.

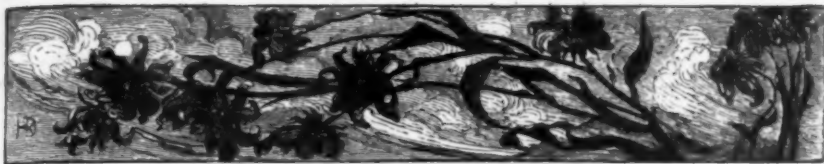
#### THE RETURN HOME.

By early morning of the 23d of June, which was Monday, we had started on our return, and at 8 o'clock revisited Littleton Island.

Ellison died on July 8, while we were at Disko Harbor. From the day of his removal to the ship (fifteen days before) the doctors had little hope of his recovery. The natural amputation was not immediately dangerous in his reduced and declining condition; but as soon as the blood began to flow, with the return of his digestion, mortification set in, and another amputation became necessary. He survived the operation three days. Since June 30 he had been threatened with congestion of the brain, and thereafter lost his mind.

While in Disko Harbor I was walking one day near the fore-castle, and saw Brainard leaning against the ladder and gazing most intently at the shute in which the galley scrapings are emptied. I asked him what he was gazing at. In a most serious manner he turned to me and said: "I have seen enough good food thrown away since I have stood here to have saved the lives of our nineteen dead." And so it was that, in the enjoyment of plenty and a fair run of luck, we reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on Thursday, July 17, and started the news of the expedition flying over the telegraph-wires of the civilized world.

Charles H. Harlow.  
Ensign U. S. N.



#### THE PARTING OF ILMAR AND HAADIN.

Put out thy torch, O watcher by the dead,  
Unto the darkness give its own;  
Silence and darkness — they alone  
May minister about this breathless bed;  
Put out thy mocking torch, good watcher gray,  
Thine old head cover; come away.

And so I leave thee, Ilmar! That queen brow  
Where diamond light were pale as mist,  
I yield it up to Death, un-kissed.  
He took thee from me; thou'rt his only, now:  
No, no — I cannot lay on that still hand  
Mine own, and thou not understand.

Mine was no little wingèd fantasy —  
Gnat-passion of a summer day,  
I loved not in the common way;  
Therefore must I accept this misery,  
Must hug it close, feed me upon its pain,  
No more than thou to smile again.

The spider can restore each riven thread,  
The bee refill its empty comb;  
Alas! the heart's imperial home,  
Once plundered, goes for aye untenanted.  
Henceforth I wander, homeless, helpless, lone,  
Only my bitterness mine own.

The haggard night, with wet, disheveled hair,  
On her black path at large, shall be  
My mate; the gesturing specter-tree  
Shall reach his arms to me through glitt'ring air;  
Friends will I make where, with despairing roar,  
The baffled sea assaults the shore.

Wan as the bleachen kerchief smoothed around  
Thy whiter neck, the realm of Death  
Shall be my realm; and my stopt breath  
Shall be unheard as thine down in the ground. —  
Mine own are deaf as that sweet sleeper's ears;  
Watcher, why speak when neither hears? —

Thou art so meek! Ah, why am I not so  
Because thou art? — It cannot be:  
My tameless blood increasingly  
Does heat me fierce as tiger crouched low,  
Hard-spotted pard, that, glancing back the glare  
Of sun-fire, dapples all the air.

Had I, O wind, your liberty, the sea  
Should lift so wildly he must spray  
The shining azure Death's own gray,  
Put out the splutt'ring stars, to say for me  
How black is all this world! — No, no;  
I must be calm. Lo, she is so!

Quench thy poor torch, good watcher. Death sleeps sound:  
A candle cannot cheat her night.  
Do men strengthen with smiles the noon-sun's light?  
And shall we weep but to make wet the ground?  
Old man, the gaping grave — didst ever note  
The swallowed coffin choke his throat?

I tell thee she is Death's — Death's only, now:  
Let us be gone. Haadin's tear  
Would be a rain-drop on that bier,  
His breath but wind against that brow.  
Put out thy torch — ay, thou hast done it. All  
Is dark — how dark! — Ilmar! — I — fall!

*John Vance Cheney.*

## INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.



RUINS OF THE HENRY HOUSE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PROBABLY TAKEN IN MARCH, 1862.

The tree on the right was nearly cut in two, by shot and bullets. In the distance, to the right of the tree, is the Lewis house.

ON the last day but one of the march of General Joseph E. Johnston's army to join General Beauregard, an order reached me at Rectortown, through Brigadier-General Barnard E. Bee, to collect the four field-

batteries of Johnston's army into one column, and, as senior artillery captain, to march them by country roads that were unobstructed by infantry or trains as rapidly as possible to Manassas Junction, and to report my arrival at any hour, day or night, to General Bee, who was going forward by rail with his brigade. Having assembled the batteries in the night, I began the march at day-dawn of Saturday, July 20, the day before the battle. About eight in the morning we were passing through a village in Fauquier County — Salem, I think it was. The whole population turned out to greet us. Men, women, and children brought baskets, trays, and plates loaded with their own family breakfasts, snatched from the tables, coffee-pots and all, to treat the soldiers. With the improvidence of raw campaigners, we had already, the night before, finished our three days' cooked rations, and were hungry. I ordered a halt for thirty minutes to enjoy the feast. The Staunton Artillery\* (my own battery) was at the

\*The Staunton Artillery numbered 140 officers and men. Six of them were college graduates, and several of them had left college to enter the army. The majority were either young men of leisure or mercantile clerks. About forty were young mechanics, whose mechanical skill was of much service. I had provided them with red flannel shirts at Harper's Ferry, because our uniforms were too fine for camp life and for service in the field.—J. D. I.

head of the column, and being largely composed of young men of high social standing, was especially honored by the ladies of the village, conspicuous among whom were the young daughters of Colonel John A. Washington, late of Mount Vernon. I noticed that some of the young fellows of the battery, lingering around the baskets borne by these young ladies, who bade them die or conquer in the fight, seemed very miserable during the remainder of the march that day. No doubt many of them, during the battle, felt that it were better to die on the field than retreat and live to meet those enthusiastic girls again. I make special note of that breakfast because it was the last food any of us tasted till the first Bull Run had been fought and won, thirty-six hours later.

It was one o'clock that night when the head of my little column reached General Bee's headquarters, about one mile north-east of Manassas Junction, on the Centreville road, at a point where the latter was intersected by a road running northward, parallel to the Sudley road and crossing Bull Run near Stone Bridge. General Bee was established in a log-cabin, back to which he was brought when he was mortally wounded, and to which I shall again allude. General Bee ordered us to unharness the horses and bivouac in the fence corners, adding, "You will need all the rest you can get, for a great battle will begin in the morning."

A little after daybreak we were aroused by the sharp, ringing report of a great Parrott gun across Bull Run, two miles away, and the whizzing of a thirty-pounder elongated shell over the tree-tops, four or five hundred yards to our left. Instantly every man was on his feet, and in five minutes the horses were harnessed and hitched to the guns and caissons. General Bee beckoned to me to come up to the porch, where he was standing in his shirt sleeves, having also been aroused by the shot. He rapidly informed me of the disposition of our troops of Johnston's army so far as they had arrived at Manassas. His own brigade had been brought forward by rail the evening before. Above all, he was dissatisfied at the prospect of not participating prominently in the battle, saying he had been ordered to the Stone Bridge, three or four miles away on our extreme left, to cover the left flank of the army from any movement that might be made against it. And as he had been directed to take a battery with him, he had selected mine, and wished me to move at once. He gave me a guide, and said he would follow immediately with his infantry. When I told him we had been twenty-four hours without food

for men and horses, he said he would order supplies to follow, remarking, "You will have plenty of time to cook and eat, to the music of a battle in which we will probably take little or no part."

Away we went, retracing our steps to the Junction, and by a westerly detour striking into the Sudley road, at a point half-way between the Junction and the scene of the battle. After an hour or so we were ascending the hill to the Lewis house, or "Portici," where Brigadier-General St. George Cocke, of Virginia, was camped with a small brigade. Here a courier at full speed met us with news that the whole Federal army seemed to be marching north-westerly on the other side of Bull Run. Halting my men, I rode to the top of the hill, and had a full view of a long column of glittering bayonets moving up on the north side of the creek. Glancing down the valley, I saw Bee's brigade advancing, and galloped to meet him and report what I had seen. He divined the plans of McDowell, and, asking me to accompany him, rode rapidly past the Lewis house, across the hollow beyond it, and up the next hill through the pines, emerging on the summit immediately east of the Henry house, where the beautiful open landscape in front burst upon his vision.

He exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Here is the battle-field, and we are in for it! Bring up your guns, as quickly as possible, and I'll look round for a good position."

In less than twenty minutes I and my battery had passed the Lewis house, when I discovered Bee coming out of the pines. He stopped, and, placing his cap on his sword-point, waved it almost frantically as a signal to hurry forward. We went at a gallop, and were guided to a depression in the ground about one hundred yards to the north-east of the Henry house, where we unlimbered. With his keen military eye, General Bee had chosen the best possible position for a battery on all that battle-field. We were almost under cover by reason of a slight swell in the ground immediately in our front, and not fifty feet away. Our shot passed not six inches above the surface of the ground on this "swell," and the recoil ran the guns back to still lower ground, where only the heads of my men were visible to the enemy when loading.

We were none too soon in position; for, by the time we had unlimbered, Captain Ricketts, appearing on the crest of the opposite hill, came beautifully and gallantly into battery at a gallop, a short distance from the Matthews house on our side of the Sudley road, and about fifteen hundred yards to our front. I wanted to open on him whilst he was unlimbering, but General Bee objected till we

had received a fire, and had thus ascertained the character and caliber of the enemy's guns. Mine, six in number, were all smooth-bore six-pounders, brass.

The first round or two from the enemy went high over us. Seeing this, General Bee directed us to fire low and ricochet our shot and shrapnel on the hard, smooth, open field that sloped towards the Warrenton turnpike in the valley between us. The effect was very destructive to the enemy.

The rapid massing of troops in our front soon led to very heavy fighting. My little battery was under a pitiless fire for a long time. Two guns from an Alexandria battery — Latham's, I think — took part in the conflict on the north side of Young's Branch to our right and across the turnpike, so long as Bee, Bartow, Evans, and Wheat were on that side, we firing over their heads; and about eleven o'clock two brass twelve-pounder Napoleons from the New Orleans Washington Artillery unlimbered on our right, but only remained for a few rounds, and then retired.

We were hardly more than fairly engaged with Ricketts when Griffin's splendid battery appeared in our front, and took position full five hundred yards nearer to us, in a field on the left of the Sudley road, counting from our position on the right of that road. Ricketts had six Parrott guns, and Griffin had as many more, and, I think, two twelve-pounder howitzers besides. These last hurt us more than all the rifles of both batteries, since the shot and shell of the rifles, striking the ground at any angle over fifteen or twenty degrees, almost without exception bored their way in several feet and did no harm. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of shells from these fine rifles exploded in front of and around my battery that day, but so deep in the ground that the fragments never came out. After the action the ground looked as though a drove of hogs had been rooting there for potatoes. I venture the opinion here, after a good deal of observation during four years, that in open ground at 1000 yards a six-pounder battery of smooth guns, or at 1500 to 1800 yards, a similar battery of twelve-pounder Napoleons, well handled, will in one hour whip double their number of the best rifles ever put in the field. A smooth-bore gun never buries its projectiles in the ground, as the rifle does invariably when fired against sloping ground. Of course, this advantage of the smooth-bore gun is limited to its shorter range, and to an open field fight, unprotected by defensive works.

For at least a half hour after our forces were driven across Young's Branch no Confederate soldier was visible from our position

near the Henry house. The Staunton Artillery, so far as we could see, was "alone in its glory." General Bee's order had been, "Stay here till you are ordered away." To my surprise, no orders had come, though, as I afterward learned, orders to withdraw had been sent three-quarters of an hour before through Major Howard, of Bee's staff. Howard fell, desperately wounded, on the way, and could not deliver the message.

Infantry was now massing near the Stone house on the turnpike, not 500 yards away, to charge and capture us. On making this discovery and learning from the sergeants of pieces that our ammunition was almost entirely exhausted, there remained but one way to save our guns, and that was to run them off the field. More than half of our horses had been killed, one or two, only, being left in several of my six-horse teams. The living animals were quickly divided amongst the guns and caissons, and we limbered up and fled. Then it was that the Henry house was riddled, and the old lady, Mrs. Henry, was mortally wounded; for our line of retreat was so chosen that for two or three hundred yards the house would conceal us from Griffin's battery, and, in a measure, shelter us from the dreaded fire of the infantry when they should reach the crest we had just abandoned. Several of Griffin's shot passed through the house, scattering shingles, boards, and splinters all around us. A rifle-shot from Ricketts broke the axle of one of our guns and dropped the gun in the field, but we saved the limber. The charging infantry gained the crest in front of the Henry house in time to give us one volley, but with no serious damage.

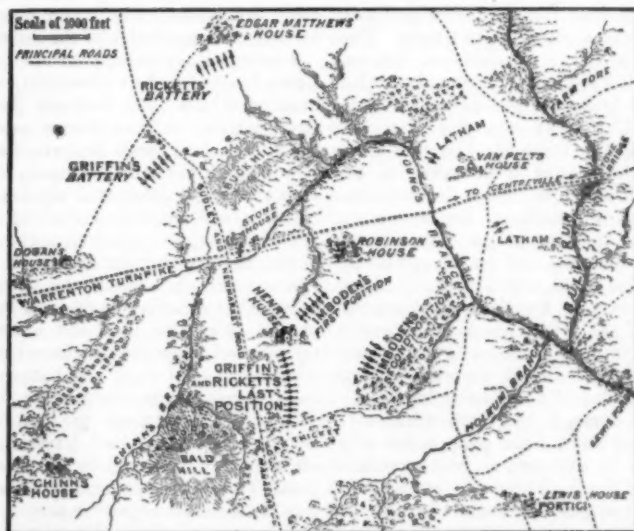
We crossed the summit at the edge of the pines, midway behind the Henry and Robinson houses, and there met "Stonewall" Jackson at the head of his brigade, marching by the flank at a double-quick. Johnston and Beauregard had arrived upon the field and were hurrying troops into position, but we had not yet seen them.

When I met Jackson I felt very angry at what I then regarded as bad treatment from General Bee, in leaving us so long exposed to capture, and I expressed myself with some profanity, which I could see was displeasing to Jackson. He remarked, "I'll support your battery. Unlimber right here." We did so, when a perfect lull in the conflict ensued for twenty or thirty minutes — at least in that part of the field.

It was at this time that McDowell committed, as I think, the fatal blunder of the day, by ordering both Ricketts' and Griffin's batteries to cease firing and move across the turnpike to the top of the Henry Hill,

taking position on the west side of the house. The short time required to effect the change enabled Beauregard to arrange his new line of battle on the highest crest of the hill, south-east of the Henry and Robinson houses, in the edge of the pines. If one of the Federal batteries had been left north of Young's Branch, it could have so swept the hill-top where we re-formed, that it would have greatly delayed, if it had not wholly prevented, us from occupying the position. And if we had been forced back to the next hill, on which stands the Lewis house, Sherman, who had crossed Bull Run not far above the Stone Bridge, would have had a fair swing at our right flank, to say nothing of the effect of artillery playing upon us from beyond Bull Run.

guns on a heavy column of the enemy, who were advancing towards us, in the direction of the Chinn house, but were still twelve to fifteen hundred yards away. Whilst we were thus engaged, General Jackson rode up and said that three or four batteries were approaching rapidly; and we might soon retire. I again asked permission to fire the three rounds of shrapnel left to us. He said: "Go ahead." I picked up a charge (the fuse was cut and ready) and rammed it home myself, remarking to Harman, "Tom, put in the primer and pull her off." I forgot to step back far enough from the muzzle, and, as I wanted to see the shell strike, I squatted to be under the smoke, and gave the word "Fire." Heavens! what a report! I thought the gun had burst,



PLAN OF THE BULL RUN BATTLE-FIELD.

Imboden's second position in the edge of the pines, is on the line of the Confederate front as formed by General Jackson. Finally the Confederate line reached from behind the Robinson house to the left along the edge of the pines, and (as reinforcements came up) made a concave arc to a point behind the Chinn house.

General Imboden counted twenty-six Confederate guns in the semi-circle east of the Sudley road, when Griffin and Ricketts had taken position near the Henry house. About a P. M. Bee and Barlow were shot in the charge upon these Union batteries and their supports.—ED.

When my retiring battery met Jackson, and he assumed command of us, I reported that I had left only three rounds of ammunition, for a single gun. I wanted to send the caissons to the rear for a supply. He said, "No, not now—wait till other guns get here, and then you can withdraw your battery, as it has been so torn to pieces, and let your men rest."

For a time thereafter everything was quiet in our front; my men were lying round, nearly dead for water and food, and black with powder, smoke, and dust. Lieutenant Harman and I had been amusing ourselves training one of the

and in a moment of consciousness felt as if my head was blown off. But it was only the pent-up gas, escaping sideways as the shot cleared the muzzle, that struck my side and head, and threw me full twenty feet away. I recovered in time to see the shell explode in the enemy's ranks at a spot where, the next day, we found five or six bodies badly mangled. The blood gushed out of my left ear, and from that day to this it has been totally deaf. The men fired the other two rounds, and limbered up and moved away, just as the Rockbridge artillery, under Lieutenant

Brockenbrough, came into position, and, a moment later, the Leesburg artillery, under Lieutenant Henry Heaton. Pendleton, captain of the first, and Rogers, of the second, were not with their batteries when they unlimbered, nor at any time afterwards, as long as I was with them, during the action. But Heaton and Brockenbrough were more than equal to the occasion. Heaton particularly, who had been under my command with his battery at the Point of Rocks, below Harper's Ferry, the previous May, was a brave and skillful young officer. Several other batteries soon came into line, so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry house, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them.

The fighting was renewed, and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few minutes. On returning to the left of the line of guns, I stopped to ask General Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm towards the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, "General, you are wounded." He replied, as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket, and began to bind it up, "Only a scratch—a mere scratch," and galloped away along his line.

To save my horse, I had hitched him to a persimmon tree in a little gully some fifty yards or more in the rear. I had become a little careful of the faithful beast on account of two narrow escapes. Whilst readjusting the teams at our first position, I had ridden to my left, nearly in front of the Henry house. Several of Griffin's guns appeared to be trained on me. A rifle shell burrowed under the horse, and, exploding in the ground, covered him with dirt, but did no damage. A fragment of another shell from overhead cut my canteen open, and wasted a pint of very good brandy, that would have been a boon a little later on. His other escape was during our flight after we got behind the Henry house. An unexploded rifle shell grazed his neck, taking off a little of the mane about a foot from his head, bringing him to his knees by the concussion.

To reach my horse after Jackson had given me permission to rejoin my battery, I had to pass the infantry of Hampton's Legion, who were lying down in supporting distance of

our artillery, then all in full play. (Colonel Wade Hampton's "Legion" at that time, as I remember, consisted of a regiment of infantry, a battalion of cavalry, and a four-gun battery of horse artillery.) Whilst untying my horse, a shell exploded in the midst of Hampton's infantry, killing several and stampeding fifteen or twenty nearest the spot. I tried to rally them; but one huge fellow, musket in hand with bayonet fixed, had started on a run. I threw myself in his front with drawn sword, and threatened to cut him down, whereupon he made a lunge at me. I threw up my left arm to ward off the blow, but the bayonet-point ran under the wristband of my red flannel shirt, and raked the skin of my arm from wrist to shoulder. The blow knocked me sprawling on the ground, and the fellow got away. I tore off the dangling shirt-sleeve, and was barearmed as to my left, the remainder of the fight.

I overtook my battery on the hill near the Lewis house (used as a hospital), in a field in front of which I saw General Johnston and staff grouped on their horses, and under fire from numerous shells that reached that hill. I rode up to General Johnston, reported our ammunition all gone, and requested to know where I could find the ordnance wagons and get a fresh supply. Observing the sorry plight of the battery and the condition of the surviving men and horses, he directed me to remove them farther to the rear to a place of perfect safety for men and horses, and return myself to the field, where I might be of some service. I took the battery back perhaps a mile, where we found a little stream of water, so welcome to men and horses. Being greatly exhausted, I rested for perhaps an hour, and returned to the front with Sergeant Thomas Shumate, a favorite in the battery, and always eager for action.

When we regained the crest of the Henry plateau, the enemy had been swept from it, and the retreat had begun all along the line. We gazed upon the scene for a time, and, hearing firing between the Lewis house and the Stone Bridge, we rode back to see what it meant. Captain Lindsay Walker had arrived from Fredericksburg with his six-Parrott-gun battery, and from a high hill was shelling the fugitives beyond Bull Run as they were fleeing in wild disorder to the shelter of the nearest woods. General J. E. B. Stuart, at the head of a body of yelling cavalry with drawn sabers, was sweeping round the base of the hill we were on, to cross the Run and fall upon the mob hurrying toward Centreville.

When Stuart disappeared in the distance, Sergeant Shumate and I rode slowly back

toward where I had left my battery. Nearing the Lewis house, we saw General Johnston and his staff coming toward us slowly, preceded a little by a solitary horseman some paces in advance, who was lifting his hat to every one he met. From the likeness I had seen of President Jefferson Davis, I instantly recognized him and told Shumate who it was. With the impulsiveness of his nature, Shumate dashed up to the President, seized his hand, and huzzahed at the top of his voice. I could see that Mr. Davis was greatly amused, and I was convulsed with laughter. When they came within twenty steps of me, where I had halted to let the group pass, Shumate exclaimed, to the great amusement of all who heard him: "Mr. President, there's my captain, and I want to introduce *you* to *him*."

The President eyed me for a moment, as if he thought I was an odd-looking captain. I had on a battered slouch hat, a red flannel shirt with only one sleeve, corduroy trousers, and heavy cavalry boots. I was begrimed with burnt powder, dust, and blood from my ear and arm, and must have been about as hard-looking a specimen of a captain as was ever seen. Nevertheless, the President grasped my hand with a cordial salutation, and after a few words passed on.

We found our battery refreshing themselves on fat bacon and bread. After a hasty meal, I threw myself on a bag of oats, and slept till broad daylight next morning, notwithstanding a drenching rain, which beat upon me during the night.

In fact, I was aroused in the morning by a messenger from ex-Governor Alston, of South Carolina, summoning me to the side of my gallant commander, Brigadier-General Bee, who had been mortally wounded near the Henry house, where Bartow was instantly killed almost at the same moment. When I reached General Bee, who had been carried back to the cabin where I had joined him the night before, he was unconscious, and died in a few minutes whilst I was holding his hand. Some one during the night had told him that I had reflected on him for so long leaving our battery exposed to capture; and, at his request, messengers had been for hours hunting me in the darkness, to bring me to him, that I might learn from his own lips that he had sent Major Howard to order me to withdraw, when he was driven back across Young's Branch and the turnpike. I was grieved deeply not to have seen him sooner. Possibly the failure of his order to reach me was providential. For full three-quarters of an hour we kept up a fire that delayed the enemy's movement across Young's Branch. But for that, they might

have gained the Henry plateau, before Jackson and Hampton came up, and before Bee and Bartow had rallied their disorganized troops. Minutes count as hours under such circumstances, and trifles often turn the scale in great battles.

General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing, three days after the fight, that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters, in a little farm-house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing the hand with spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter Julia was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight, while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked, in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, "General, how is it that you can keep so cool, and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?" He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered, in a low tone of great earnestness: "Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about *that*, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me." He added, after a pause, looking me full in the face: "Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all would be equally brave."

I felt that this last remark was intended as a rebuke for my profanity, when I had complained to him on the field of the apparent abandonment of my battery to capture, and I apologized. He heard me, and simply said, "Nothing can justify profanity."

I never knew him to let profanity pass without a rebuke but once. The incident was reported to me by the chief actor in it, Major John A. Harman, who was Jackson's chief quartermaster, and a man of extraordinary qualifications. It happened at Edwards Ferry, on the Potomac, when our army was crossing into Maryland in the Antietam campaign. Major-General D. H. Hill's division was crossing, when Jackson rode up, and found the ford completely blocked with Hill's wagon-train. He spoke sharply to Hill (who was his brother-in-law, they having married sisters) for allowing such confusion. General Hill replied that *he* was not a quartermaster, or something that implied it was no part of his business to get tangled wagons out of the river. Jackson instantly put Hill in

arrest, and, turning to Major Harman, ordered him to clear the ford. Harman dashed in among the wagoners, kicking mules, and apparently inextricable mass of wagons, and, in the voice of a stentor, poured out a volume of oaths that would have excited the admiration of the most scientific mule-driver. The effect was electrical. The drivers were frightened and swore as best they could, but far below the Major's standard. The mules caught the inspiration from a chorus of familiar words, and all at once made a break for the Maryland shore, and in five minutes the ford was cleared. Jackson witnessed and heard it all. Harman rode back to join him, expecting a lecture, and, touching his hat, said: "The ford is clear, General! There's only one language that will make mules understand on a hot day that they must get out of the water." The General, smiling, said: "Thank you, Major," and dashed into the water at the head of his staff.

My aim in these few pages being only to describe some incidents of the battle which came under my own observation, I have not attempted to sketch the progress of the fight, nor to discuss the controversies growing out of it. The duties of the command were appropriately divided between General Johnston, the ranking officer, and General Beauregard, who was in the thickest of the fight, and displayed a heroism which inspired all around him. The battle was mainly fought by Johnston's troops from the Shenandoah. A large majority of the killed and wounded were his men and officers. Beauregard's troops were strung out for several miles down the valley of Bull Run, and did not get up to our aid till near the end of the day. General Beauregard himself came upon the field long before any of his troops arrived, except those he had posted under Evans to guard the Stone Bridge, and which, with Bee's troops, bore the brunt of the first attack.

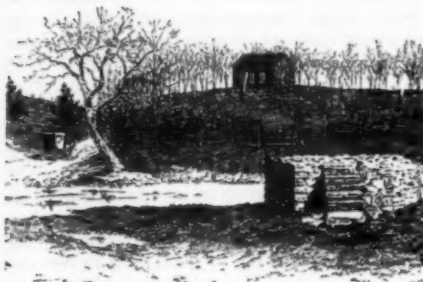
The uninformed, North and South, have wondered why Johnston and Beauregard did not follow on to Washington. General Johnston, in his "Narrative," has clearly and conclusively answered that question. It was simply impossible. We had neither the food nor transportation at Manassas necessary to a forward movement. This subject was the cause of sharp irritation between our commanding generals at Manassas and Mr. Davis and his Secretary of War, Mr. Benjamin. There was a disposition in the quartermaster's and commissary departments at Richmond to deny the extent of the destitution of our army immediately after the battle. To

ascertain the exact facts of the case, General Johnston organized a board of officers to investigate and report the condition of the transportation and commissariat of the army at Manassas on the 21st of July, and their daily condition for two weeks thereafter. That Board was composed of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert B. Lee (a cousin of General R. E. Lee), representing the commissary department, Major (afterwards Major-General) W. L. Cabell, representing the quartermaster's department, and myself from the line. My associates on this Board were old United States army officers of acknowledged ability and large experience. We organized early in August, and made an exhaustive investigation and detailed report. I have a distinct recollection that we found that there was not at Manassas one full day's rations on the morning of the battle (July 21) for the combined armies of Johnston and Beauregard, and that on no single day for the succeeding two weeks was there as much as a three days' supply there. We found that there were not wagons and teams enough at any time to have transported three days' supplies for the troops if put in motion away from the railroad. We found that for weeks preceding the 21st of July General Beauregard had been urgent and almost importunate in his demands on the quartermaster and commissary generals at Richmond for adequate supplies. We found that Colonel Northrop, the commissary-general, had not only failed to send forward adequate supplies for such an emergency as arose when General Johnston brought his army from the valley, but that he had interfered with and interdicted the efforts of officers of the department, who were with General Beauregard, to collect supplies from the rich and abundant region lying between the hostile armies. After reporting the facts, we unanimously concurred in the opinion that they proved the impossibility of a successful and rapid pursuit of the defeated enemy to Washington. This report, elaborately written out and signed, was forwarded to Richmond, and in a few days was returned by Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, with an indorsement to the effect that the Board had transcended its powers by expressing an opinion as to what the facts did or did not prove, and sharply ordering us to strike out all that part of the report, and send only the facts ascertained by us. We met and complied with this order, though indignant at the reprimand, and returned our amended report. That was the last I ever heard of it. It never saw daylight. Who suppressed it I do not know.

Jno. D. Imboden.

## MANASSAS TO SEVEN PINES.

A REPLY TO JEFFERSON DAVIS,—INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE BATTLES OF BULL RUN AND SEVEN PINES.



SUDLEY SPRINGS FORD, LOOKING SOUTH.

On the right, ruins of Sudley mineral springs. On the hill, Sudley Church—a hospital in the two battles of Bull Run. The wagon is on the Sudley and Manassas road. It is a mile from the ford to where Ricketts first planted his battery.—ED.

WHEN the State of Virginia seceded, being a citizen of that State, I resigned my office in the United States Army. And as I had seen a good deal of military service, in the Seminole and Mexican wars and in the West, the President of the Confederacy offered me a commission in the highest grade in his army. I accepted the offer because the invasion of the South was inevitable. But I soon incurred Mr. Davis's displeasure by protesting against an illegal act of his by which I was greatly wronged. Still he retained me in important positions, although his official letters were harsh. In 1864, however, he degraded me to the utmost of his power by summarily removing me from a high command. Believing that he was prompted to this act by animosity, and not by dispassionate opinion, I undertook to prove this animosity by many extracts from his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" (D. Appleton & Co.: 1881), and my comments thereon.

### A QUESTION OF RANK.

Mr. DAVIS recites (Vol. I., p. 307) the law securing to officers who might leave the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy the same relative rank in the latter which they had in the former, provided their resignations had been offered in the six months next following the 14th of March, and then adds:

"The provisions hereof are in the view entertained, that the army was of the States, not of the Government, and was to secure to officers adhering to the

Confederate States the same relative rank which they had before those States had withdrawn from the Union. . . .

"How well the Government observed both the letter and spirit of the law will be seen by reference to its action in the matter of appointments."

Those of the five generals were the most prominent, of course. All had resigned within the time prescribed. Their relative rank in the United States Army just before secession was: 1st, J. E. Johnston, Brigadier-General; 2d, S. Cooper, Colonel; 3d, A. S. Johnston, Colonel; 4th, R. E. Lee, Lieutenant-Colonel; and 5th, G. T. Beauregard, Major. All of them but the 3d had previous appointments, when, on the 31st of August, the Government announced new ones: S. Cooper's being dated May 16, A. S. Johnston's May 28, R. E. Lee's June 14, J. E. Johnston's July 4, and G. T. Beauregard's July 21. So the law was violated, 1st, by disregarding existing commissions; 2d, by giving different instead of the same dates to commissions; and 3d, by not recognizing previous rank in the United States Army. The only effect of this triple violation of law was to reduce J. E. Johnston from the first to the fourth place, which, of course, must have been its object.

"It is a noteworthy fact [he continues] that the three highest officers in rank . . . were all so indifferent to any question of personal interest that they had received their appointment before they were aware it was to be conferred."

This implies that the conduct described was unusual. On the contrary, it was that of the body of officers who left the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy. It is strange that the author should disparage so many honorable men. He states (page 309) that General Lee, when ordered from Richmond to the South for the first time, asked what rank he held in the army: "So wholly had his heart and his mind been consecrated to the public service that he had not remembered if he ever knew of his advancement."

As each grade has its duties, an officer cannot know his duty if ignorant of his rank. Therefore General Lee always knew his rank, for he never failed in his duty. Besides, his official correspondence at the time referred to shows that he knew that he was major-general of the Virginia forces until May 25, 1861, and a Confederate general after that date.

THE MOVEMENT FROM THE SHENANDOAH  
TO MANASSAS.

DESCRIBING the events which immediately preceded the battle of Manassas, Mr. Davis says (page 340):

"The forces there assembled [in Virginia] were divided into three armies, at positions the most important and threatened. One, under General J. E. Johnston, at Harper's Ferry, covering the valley of the Shenandoah. . . .

"Harper's Ferry was an important position both for military and political considerations. . . . The demonstrations of General Patterson, commanding the Federal army in that region, caused General Johnston earnestly to insist on being allowed to retire to a position nearer to Winchester."

Harper's Ferry is twenty-two miles east of the route into the Shenandoah Valley, and could be held only by an army strong enough to drive an enemy from the heights north and east of it. So it is anything but an important position. These objections were expressed to the Government two days after my arrival, and I suggested the being permitted to move the troops as might be necessary. All this before General Patterson had advanced from Chambersburg.

The assertion in the first sentence of General Cooper's letter (page 341)—"You had been heretofore instructed to exercise your discretion as to retiring from your position at Harper's Ferry"—is incorrect. No such instructions had been given. The last instructions on the subject received by me are in General Lee's letter of June 7. ("War Records," Vol. II. page 910.)

On page 341 Mr. Davis says: "The temporary occupation [of Harper's Ferry] was especially needful for the removal of the valuable machinery and material in the armory located there." The removal of the machinery was not an object referred to in General Cooper's letter. But the presence of our army anywhere in the Valley within a day's march of the position, would have protected that removal.

That letter (page 341) was received two days after the army left Harper's Ferry to meet General McClellan's troops, believed by intelligent people of Winchester to be approaching from the west.

On page 345 he says it was a difficult problem to know which army, whether Beauregard's at Manassas or Johnston's in the Valley, should be reinforced by the other, because these generals were "each asking reinforcements from the other." All that was written by me on the subject is in the letter (page 345) dated July 9: "I have not asked for reinforcements because I supposed that the War Department, informed of the state of

affairs everywhere, could best judge where the troops at its disposal are most required. . . . If it is proposed to strengthen us against the attack I suggest as soon to be made, it seems to me that General Beauregard might with great expedition furnish five or six thousand men for a few days."

Mr. Davis says, after quoting from this letter:

"As soon as I became satisfied that Manassas was the objective point of the enemy's movement, I wrote to General Johnston urging him to make preparations for a junction with General Beauregard."

There is abundant evidence that the Southern President never thought of transferring the troops in the "Valley" to Manassas until the proper time to do it came—that is, when McDowell was known to be advancing. This fact is shown by the anxiety he expressed to increase the number of those troops.\* And General Lee, writing to Mr. Davis in November, 1861 ("War Records," Vol. II., p. 515), says in regard to General Beauregard's suggestion that he be reinforced from my army:

"You decided that the movements of the enemy in and about Alexandria were not sufficiently demonstrative to warrant the withdrawing of any of the troops from the Shenandoah Valley. A few days afterwards, however,—I think three or four,—the reports from General Beauregard showed so clearly the enemy's purpose, that you ordered General Johnston, with his effective force, to march at once to the support of General Beauregard."

This letter is in reply to one from Mr. Davis, to the effect that statements had been widely published to show that General Beauregard's forces had been held inactive by his (Mr. Davis's) rejection of plans for vigorous offensive operations proposed to him by the general, and desiring to know of General Lee what those plans were, and why they were rejected.

"On the 17th of July, 1861," says Mr. Davis (page 346), "the following telegram was sent by the adjutant-general" to General J. E. Johnston, Winchester, Va.:

"General Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow, a junction of all your effective force will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpeper Court House, either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion. [Signed] S. COOPER, Adjutant and Inspector General."

Mr. Davis asserts that I claim that discretion was given me by the words "all the arrangements." I claimed it from what he terms the only positive part of the order, viz., "If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick to Culpeper Court House."

"The sending the sick to Culpeper Court House [Mr. Davis adds] might have been after or before the effective force had moved to the execution of the main and only positive part of the order."

\* See "War Records," Vol. II., letters on pages 924, 935, 940, 973, 976, 977.

"Make the movement" would have been a positive order, but "if practicable" deprived it of that character, and gave the officer receiving it a certain discretion. But, as the movement desired was made promptly, it was surely idle to discuss, twenty years after, whether the officer could lawfully have done what he *did not do*. At the time the decision of such a question might have been necessary; but, as Mr. Davis will give no more orders to generals, and as the officer concerned will execute no more, such a discussion is idle now. The use of the wagons required in the march of the army would have been necessary to remove the sick to the railroad station at Strasburg, eighteen miles distant; so this removal could *not* have been made *after* the march. There being seventeen hundred sick, this part of their transportation would have required more time than the transfer of the troops to Manassas, which was the important thing. The sick were, therefore, properly and quickly provided for in Winchester. I was the only judge of the "practicable"; and "if practicable" refers to the whole sentence—as much to sending the sick to Culpeper as to "make the movement." Still he says (page 347):

"His [my] letters of the 12th and 13th expressed his doubts about his power to retire from before the superior force of General Patterson. Therefore, the word 'practicable' was in that connection the equivalent of 'possible.'"

It is immaterial whether "if practicable" or "if possible" was written. I was the only judge of the possibility or practicability; and, if General Patterson had not changed his position after the telegram was received, I might have thought it necessary to attack him, to "make the movement practicable." But as to my power to retire. On the 15th General Patterson's forces were half a day's march from us, and on the 12th more than a day's march; and, as Stuart's cavalry did not permit the enemy to observe us, retreat would have been easy, and I could not possibly have written to the contrary.\*

As to Mr. Davis's telegram (page 348), and the anxiety in Mr. Davis's mind lest there should be some unfortunate misunderstanding between General Beauregard and me,—my inquiry was intended and calculated to establish beyond dispute our relative positions. As a Confederate brigadier-general I had been junior to General Beauregard, but was cre-

ated general by act of Congress. But, as this had not been published to the army, it was not certain that it was known at Manassas. If it was not, the President's telegram gave the information, and prevented what he seems to have apprehended.

#### THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.†

On page 349 to the end of the chapter, the President describes his visit to the field of battle near Manassas. "As we advanced," he says, "the storm of battle was rolling westward." But, in fact, the fighting ceased before he left Manassas. He then mentions meeting me on a hill which commanded a general view of the field, and proceeding farther west, where he saw a Federal "column," which a Confederate squadron charged and put to flight. But the captain in command of this squadron says in his report that the column seen was a party of our troops. Mr. Davis also dilates on the suffering of our troops for want of supplies and camp equipment, and on his efforts to have them provided for. After the battle ended, officers were duly directed by me to have food brought to the ground where the troops were to pass the night.

I was not in the conference described by Mr. Davis (pages 353, 354, 355). Having left the field after ten o'clock, and ridden in the dark slowly, it was about half-past eleven when I found the President and General Beauregard together, in the latter's quarters at Manassas. We three conversed an hour or more without referring to pursuit or an advance upon Washington. The "conference" described by him must have occurred before my arrival, and Mr. Davis may very well have forgotten that I was not present then.

But, when the President wrote, he had forgotten the subject of the conference he described; for the result, as he states it, was an order, not for pursuit by the army, but for the detail of two parties to collect wounded men and abandoned property near the field of battle. This order (pages 355, 356) is "to the same effect," Mr. Davis says, as the one he wrote, and which he terms a direction to pursue the Federal army at early dawn.

It is asserted (page 354) that I left the command over both Confederate armies in General Beauregard's hands during the engagement. Such conduct would have been as base as flight from the field in the heat of

\* Mr. Davis has a few words of praise for General Johnston, which, in this connection, will be of interest to the reader: "It gives me pleasure to state that, from all the accounts received at the time, the plans of General Johnston for masking his withdrawal to form a junction with General Beauregard were conducted with marked skill" (page 347).—ED.

† For views of the field and pictorial incidents of the battle of Bull Run, see General Beauregard's paper in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1884.

battle, and would have brought upon me the contempt of every honorable soldier. It is disproved by the fact that General Beauregard was willing to serve under me there, and again in North Carolina, near the close of the war; and associated with me. As this accusation is published by the Southern President, and indorsed by General Beauregard, it requires my contradiction.

Instead of leaving the command in General Beauregard's hands, I assumed it over both armies immediately after my arrival on the 20th, showing General Beauregard as my warrant the President's telegram defining my position. The usual order\* assuming command was written and sent to General Beauregard's office for distribution. He was then told that as General Patterson would no doubt hasten to join General McDowell as soon as he discovered my movement, we must attack the Federal army next morning. General Beauregard then pointed out on a map of the neighborhood the roads leading to the enemy's camp at Centreville from the different parts of our line south of the stream, and the positions of the brigades near each road; and a simple order of march, by which our troops would unite near the Federal position, was sketched. Having had neither sleep nor recumbent rest since the morning of the 17th, I begged General Beauregard to put this order of march on paper, and have the necessary copies made and sent to me for inspection in a grove, near, where I expected to be resting; this in time for distribution before night. This distribution was to be by him, the immediate commander of most of the troops. Seeing that eight brigades were on the right of the line to Centreville, and but one to the left of it at a distance of four miles, I desired General Beauregard to have Bee's and Jackson's brigades placed in this interval near the detached brigade.

The papers were brought to me a little before sunrise next morning. They differed greatly from the order sketched the day before; but as they would put the troops in motion if distributed, it would be easy then to direct the course of each division. By the order sketched the day before, all our forces would have been concentrated near Centreville, to attack the Federal army. By that prepared by General Beauregard but four brigades were directed "to the attack of Centreville," of which one and a half had not yet arrived from the Valley, while six brigades were to move forward to the Union Mills and Centreville road, there to hold themselves in readi-

ness to support the attack on Centreville, or to move, two to Sangster's cross-roads, two to Fairfax Station, and two to Fairfax Court House. The two and a half brigades on the ground, even supported by the half brigade of the reserve also on the ground, in all probability would have been defeated by the whole Federal army before the three bodies of two brigades each could have come to their aid, over distances of from three to five miles. Then, if the enemy had providentially been defeated by one-sixth or one-eighth of their number, Sangster's cross-roads and Fairfax Station were out of their line of retreat.

Soon after sunrise on the 21st, it was reported that a large body of Federal troops was approaching on the Warrenton Turnpike. This offensive movement of the enemy would have *frustrated our plan of the day before*, if the orders for it had been delivered to the troops. It appears from the reports of the commanders of the six brigades on the right that but one of them, General Longstreet, received it. Learning that Bee's and Jackson's brigades were still on the right, I again desired General Beauregard to transfer them to the left, which he did, giving the same orders to Hampton's Legion, just arrived. These, with Coker's brigade then near the turnpike, would necessarily receive the threatened attack.

General Beauregard then suggested that all our troops on the right should move rapidly to the left and assail the attacking Federal troops in flank. This suggestion was accepted; and together we joined those troops. Three of the four brigades of the first line, at Mitchell's, Blackburn's, and McLean's fords, reported strong bodies of United States troops on the wooded heights before them. This *frustrated the second plan*. Two Federal batteries—one in front of Bonham's brigade at Mitchell's ford, the other before Longstreet's at Blackburn's ford—were annoying us, although their firing was slow.

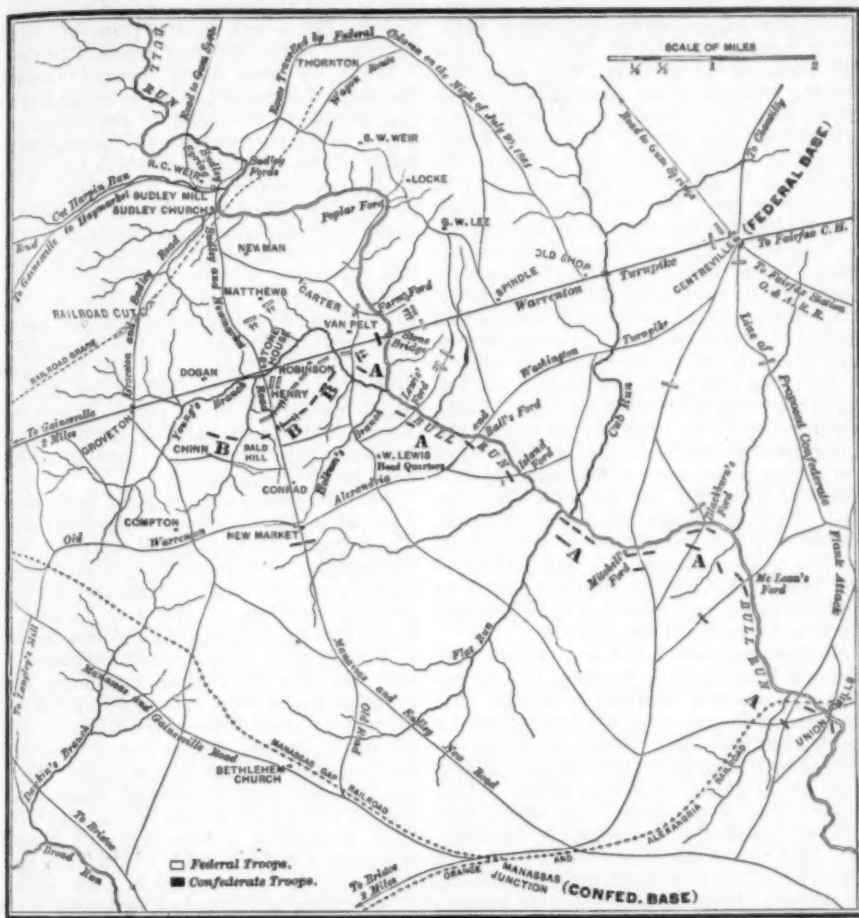
About 8 o'clock, after receiving such information as scouts could give, I left General Beauregard near Longstreet's position, and placed myself on Lookout Hill, in rear of Mitchell's ford, to await the development of the enemy's designs. About 9 o'clock the signal officer, Captain Alexander, reported that a column of Federal troops could be seen crossing the valley of Bull Run, two miles beyond our left.

General McDowell had been instructed by the general-in-chief to pass the Confederate right and seize the railroad in our rear. But, learning that the district to be passed

\* General J. A. Early, in his narrative of these events, says: "During the 20th, General Johnston arrived at Manassas Junction by the railroad, and that day we received the order from him assuming command of the combined armies of General Beauregard and himself."—J. E. J.



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GENERAL MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MANASSAS.

STRUTHERS, SEEVERS &amp; CO., ENGRAVERS, N. Y.

(For full-page topographical map of the field, see THE CENTURY for November, 1884.)

through was rugged and covered with woods, and therefore unfavorable to a large army, he determined, after devoting three days to reconnaissance, to operate on the open and favorable ground to his right, and turn our left. He had another object in this second plan, and an important one—that this course would place his between the two Confederate armies, and prevent their junction; and if it had been made a day or two sooner, this manoeuvre would have accomplished that object.

General McDowell marched from Centerville by the Warrenton turnpike with three divisions, sending a fourth division to deceive us by demonstrations in front of our main

body. Leaving the turnpike a half mile from the Stone Bridge, he made a long detour to Sudley ford, where he crossed Bull Run and turned towards Manassas. Colonel Evans, who commanded fourteen companies near the Stone Bridge, discovered this manoeuvre, and moved with his little force along the base of the hill north of the turnpike, to place it before the enemy near the Sudley and Manassas road. Here he was assailed by greatly superior numbers, which he resisted obstinately.

General Beauregard had joined me on Lookout Hill, and we could distinctly hear the sounds and see the smoke of the fight. But they indicated no hostile force that Evans's troops and those of Bee, Hampton and Jackson,

which we could see hurrying towards the conflict in that order, were not adequate to resist.

On reaching the broad, level top of the hill south of the turnpike, Bee, appreciating the strength of the position, formed his troops (half of his own and half of Bartow's brigade) on that ground. But seeing Evans struggling against great odds, he crossed the valley and formed on the right and a little in advance of him. Here the five or six regiments, with six field-pieces, held their ground for an hour against 10,000 or 12,000 United States troops, when, finding they were overlapped on each flank by the continually arriving enemy, General Bee fell back to the position from which he had moved to rescue Evans—crossing the valley, closely pressed by the Federal army.

Hampton with his legion reached the valley as the retrograde movement began. Forming it promptly, he joined in the action, and contributed greatly to the orderly character of the retreat by his courage and admirable soldiery, seconded by the excellent conduct of the gentlemen composing his legion. Imboden and his battery did excellent service on this trying occasion. Bee met Jackson at the head of his brigade, on the position he had first taken, and he began to re-form and Jackson to deploy at the same time.

In the mean time I had been waiting with General Beauregard on Lookout Hill for evidence of General McDowell's design. The violence of the firing on the left indicated a battle, but the large bodies of troops reported by chosen scouts to be facing our right kept me in doubt. But near eleven o'clock reports that those troops were felling trees showed that they were standing on the defensive; and new clouds of dust on the left proved that a large body of Federal troops was arriving on the field. It thus appeared that the enemy's great effort was to be against our left. I expressed this to General Beauregard, and the necessity of reinforcing the brigades engaged, and desired him to send immediate orders to Early and Holmes, of the second line, to hasten to the conflict with their brigades. General Bonham, who was near me, was desired to send up two regiments and a battery. I then set off at a rapid gallop to the scene of action. General Beauregard joined me without a word. Passing on the way Colonel Pendleton with two batteries, I directed him to follow with them as fast as possible.

It now seemed that a battle was to be fought entirely different in place and circumstance from the two plans previously adopted, and abandoned as impracticable. Instead of taking the initiative and operating in front of our line, we were compelled to fight on the defensive more than a mile in rear of that line,

and at right angles to it, on a field selected by General Bee,—with no other plans than those suggested by the changing events of battle.

While we were riding forward General Beauregard suggested to me to assign him to the immediate command of the troops engaged, so that my supervision of the whole field might not be interrupted, to which I assented. So he commanded those troops under me; as elsewhere, lieutenant-generals commanded corps, and major-generals divisions, under me.

When we were near the ground where Bee was re-forming and Jackson deploying his brigade, I saw a regiment in line with ordered arms and facing to the front, but two or three hundred yards in rear of its proper place. On inquiry I learned that it had lost all its field-officers; so, riding on its left flank, I easily marched it to its place. It was the Fourth Alabama, an excellent regiment; and I mention this because the circumstance has been greatly exaggerated.

After the troops were in good battle order I turned to the supervision of the whole field. The enemy's great numerical superiority was discouraging. Yet, from strong faith in Beauregard's capacity and courage, and the high soldierly qualities of Bee and Jackson, I hoped that the fight would be maintained until I could bring adequate reinforcements to their aid. For this Holmes and Early were urged to hasten their march, and Ewell was ordered to follow them with his brigade with all speed. Broken troops were reorganized and led back into the fight with the help of my own and part of General Beauregard's staff. Cocke's brigade was held in rear of the right to observe a large body of Federal troops in a position from which Bee's right flank could have been struck in a few minutes.

After these additions had been made to our troops then engaged, we had nine regiments of infantry, five batteries, and three hundred cavalry of the Army of the Shenandoah, and about two regiments and a half of infantry, six companies of cavalry, and six field-pieces of the Army of the Potomac, holding at bay three divisions of the United States army. The Southern soldiers had, however, two great advantages in the contest: greater skill in the use of fire-arms, and the standing on the defensive, by which they escaped such disorder as advancing under fire produced in the ranks of their adversaries, undisciplined like themselves.

A report received about two o'clock from General Beauregard's office that another United States army was approaching from the north-west, and but a few miles from us, caused me to send orders to Bonham, Longstreet, and Jones to hold their brigades south of Bull Run, and ready to move.

When Bonham's two regiments appeared soon after, Cocke's brigade was ordered into action on our right. Fisher's North Carolina regiment coming up, Bonham's two regiments were directed against the Federal right, and Fisher's was afterwards sent in the same direction; for the enemy's strongest efforts seemed to be directed against our left, as if to separate us from Manassas Junction.

About half-past three o'clock, General E. K. Smith arrived with three regiments of Elzey's brigade, coming from Manassas Junction. He was instructed, through a staff officer sent forward to meet him, to form on the left of our line, his left thrown forward, and attack the enemy in flank. At his request I joined him, directed his course, and gave him these instructions. Before the formation was completed, he fell severely wounded, and while falling from his horse directed Colonel Elzey to take command. That officer appreciated the manœuvre and executed it gallantly and well. General Beauregard promptly seized the opportunity it afforded, and threw forward the whole line. The enemy was driven from the long-contested hill, and the tide of battle at length turned. But the first Federal line driven into the valley was there rallied on a second, the two united presenting a formidable aspect. In the mean time, however, Colonel Early had come upon the field with his brigade. He was instructed by me to make a detour to the left and assail the Federal right in flank. He reached the ground in time, accompanied by Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery, and made his attack with a skill and courage which routed the Federal right in a moment. General Beauregard, charging in front, made the rout complete. The Federal right fled in confusion toward the Sudley ford, and the center and left marched off rapidly by the turnpike.

Stuart pursued the fugitives on the Sudley road, and Colonel Radford, with two squadrons I had held in reserve near me during the day, was directed to cross Bull Run at Ball's ford, and strike the column on the turnpike in flank. The number of prisoners taken by these parties of cavalry greatly exceeded their own numbers. But they were too weak to make a serious impression on an army, although a defeated one.

At twenty minutes before five, when the retreat of the enemy toward Centreville began, I sent orders to Brigadier-General Bonham by Lieutenant-Colonel Lay, of his staff, who happened to be with me, to march with his own and Longstreet's brigade (which were nearest Bull Run and the Stone Bridge), by the quickest route, to the turnpike, and form them across it to intercept the retreat of the Federal troops.

But he found so little appearance of rout in those troops as to make the execution of his instructions seem impracticable; so the two brigades returned to their camps. When the retreat began, the body of United States troops that had passed the day on the Centreville side of Bull Run made a demonstration on the rear of our right; which was repelled by Holmes's brigade just arrived.

Soon after the firing ceased, General Ewell reported to me, saying that his brigade was about midway from its camp near Union Mills. He had ridden forward to see the part of the field on which he might be required to serve, to prepare himself to act intelligently.

The victory was as complete as one gained in an open country by infantry and artillery can be. Our cavalry pursued as far as they could effectively; but when they encountered the main column, after dispersing or capturing little parties and stragglers, they could make no impression.

General McDowell marched from the Potomac with 35,000 men in five divisions, three of which (three-fifths) were engaged (about 21,000).

On our side the Army of the Shenandoah had on the field 8000 men; that of the Potomac, as reported, 9477 men; total, 17,477.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
The Army of the Shenandoah lost	282	1582	1
" " " Potomac	105	519	12

General Beauregard's first plan of attack was delivered to me by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Chisolm, when I was thirty-four miles from Manassas. It was, that I should leave the railroad at Piedmont Station, thirty-six miles from the enemy at Centreville, and attack him in rear, and when our artillery announced that we had begun the fight, General Beauregard would move up from Bull Run and assail the enemy on that side. I rejected the plan, because such a one would enable an officer of ordinary sense and vigor to defeat our two armies one after the other. For McDowell, by his numerical superiority, could have disposed of my forces in less than two hours, that is to say, before Beauregard could have come up, when he also could have been defeated and the campaign ended.

An opinion seems to prevail with some persons who have written about the battle, that important plans of General Beauregard were executed by him. It is a mistake; the first intention, announced to General Beauregard by me when we met, was to attack the enemy at Centreville as early as possible on the twenty-first. This was anticipated by McDowell's early advance. The second, to attack the Federals in flank near the turnpike with

our main force, suggested by General Beauregard, was prevented by the enemy's occupation of the high ground in front of our right.

As fought, the battle was made by me; Bee's and Jackson's brigades were transferred to the left by me. I decided that the battle was to be there, and directed the measures necessary to maintain it; a most important one being the assignment of General Beauregard to the immediate command of this left which he held. In like manner the senior officer on the right would have commanded there, if the Federal left had attacked.

These facts in relation to the battle are my defense against the accusation indorsed by General Beauregard and published by Mr. Davis.

In an account of the battle published in the November number of *THE CENTURY*, General Beauregard mentions offensive operations he "had designed and ordered against his [adversary's] left flank and rear at Centreville," and censures my friend General R. S. Ewell for their failure. At the time referred to, three of the four Federal divisions were near Bull Run, above the turnpike, and the fourth facing our right, so that troops of ours, going to Centreville then, if not prevented by the Federal division facing them, would have found no enemy. And General Ewell was not, as he reports, "instructed in the plan of attack"; for he says in his official report: ". . . I first received orders to hold myself in readiness to advance at a moment's notice. I next received a copy of an order sent to me by General Jones, in which it was stated that I had been ordered to his support." Three other contradictory orders, he says, followed. As to the comparison with Desaix at Marengo, made by General Beauregard, the circumstances had no resemblance. Desaix was separated from the French army, heard the sounds of battle, knew that he was wanted there, and went there. General Ewell knew that a battle was raging; but knew, too, that all the unengaged brigades were between him and it, and his commander was near enough to give him orders. But he had no reason to suppose that his commander desired him to move to Centreville, where there was then no enemy. There could have been no greater mistake on General Ewell's part than making the movement to Centreville.

A brief passage in my official report of this battle displeased President Davis. In referring to his telegraphic order I gave its meaning very briefly, but accurately — "directing me, if practicable, to go to General Beauregard's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpeper Court House." Mr. Davis objected to the word *after*. Being informed of this by a friend, I cheerfully consented to his expunging the word, be-

cause that would not affect the meaning of the sentence. But the word is still in his harsh indorsement. He also had this passage stricken out: "The delay of sending the sick, nearly 1700 in number, to Culpeper, would have made it impossible to arrive at Manassas in time. They were therefore provided for in Winchester;" and substituted this: "Oursick, nearly 1700 in number, were provided for in Winchester." Being ordered to send the sick to Culpeper, as well as to move to Manassas, it was necessary to account for disobedience, which my words did, and which his substitute for them did not.

Mr. Davis (page 359) expresses indignation that, as he says, "Among the articles abandoned by the enemy on the field of Manassas, were handcuffs, the fit appendage of a policeman, not of a soldier." I saw none, nor did I see any one who had seen them.

Mr. Davis states (page 359) that "On the night of the 22d, I held a second conference with Generals Johnston and Beauregard." I was in no conference like that of which account is given on page 360. And one that he had with me on that day proved conclusively that he had no thought of sending our army against Washington; for in it he offered me the command in West Virginia, promising to increase the forces there adequately from those around us.

He says (page 361):

"What discoveries would have been made, and what results would have ensued from the establishment of our guns upon the south bank of the river to open fire upon the capital, are speculative opinions upon which it would be useless to enter."

Mr. Davis seems to have forgotten what was as well known then as now — that our army was more disorganized by victory than that of the United States by defeat; that there were strong fortifications, well manned, to cover the approaches to Washington and prevent the establishment of our guns on the south bank of the river. He knew, too, that we had no means of cannonading the capital, nor a disposition to make barbarous war. He says (page 362):

"When the smoke of battle had lifted from the field . . . some . . . censoriously asked why the fruits of the victory had not been gathered by the capture of Washington City. . . . Then some indiscreet friends of the generals commanding in the battle . . . induced the allegation that the President had prevented the generals from making an immediate and vigorous pursuit of the routed enemy."

Mr. Davis has no ground for this assertion; the generals were attacked first and most severely. It was not until the press had exhausted itself upon them, that some of them turned upon him. On November 3 he wrote to me that reports were circulated to the effect

that he "prevented General Beauregard from pursuing the enemy after the battle of Manassas, and had subsequently restrained him from advancing upon Washington City. . . . I call upon you to say whether I obstructed the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas, or have ever objected to an advance, or other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake."

I replied on the 10th, answering the first question in the negative, and added an explanation which put the responsibility on myself. I replied to the second question, that it had never been feasible for the army to advance farther toward Washington than it had done, and referred to a conference at Fairfax Court House (Oct. 1, 1861) in reference to leading the army into Maryland, in which he informed the three senior officers that he had not the means of giving the army the strength they considered necessary for offensive operations.

Mr. Davis was displeased by my second reply, because in his mind there was but one question in his letter. I maintain that there are two, namely: (1) Did he obstruct the pursuit of the enemy after the victory at Manassas? (2) Had he ever objected to an advance, or other active operation, which it was feasible for the army to undertake?

The second matter is utterly unconnected with the battle of Manassas, and as the question of advance or other active operation had been discussed nowhere by him, to my knowledge, but at the conference at Fairfax Court House, I supposed that he referred to it. He was dissatisfied with my silence in regard to the conferences he avers took place on July 21 and 22, the first knowledge of which I have derived from his book.

Near the foot of page 365 Mr. Davis represents me as reflecting upon him, in expressing in my report the belief that General Cooper's telegram of July 17 did not convey a positive order. As what he says, immediately following, has been reviewed before, it may be passed over now.

This passage appears on page 369: "The words 'if practicable' had reference to letters of General Johnston of the 12th and 15th of July. . . ." They had reference to "make the movement, sending the sick and baggage to Culpeper," and to those words only. I alone was to judge of the practicable.

#### THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CENTREVILLE TO THE PENINSULA.

MR. DAVIS refers (pages 444-5) to the instructions for the reorganization of the army given by him to the three general officers

he met in conference at Fairfax Court House on October 1, 1861. But the correspondence urging the carrying out of the orders was carried on with Generals Beauregard and G. W. Smith (my subordinates) in that same October. He neither conversed nor corresponded with me on the subject then, the letter to me being dated May 10, 1862. The original order was dated October 22, 1861, to be executed "as soon as, in the judgment of the commanding general, it can be safely done under present exigencies." As the enemy was then nearer to our center than that center to either flank of our army, and another advance upon us by the Federal army was not improbable on any day, it seemed to me unsafe to make the reorganization then. From May 10 to 26, when the President renewed the subject, we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, when reorganization would have been infinitely dangerous, as was duly represented by me. But, alluding to this conference at Fairfax Court House, he says (page 449): "When, at that time and place, I met General Johnston for conference, he called in the two generals next in rank to himself, Beauregard and G. W. Smith." These officers were with Mr. Davis in the quarters of General Beauregard, whose guest he was, when I was summoned to him. I had not power to bring any officer into the conference. If such authority had belonged to my office, the personal relations lately established between us by the President would not have permitted me to use it.

He says (page 448): "I will now proceed to notice the allegation that I was responsible for the inaction of the army in the latter part of 1861 and early part of 1862."

I think Mr. Davis is here fighting a shadow. I have never seen or heard of the "allegation" referred to; I believe that that conference attracted no public attention and brought criticism upon no one. I have seen no notice of it in print, except the merely historical one in a publication made by me in 1874,\* without criticism or comment. Mr. Davis expresses surprise at the weakness of the army. He has forgotten that in Richmond he was well informed of the strength of the army by periodical reports, which showed him the prevalence of epidemics which, in August and part of September, kept almost thirty per cent. of our number sick. He must have forgotten, too, his anxiety on this subject, which induced him to send a very able physician, Dr. Cartwright, to find some remedy or preventive.

He asserts also that "the generals" had made previous suggestions of a "purpose to advance into Maryland." There had been no

\* See "Johnston's Narrative," pages 78, 79.

such purpose. On the contrary, in my letter to the Secretary of War, suggesting the conference, I wrote: "Thus far the numbers and condition of this army have at no time justified our assuming the offensive. . . . The difficulty of obtaining the means of establishing a battery near Evansport . . . has given me the impression that you cannot at present put this army in condition to assume the offensive. If I am mistaken in this, and you can furnish those means, I think it important that either his Excellency the President, yourself, or some one representing you, should here upon the ground confer with me on this all-important question." In a letter dated September 29, the Secretary wrote that the President would reach my camp in a day or two for conference. He came for that object September 30, and the next evening, *by his appointment*, he was waited on by Generals Beauregard, Smith, and myself. In discussing the question of giving our army strength enough to assume the offensive in Maryland, it was proposed to bring to it from the South troops enough to raise it to the required strength. The President asked what was that strength. General Smith thought 50,000 men, General Beauregard 60,000, and I 60,000, all of us specifying soldiers like those around us. The President replied that such reinforcements could not be furnished; he could give only as many recruits as we could arm. This decided the question. Mr. Davis then proposed an expedition against Hooker's division, consisting, we believed, of 10,000 men. It was posted on the Maryland shore of the Potomac opposite Dumfries (see map, page 113.—Ed.) But I objected that we had no means of ferrying an equal number of men across the river in a day, even if undisturbed by ships of war, which controlled the river; so that, even if we should succeed in landing, those vessels of war would inevitably destroy or capture our party returning. This terminated the conference. Mr. Davis says, in regard to the reinforcements asked for (page 449): "I had no power to make such an addition to that army without a total disregard of the safety of other threatened positions." We had no threatened positions; and we could always discover promptly the fitting out of naval expeditions against us. And he adds (page 452), with reference to my request for a conference in regard to reinforcements:

"Very little experience, or a fair amount of modesty without experience, would serve to prevent one from announcing his conclusion that troops could be withdrawn from a place or places without knowing how many were there, and what was the necessity for their presence."

The refutation of this is in General G. W. Smith's memorandum of the discussion:

"General Johnston said that he did not feel at liberty to express an opinion of the practicability of reducing the strength of our forces at points not within the limits of his command." On the same page (452) Mr. Davis says:

"... and particularly indicated the lower part of Maryland, where a small force was said to be ravaging the country."

He suggested nothing so impossible. Troops of ours could not have been ferried across the broad Potomac then. We had no steamer on that river, nor could we have used one.

Mr. Davis says (page 452):

"... Previously, General Johnston's attention had been called to possibilities in the valley of the Shenandoah, and that these, and other like things, were not done, was surely due to other causes than the policy of the Administration. . . . [Then in a letter to me, dated Aug. 1, 1861, which follows the above.] . . . The movement of Banks will require your attention. It may be a *ruse*, but if a real movement, when your army has the requisite strength and mobility, you will probably find an opportunity, by a rapid movement through the passes, to strike him in rear or flank."

It is matter of public notoriety that no incursion into the "Valley," worth the notice of a Confederate company, was made until March, 1862. That the Confederate President should be ignorant of this is inconceivable.

Mr. Davis says (page 462):

"... I received from General Johnston notice that his position [at Centreville] was considered unsafe. Many of his letters to me have been lost, and I have thus far not been able to find the one giving the notice referred to, but the reply which is annexed clearly indicates the substance of the letter which was answered: 'General J. E. Johnston: . . . Your opinion that your position may be turned whenever the enemy chooses to advance,' etc."

The sentence omitted by him after my name in his letter from which he quotes as above contains the dates of three letters of mine, in neither of which is there allusion to the safety, or reverse, of the position. They are dated, 22d, 23d, and 25th of February, and contain complaints on my part of the dreadful condition of the country, and vast accumulation by the Government of superfluous stores at Manassas. There is another omission in the President's letter quoted, and the omission is this:

"... With your present force, you cannot secure your communications from the enemy, and may at any time, when he can pass to your rear, be compelled to retreat at the sacrifice of your siege train and army stores. . . . Threatened as we are by a large force on the south-east, you must see the hazard of your position, by its liability to isolation and attack in rear."

By a singular freak of the President's memory, it transferred the substance of these passages from his letter to my three. Referring again to the conference at Fairfax Court House, Mr. Davis says (page 464):

"Soon thereafter, the army withdrew to Centreville, a better position for defense, but not for attack, and thereby suggestive of the abandonment of an intention to advance."

The President forgets that in that conference the intention to advance was abandoned by him first. He says on the same page:

"On the 10th of March I telegraphed to General Johnston: 'Further assurance given to me this day that you shall be promptly and adequately reinforced, so as to enable you to maintain your position, and resume first policy, when the roads will permit.' The first policy was to carry the war beyond our own border."

The roads then permitted the marching of armies, so we had just left Manassas.

On the 20th of February, after a discussion in Richmond, his Cabinet being present, the President directed me to prepare to fall back from Manassas, and do so as soon as the condition of the country should make the marching of troops practicable. I returned to Manassas on February 21, and on the 22d ordered the proper officers to remove the public property, which was begun on the 23d, the superintendent of the railroad devoting himself to the work under the direction of its president, the Hon. John S. Barbour. The Government had collected three million and a quarter pounds of provisions there, I insisting on a supply of but a million and a half. It also had two million pounds in a meat-curing establishment near at hand, and herds of live stock besides. On the 9th of March, when the ground had become firm enough for military operations, I ordered the army to march that night, thinking then, as I do now, that the space of fifteen days was time enough in which to subordinate an army to the Commissary Department. About one million pounds of this provision were abandoned, besides half as much more spoiled for want of shelter. This loss is represented (page 468) as so great as to embarrass us to the end of the war, although it was only a six days' supply for the troops then in Virginia. Ten times as much was in railroad stations of North Carolina at the end of the war.

Mr. Davis says (page 467):

"It was regretted that earlier and more effective means were not employed for the mobilization of the army, . . . or at least that the withdrawal was not so deliberate as to secure the removal of our ordnance, subsistence, and quartermaster's stores."

The quartermaster's and ordnance stores were brought off; and as to subsistence, the Government, which collected immediately on the frontier five times the quantity of provisions wanted, is responsible for the losses. The President suggested the time of the withdrawal himself, in the interview in his office that has been mentioned. The means taken, was the only one available,—the Virginia Midland Railroad.

Mr. Davis says (page 465):

"To further inquiry by General Johnston as to where he should take position, I replied that I would go to his headquarters in the field, and found him on the south bank of the river to which he had retired, in a position possessing great natural advantages."

There was no correspondence in relation to selecting a defensive position. I was not seeking one; but, instead, convenient camping-grounds, from which my troops could certainly unite with other Confederate forces to meet McClellan's invasion. I had found and was occupying such grounds, one division being north of Orange Court House, another a mile or two south of it, and two others some six miles east of that place; a division on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and the cavalry beyond the river, and about 13,000 troops in the vicinity of Fredericksburg. Mr. Davis's narrative that follows is disposed of by the proof that, after the army left Manassas, the President did not visit it until about the 14th of May. But such a visit, if made, could not have brought him to the conclusion that the weakness of Fredericksburg as a military position made it unnecessary to find a strong one for the army. That he did not make such a visit is proved by Major J. B. Washington, aide-de-camp, now president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, who wrote me, under date of January 17, 1885: "In answer to your question, I have to say that the President did not visit the Army of Northern Virginia between the 10th of March, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14 following, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and the Long Bridge over the Chickahominy. That army was at no time united after leaving Manassas, before going to Yorktown, neither on the elevated bank of a river nor elsewhere."

To the question, "After the army left Manassas in March, 1862, was it visited by the President at any time before being ordered to Yorktown?" Dr. A. M. Fauntleroy, of Staunton (then surgeon on my staff), answered: "No; I feel quite sure that the army was not visited by the President during the period specified." To the question, "Was the army, after leaving Manassas, ever united before the retreat from Yorktown?" he answered: "Emphatically no. According to a pretty clear recollection of the location and movements of the several divisions of the army, I can recall the fact that Generals Early and Ewell halted on the south bank of the Rappahannock about the 11th of March, and G. W. Smith and Longstreet near Culpeper; and, after crossing the Rapidan, G. W. Smith and Longstreet encamped near Orange Court House, and Early and Hill not more than

three miles from the Rapidan bridge, in the direction of Fredericksburg, Ewell remaining on the Rappahannock River."

Colonel E. J. Harvie writes (January 28, 1885): "In reply to your question, 'Did the President visit the army at any time between March 9, 1862, when it left Manassas, and about May 14, when it was between Baltimore Cross Roads and Long Bridge?' I answer: Unless my memory fails me more than it has ever done before, I am positive he did not. I was with you all the time as your staff officer, and no visit of this character could have been made to the army without my knowing it."

Mr. Davis (Vol. II., p. 81) credits me with expecting an attack, which he shows General McClellan never had in his mind:

"In a previous chapter, the retreat of the army from Centreville has been described, and reference has been made to the anticipation of the commanding general, J. E. Johnston, that the enemy would advance to attack that position."

This refers, I suppose, to a previous assertion (Vol. I., p. 462), my comments upon which prove that this "anticipation" was expressed in the President's letter to me, dated February 28. He says (Vol. II., p. 83):

"The withdrawal of our forces across the Rappahannock was fatal to the [Federal] programme of landing on that river and marching to Richmond before our forces could be in position to resist an attack on the capital."

This withdrawal was expressly to enable the army to unite with other Confederate troops to oppose the expected invasion. I supposed that General McClellan would march down the Potomac on the Maryland side, cross it near the mouth of Acquia Creek, and take the Fredericksburg route to Richmond. The position of Hooker's division, about midway between Washington and this crossing-place, might well have suggested that he had this intention.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 84): "Early in April General McClellan had landed about 100,000 at or near Fortress Monroe." According to John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, 121,000 Federal troops landed before the 5th of April.

And (page 84): "At this time General Magruder occupied the lower Peninsula with his force of seven or eight thousand men." General Magruder reported that he had eleven thousand men.

Mr. Davis says (page 85): "After the first advance of the enemy, General Magruder was reinforced by some troops from the south side of James River, and General Wilcox's brigade, which had been previously detached from the army under General Johnston." These reinforcements, together, made about 5000 men.

He says, on the same page:

"On the 9th of April General Magruder's army, thus reinforced, amounted to about 12,000. On that day General Early joined with his division from the Army of Northern Virginia. This division had about 8000 officers and men for duty. General Magruder's force was thus increased to about 20,000."

The same order detached Early's, D. R. Jones's, and D. H. Hill's divisions from the Army of Northern Virginia, and they were transported as fast as the railroad trains could carry them. The two latter divisions had together about 10,000 men, so that Magruder's army was raised to about 33,000 men, instead of 20,000, as Mr. Davis said.

#### THE WITHDRAWAL FROM YORKTOWN.

MR. DAVIS says (Vol. II., p. 86):

"As soon as it was definitely ascertained that General McClellan, with his main army, was on the Peninsula, General J. E. Johnston\* was assigned to the command of the department of the Peninsula and Norfolk, and directed to proceed thither to examine the condition of affairs there. After spending a day on General Magruder's defensive line, he returned to Richmond and recommended the abandonment of the Peninsula, and that we should take a defensive position nearer to Richmond."

The President has forgotten my recommendation, or misunderstood it at the time. I represented to him that General McClellan's design was, almost certainly, to demolish our batteries with his greatly superior artillery, and turn us by the river, either landing in our rear or moving directly to Richmond; so that our attempting to hold Yorktown could only delay the enemy two or three weeks. Instead of that, I proposed that all our available forces should be united near Richmond, Magruder's troops to be among the last to arrive; the great army thus formed about Richmond not to be in a defensive position, as Mr. Davis supposes, but to fall with its whole force upon McClellan when the Federal army was expecting to besiege only the troops it had followed from Yorktown. If the Federal army should be defeated a hundred miles away from its place of refuge, Fort Monroe, it could not escape destruction. This was undoubtedly our best hope.

In the conference that followed, the President took no part. But the Secretary of War, once a naval officer, opposed the abandonment of the valuable property in the Norfolk Navy Yard; and General Lee opposed the plan proposed, because it would expose Charleston and Savannah to capture. I maintained that if those places should be captured, the defeat of the principal Federal army would enable us to recover them; and that, unless that army should be defeated, we should lose those sea-ports in spite of their garrisons.

\* That assignment was made after "the conference."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 87):

"After hearing fully the views of the several officers named, I decided to resist the enemy on the Peninsula. . . . Though General Johnston did not agree with this decision, he did not ask to be relieved. . . ."

Not being in command, I could not be relieved. My assignment was included in the order to oppose McClellan at Yorktown; that order added to my then command the departments of Norfolk and the Peninsula. It is not easy to reconcile this increase of my command by the President, with his very numerous disparaging notices of me.

General Keyes, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, confirmed my opinion in saying that "Gloucester must have fallen upon our getting possession of Yorktown, and the York River would then have been open."

Mr. Davis expresses the opinion (Vol. II., p. 90) that "General McClellan might certainly have sent a detachment from his army, which, after crossing York River, could have turned the position at Gloucester Point." It was needless; the driving us from Yorktown would have compelled us to abandon Gloucester Point. Then (Vol. II., p. 91) he says:

"Whether General McClellan . . . would have made an early assault . . . or have waited to batter our earth-works in breach . . . is questionable."

We did not apprehend "battering in breach," but believed that the heavy sea-coast rifles to be mounted in the batteries, about completed, would demolish our water batteries, drive us from the intrenchments at Yorktown, and enable the enemy to turn us by the river. Mr. Davis quotes from one of his dispatches to me (Vol. II., p. 92):

"Your announcement to-day [May 1] that you would withdraw to-morrow night takes us by surprise, and must involve enormous losses, including unfinished gun-boats. Will the safety of your army allow more time?"

My own announcement was made April 27, not May 1, and reached Richmond in ten hours; so the President had abundant time to prevent the withdrawal. The appearance of the enemy's works indicated that fire from them might open upon us the next morning. The withdrawal just then was to avoid waste of life.

He says (Vol. II., p. 94):

"The loss of public property, as was anticipated, was great, the steamboats expected for its transportation not having arrived before the evacuation was made. From a narrative by General Early I make the following extract: 'A very valuable part of the property lost consisted of a very large number of picks and spades. . . . All of our heavy guns, including some recently arrived and not mounted, together with a good deal of ammunition piled upon the wharfs, had to be left behind.'"

The steamboats he mentions were controlled in Richmond. As to the loss of very

valuable picks and spades, Colonel Douglas, chief engineer there, wrote to me May 12th, 1883: "I was at Yorktown the evening before the evacuation commenced. I did not see any quantity of picks and shovels there, and cannot understand how they could have accumulated there when they were needed so much from Redoubt Number Five to Lee's Mills—that is, on the extreme right of our line." General D. H. Hill, who commanded in and near Yorktown, said, in his official report: "We lost very little by the retreat, save some medical stores which Surgeon Coffin deserted in his flight, May 1. The heavy guns were all of the old navy pattern." We had very little ammunition on hand at the time. The heavy guns could have been saved only by holding the place, which was impossible.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 94) that General Magruder's "absence at this moment was the more to be regretted, as it appears that the positions of the redoubts he constructed (before Williamsburg) were not all known to the commanding general." The positions of the redoubts were "all known." But to a body of troops serving merely as a rear-guard, it was necessary to occupy only those nearest the road. A rear-guard distributed in all the redoubts intended for an army could have held none of them. The event showed that the proper redoubts were occupied. It is singular that Mr. Davis's only notice of the conflict at Williamsburg, in which our troops behaved admirably, relates to a detached affair, unimportant, because it had, and could have, no influence upon the real event. Mr. Davis says of General Early's account of his attack upon Hancock at Williamsburg (Vol. II., p. 96):

"He [Early] confidently expresses the opinion that had his attack been supported promptly and vigorously, the enemy's force there engaged must have been captured."

General Early sent an officer to report that there was a battery in front of him which he could take, and asked authority to do so. The message was delivered to General Longstreet, who referred the messenger to me, we being together. I authorized the attempt, but desired the general to look carefully first. Under the circumstances he could not have expected support, for he moved out of reach of it.

Mr. Davis speaks (Vol. II., p. 97) of the employment of sub-terra shells to check a marching column, and quotes from General Rains as follows:

"Fortunately we found in a mud hole a broken ammunition wagon containing five loaded shells. Four of these, armed with a sensitive fuse-primer, were planted in our rear, near some trees cut down as obstructions to the road. A body of the enemy's cavalry came upon these sub-terra shells, and they exploded with terrific effect."

This event was not mentioned in General D. H. Hill's report, although General Rains belonged to his division, nor was it mentioned by our cavalry which followed Hill's division. Such an occurrence would have been known to the whole army, but it was not; so it must have been a dream of the writer.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98): "The next morning after the battle of the 5th, at Williamsburg, Longstreet's and D. H. Hill's divisions being those then engaged," etc. But one regiment of Hill's division was engaged.

In the Federal reports of this action, it is treated as a battle in which the whole Confederate army was engaged. It was an affair with our rear-guard, the object of which was to secure our baggage trains. For that, it was necessary to detain the Federal army a day, which was accomplished by the rear-guard. In those Federal reports a victory is claimed. The proofs against that are: (1) That what deserves to be called fighting ceased at least two hours before dark, yet the Confederates held the ground until the next morning, having slept on the field, and then resumed their march; (2) that they fought only to protect their trains, and accomplished the object; (3) that although they marched but twelve miles the day after the affair, they saw no indications of pursuit, unless the seeing a scouting party once can be so called; (4) that they inflicted a loss much greater than that they suffered; (5) and that in the ten days following the fight, they marched but thirty-seven miles. They left four hundred wounded in Williamsburg, because they had no means of transporting them. But they captured five cannon and destroyed the carriages of five more, and took four hundred prisoners and several colors.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 98):

"In the mean time, Franklin's division had gone up the York River [McClellan wrote that the divisions of Franklin, Sedgwick, Porter, and Richardson were sent from Yorktown by water to the right bank of the Pamunkey near West Point.—J. E. J., and landed a short distance below West Point, on the south side of York River, and moved into a thick wood in the direction of the New Kent road, thus threatening the flank of our line of march. Two brigades of General G. W. Smith's division, Hampton's and Hood's, were detached under the command of General Whiting to dislodge the enemy, which they did after a short conflict, driving him to the protection of his gun-boats in York River."

The Federal force engaged was very much less than a division.

Mr. Davis says, lower down: "The loss of the enemy [in the battle of Williamsburg] greatly exceeded our own, which was 1200." He means exclusive of General Early's loss. According to General McClellan's report his loss was 2228. General Hooker stated under oath that his was 1700. But Kearny's

Couch's, and two-thirds of Smith's division, and Peck's brigade were engaged also. A loss of 528 is very small among so many.

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 101):

"Soon after General Johnston took position on the north of the Chickahominy, accompanied by General Lee, I rode out to his headquarters. . . . A long conversation followed, which was so inconclusive that it lasted until late in the night, so late that we remained until the next morning. As we rode back to Richmond, . . . General Lee confessed himself, as I was, unable to draw from it any more definite purpose than that the policy was to . . . improve his [Johnston's] position as far as practicable, and wait for the enemy to leave his gun-boats, so that an opportunity might be offered to meet him on land."

I explained that I had fallen back that far to clear my left flank of the navigable water, and so avoid having it turned; that as we were too weak to assume the offensive, and as the position I then held was an excellent one, I intended to await the Federal attack there. These explanations covered the whole ground, so that the President had no cause to complain, especially as he suggested nothing better. And he was satisfied then; for, three days later, he wrote to me by Colonel G. W. C. Lee: ". . . If the enemy proceed as heretofore indicated, your position and policy, as you stated it in our last interview, seems to me to require no modification." This is the interview called "inconclusive."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 103):

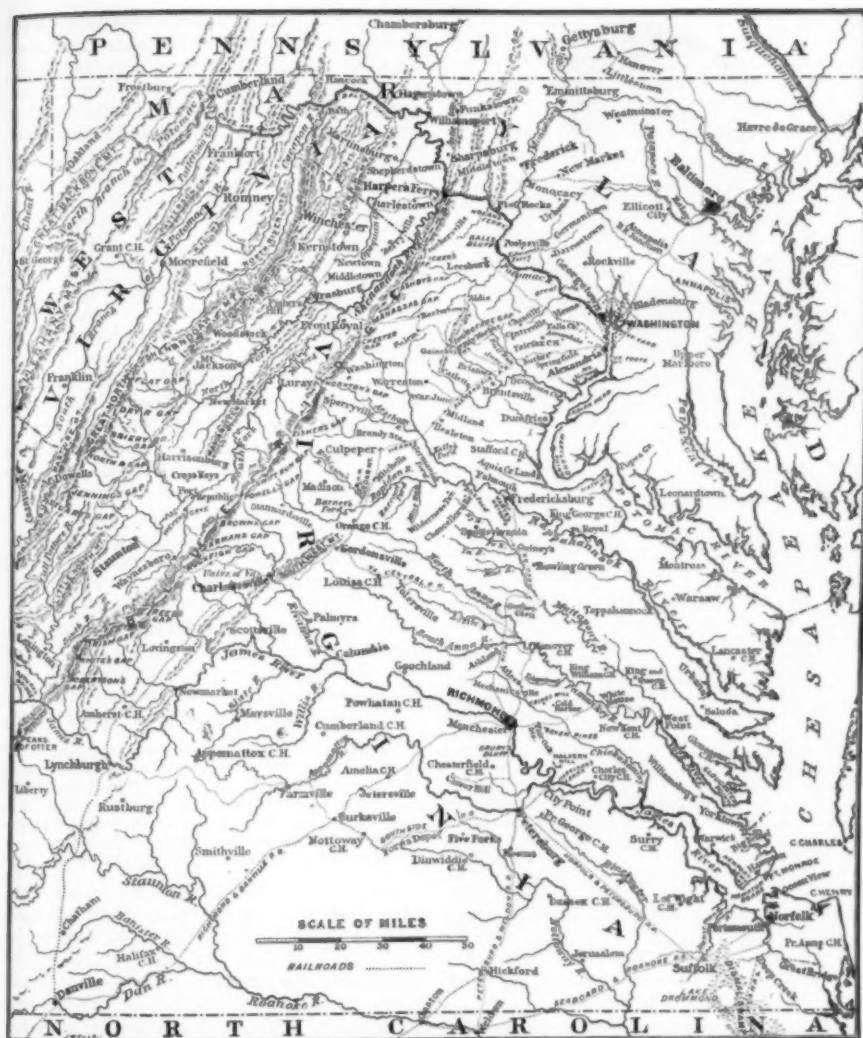
"After the repulse of the enemy's gunboats at Drewry's Bluff, I wrote to General Johnston a letter to be handed to him by my aide, Colonel G. W. C. Lee. ". . . I soon thereafter rode out to visit General Johnston at his headquarters, and was surprised in the suburbs of Richmond . . . to meet a portion of the light artillery, and to learn that the whole army had crossed the Chickahominy."

The army crossed the Chickahominy immediately after the affair of Drewry's Bluff. So that if Colonel Lee delivered a letter to me then, he of course reported to the President that I had crossed the river. And as the army's nearest approach to Richmond was on the 17th, his meeting with the light artillery must have occurred that day. So one cannot understand his surprise.

He says on the same page:

"General Johnston's explanation of this (to me) unexpected movement was, that he thought the water of the Chickahominy unhealthy. . . . He also adverted to the advantage of having the river in front rather than in the rear of him."

The army crossed the Chickahominy because the possession of James River by the enemy suggested the probability of a change of base to that river. And it was necessary that we should be so placed as to be able to meet the United States army approaching either from York River or along the James.



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS.

Water was not considered, for we did not use that of the Chickahominy; nor the position of the little stream behind us, for we had four bridges over it. The position of Seven Pines was chosen for the center, the right somewhat thrown back. But the scarcity of water induced me to draw nearer to Richmond, which was done on the 17th.

Mr. Davis makes statements (Vol. II., p. 106) regarding the strength of the Army of Northern Virginia on the 21st and 31st of May; but as he treats the subject more minutely farther on, we will examine what he says (p. 153):

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"In the Archives Office of the War Department in Washington, there are on file some of the field and monthly returns of the Army of Northern Virginia. . . . The following statements have been taken from those papers by Major Walter H. Taylor, of the staff of General Lee. . . .

"A statement of the strength of the troops under General Johnston shows that on May 21st, 1862, he had present for duty: Smith's division 10,592; Longstreet's division, 13,816; Magruder's division, 15,680, [240 too little]; D. H. Hill's division, 11,151; cavalry brigade, 1289; reserve artillery, 1160; total 53,688."

The above is from Major Taylor's memorandum given the President, made from estimates of brigades, not from returns. Without



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

being accurate, it is not far from the truth. In the memorandum Magruder is given 15,920 men. Mr. Davis continues:

"Major Taylor in his work ('Four Years with General Lee') states: 'In addition to the troops above enumerated, there were two brigades subject to his orders, then stationed in the vicinity of Hanover Junction, one under the command of General J. R. Anderson, and the other under the command of General Branch. They were subsequently incorporated into the division of General A. P. Hill.' [Mr. Davis continues:] . . . He estimates the strength of the two at 4000 effective."

" . . . Previous to the battle of Seven Pines, General Johnston was reinforced by General Huger's division of three brigades. The total strength of these three, according to the 'Reports of the Operations of the Army of Northern Virginia,' was 5008 effectives. Taylor says: 'If the strength of these five be added to the return of May 21, we shall have 62,696 as the effective strength of the army under General Johnston on May 31, 1862.'"

But according to General Huger's report to me, there were 7000 men (instead of 5008) in his three brigades, which does not exceed the ordinary strength of brigades then (that is to say, three average brigades would have had not less than 7000 men); and what Mr. Davis calls two brigades of "4000 effective" were, in fact, Anderson's division sent to observe McDowell's corps at Fredericksburg, and so large that General Lee called it the army of the North, and estimated it as 10,000 men;\* and the second, Branch's brigade, greatly strengthened to protect the railroad at Gordonsville, and estimated by General Lee as

\* "I advised you, April 23d, of certain troops ordered to report to General Field, viz.: two regiments from Richmond, two light batteries, a brigade from South Carolina, and one from North Carolina (Anderson's), in all 8000, in addition to those [2500.—J. E. J.] previously there."—General Lee's letter, May 8—"War Records," series I., vol. XI., part III., pages 500-1.

† "Two brigades, one from North Carolina (Branch's) and one from Norfolk, have been ordered to Gordonsville to reinforce that line."—General Lee's letter, as above.

5000 men.† When these troops were united on the Chickahominy, General Anderson's estimate of their numbers was, of the first, 9000, and of the other, 4000; 20,000 then, and not 9008, is the number to be added to the return of May 21, 1862, to show the effective strength of that army May 31, viz.: 73,928, including the correction of the number in Magruder's division.

Referring to our withdrawal from the north side of the Chickahominy to the vicinity of Richmond, Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Remembering a remark of General Johnston's that the Spaniards were the only people who now undertook to hold fortified towns, I had written to him that he knew the defense of Richmond must be made at a distance from it."

Mr. Davis is mistaken. No such letter was sent to me then. We communicated with each other only orally, excepting a note he sent me to point out that I had been absent from a skirmish the day before. He knew that the fact that the enemy was then able to approach Richmond either from York River or by the James compelled me to prepare for either event, by placing the army near the city. A short time before, he wrote: "To you it is needless to say that the defense must be made outside of the city." His next sentence, approving the course I was pursuing, has been quoted in connection with what the President said of an "inconclusive" conversation with me.

Mr. Davis continues, a little farther down:

"It had not occurred to me that he [Johnston] meditated a retreat which would uncover the capital, nor was it ever suspected until, in reading General Hood's book, published in 1880, the evidence was found that General Johnston when retreating from Yorktown, told his volunteer aide, Mr. McFarland, that 'he expected or intended to give up Richmond.'"

This story of Mr. McFarland is incredible. He, a very rich, fat old man, could not have been an aide-de-camp. As I did not know him at all until four years later, and then barely, he could not have been my aide-de-camp. And lastly, I had no volunteer aide. Besides, the Confederate President had abundant evidence that I had no such expectation, in the fact that, so far from giving up Richmond, I stood between it and the Federal army for three weeks, until I was disabled by desperate wounds received in its defense. Under such circumstances his accusation is, to say the least, very discreditable. E. J. Harvie, late Colonel and Assistant Inspector-General C. S. A., now in the War Records Office, Washington, in answer to my question, "Had I ever a volunteer

aide-de-camp named McFarland, or any volunteer aide-de-camp after leaving Manassas, while serving in Virginia?" wrote me, under date of January 28, 1885, as follows: "To my knowledge, you certainly had not. My position as your staff officer justifies me in saying that Mr. McFarland was not with you in any capacity."

Surgeon A. M. Fauntleroy, in answer to my question, "Had I a volunteer aide-de-camp in May, 1862, especially when the army was moving from Yorktown towards Richmond? Or did you ever in that time see an old gentleman of Richmond, named McFarland, about my headquarters?" writes: "I never did. I cannot well see how such a person could have escaped my observation, if he was there at any time."

And J. B. Washington, president of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railway, writes me as follows:

"You had not on your staff after leaving Manassas a volunteer aide-de-camp, especially during May, 1862, when the army was between Yorktown and Richmond. I was personally acquainted with Mr. McFarland of Richmond, but never saw him at our headquarters, nor heard of his ever having been there."

"Having served as aide-de-camp on your staff from May, 1861, to February, 1864, I was in a position to know of the circumstances of which I have written."

Mr. Davis says (Vol. II., p. 120):

"Seeing no preparation to keep the enemy at a distance, . . . I sent for General Lee . . . and told him how I was dissatisfied with the condition of affairs. He asked me what I thought it was proper to do. . . . I answered that McClellan should be attacked on the other side of the Chickahominy, before he matured his preparations for a siege of Richmond. To this he promptly assented. . . . He then said: 'General Johnston should, of course, advise you of what he proposes to do. Let me go and see him.' . . . When General Lee came back, he told me that General Johnston proposed, on the next Thursday, to move against the enemy, as follows: General A. P. Hill was to move down on the right flank and rear of the enemy. General G. W. Smith, as soon as Hill's guns opened, was to cross the Chickahominy at the Meadow Bridge, attack the enemy in flank, and, by the conjunction of the two, it was expected to double him up. Then Longstreet was to cross on the Mechanicsville bridge and attack him in front. From this plan the best results were hoped by both of us."

It is certain that General Lee could have had no such hopes from this plan, nor have been a party to it; for it would not only have sent our army where there was no enemy, but left open the way to Richmond. For the Meadow Bridge is two and a half miles from Mechanicsville, and that place about six miles above the Federal right. So, after two-thirds of our troops had crossed the Chickahominy, the Federal army could have marched straight to Richmond, opposed by not more than one-fifth of its number in Magruder's and D. H. Hill's divisions. This plan is probably the wildest on record.

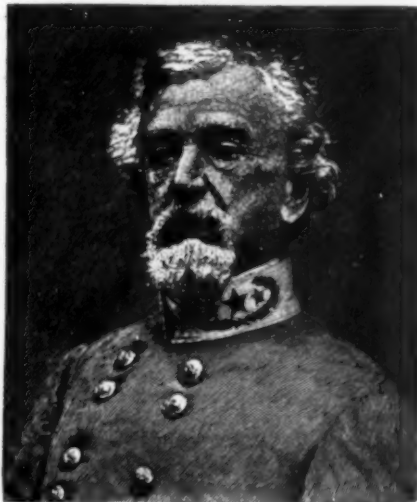
As to what is described (Vol. II., p. 121),

G. W. Smith's division was never in the place indicated, and General Longstreet's was never on the Mechanicsville road near the bridge, before General Lee crossed the Chickahominy to fight at Gaines's Mills.

A glance at the map will show how singularly incorrect is Mr. Davis's description (Vol. II., pp. 122-3) of the vicinity of Seven Pines and of the disposition of the Federal troops.

#### THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

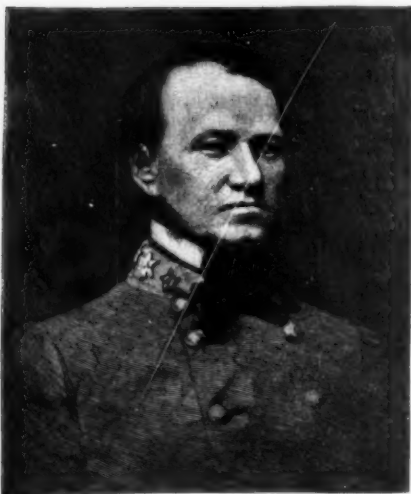
On the 23d of May Keyes's Federal corps crossed to the south side of the Chickahominy, and a detachment attacked Hatton's Confederate brigade, which was in observation near Savage's Station. The detachment was driven back, and, Hatton's object having been accomplished (learning that the enemy had



MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN HUGER.  
(AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

crossed the stream), he was recalled. I was advised to hold that position with the army, but preferred to let the enemy advance, which would increase the interval between his left and the right, which was beyond the Chickahominy. McDowell's corps of 40,000 men was then at Fredericksburg, observed by a division under Brigadier-General J. R. Anderson; and a large Confederate brigade, under Brigadier-General Branch, was at Gordonsville.

On the 24th our cavalry was driven across the Chickahominy, principally at Mechanicsville. This extension of the right wing of the enemy to the west made me apprehend that the two detachments (Anderson and Branch) above mentioned might be cut off.



MAJOR-GENERAL GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY & SON.)

They were therefore ordered to fall back to the Chickahominy. Near Hanover Court House the brigade was attacked by Porter's corps and driven off, escaping with a loss of sixty-six killed and one hundred and seventy-seven wounded, as General Branch reported. A division was formed of Anderson's and Branch's troops, to the command of which Major-General A. P. Hill was assigned.

That evening General Anderson sent word that his scouts left near Fredericksburg reported that McDowell's troops were marching southward. As the object of this march was evidently the junction of this corps with the main army, I determined to attack McClellan before McDowell could join him; and the major-generals were desired to hold their troops ready to move. But at night, when those officers were with me to receive instructions for the expected battle, General J. E. B. Stuart, who also had a detachment of cavalry observing McDowell's corps, reported that it had returned to Fredericksburg. As my object was to bring on the inevitable battle before McClellan should receive an addition of 40,000 men to his forces, this intelligence made me return to my first design—that of attacking McClellan's left wing on the Williamsburg road as soon as, by advancing, it had sufficiently increased its distance from his right, north of the Chickahominy.

The morning of the 30th, armed reconnaissances were made under General D. H. Hill's direction—on the Charles City road by Brigadier-General Rodas, and on the Williamsburg road by Brigadier-General Garland. The lat-

ter found Federal outposts five miles from Richmond—or two miles west of Seven Pines—in such strength as indicated that a corps was near. On receiving this information from General Hill, I informed him that he would lead an attack on the enemy next morning. Orders were given for the concentration of twenty-two of our twenty-eight brigades against McClellan's left wing, about two-fifths of his army. Our six other brigades were guarding the river from New Bridge to Meadow Bridge, on our extreme left. Longstreet and Huger were directed to conduct their divisions to D. H. Hill's position on the Williamsburg road, and G. W. Smith to march with his to the junction of the Nine-mile road with the New Bridge road, where Magruder was with four brigades.

Longstreet, as ranking officer of the troops on the Williamsburg road, was instructed verbally to form D. H. Hill's division as first line, and his own as second, across the road at right angles, and to advance in that order to attack the enemy; while Huger's division should march by the right flank along the Charles City road, to fall upon the enemy's flank when our troops were engaged with him in front. Federal earthworks and abatis that might be found were to be turned. G. W. Smith was to protect the troops under Longstreet from attack by those of the Federal right wing across the Chickahominy; and, if such transfer should not be threatened, he was to fall upon the enemy on the Williamsburg road. Those troops were formed in four lines, each being a division. Casey's was a mile west of Seven Pines, with a line of



MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL H. HILL.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

skirmishers a half mile in advance; Couch's was at Seven Pines and Fair Oaks—the two forming Keyes's corps. Kearny's division was near Savage's Station, and Hooker's two miles west of Bottom's Bridge—the two forming Heintzelman's corps.

Longstreet's command of the right was to end when the troops approached Seven Pines, and I should be present to direct the movements, after which each major-general would command his own division. The rain began to fall violently in the afternoon of the 30th, and continued all night. In the morning the little streams near our camps were so much swollen as to make it probable that the Chickahominy was overflowing its banks and cutting the communication between the wings of the Federal army. Being confident that Longstreet and D. H. Hill, with their forces united, would be successful in the earlier part of the action against adversaries formed in several lines, with wide intervals between them, I left the immediate control on the Williamsburg road to them, under general instructions, and placed myself on the left, where I could soonest learn of the approach of Federal reinforcements from their right. For this scouts were sent forward to discover all movements that might be made by the enemy.

The condition of the ground and little streams delayed the troops in marching; yet those of Smith, Longstreet, and Hill were in position quite early enough. But the soldiers from Norfolk, who had seen garrison service only, were unnecessarily stopped in their march by a swollen rivulet. This unexpected delay led to interchange of messages for several hours between General Longstreet and myself, I urging Longstreet to begin the fight, he replying. But, near two o'clock, that officer was requested to go forward to the attack; the hands of my watch marked three o'clock at the report of the first field-piece. The Federal advanced line—a long line of skirmishers, supported by several regiments—was encountered at three o'clock. The greatly superior numbers of the Confederates soon drove them back to the main position of Casey's division. It occupied a line of rifle-pits, strengthened by a redoubt and abattis. Here the resistance was very obstinate; for the Federals, commanded by an officer of skill and tried courage, fought as soldiers generally do under good leaders; and time and vigorous efforts of superior numbers were required to drive them from their ground. But the resolution of Garland's and G. B. Anderson's brigades, that pressed forward on our left through an open field, under a destructive fire, the admirable service of Carter's and Bondurant's batteries, and a skillfully

combined attack upon the Federal left, under General Hill's direction, by Rodes's brigade in front and that of Rains in flank, were at last successful, and the enemy abandoned their intrenchments. Just then reinforcements from Couch's division came up, and an effort was made to recover the position. But it was to no purpose; for R. H. Anderson's brigade



MAJOR-GENERAL DARIUS N. COUCH.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

reinforced Hill's troops, and the Federals were driven back to Seven Pines.

Keyes's Corps (Casey's and Couch's divisions) was united at Seven Pines and reinforced by Kearny's division, coming from Savage's Station. But the three divisions were so vigorously attacked by Hill that they were broken and driven from their intrenchments, the greater part along the Williamsburg road to the intrenched line at Savage's Station. Two brigades of their left, however, fled to White Oak Swamp.

General Hill pursued the enemy a mile; then, night being near, he re-formed his troops, facing towards the Federals. Longstreet's and Huger's divisions, coming up, were formed between Hill's line and Fair Oaks.

For some cause the disposition on the Charles City road was modified. Two of General Huger's brigades were ordered to advance along that road, with three of Longstreet's under Brigadier-General Wilcox. After following that road some miles, General Wilcox received orders to conduct his troops to the Williamsburg road. On entering it, he was ordered to the front, and joined Hill's troops near and approaching Seven Pines with his own brigade, and aided in the defeat of the three divisions struggling to hold the intrenchments there.

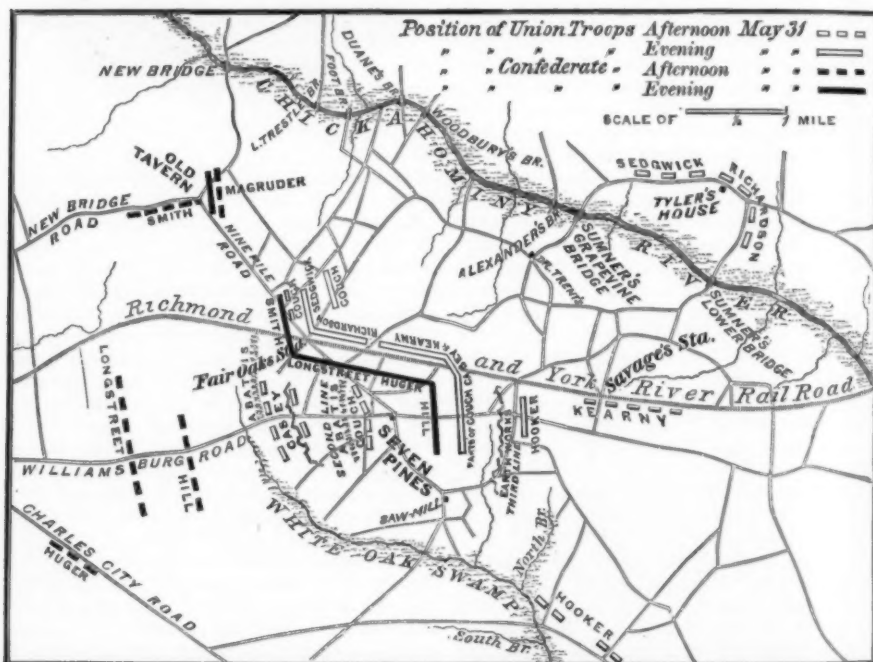


MAJOR-GENERAL EDWIN V. SUMNER.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

When the action just described began, the musketry was not heard at my position on

the Nine-mile road, from the unfavorable condition of the air; and I supposed for some time that we were hearing only an artillery duel. But a staff officer was sent to ascertain the facts. He returned at four o'clock with intelligence that our infantry as well as artillery had been engaged an hour, and all were pressing on vigorously. As no approach of troops from beyond the Chickahominy had been discovered, I hoped that the enemy's bridges were impassable, and therefore desired General Smith to move towards Seven Pines, to be ready to coöperate with our right. He moved promptly along the Nine-mile road, and his leading regiment soon became engaged, with the Federal skirmishers and their reserves, and in a few minutes drove them off.

On my way to Longstreet's left, to combine the action of the two bodies of troops, I passed the head of General Smith's column near Fair Oaks, and saw the camps of about a brigade in the angle between the Nine-mile road and the York River Railroad, and the rear of a column of infantry moving in quick time



RELATIVE POSITIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, AND AFTER DARK ON MAY 31.

[During the morning of May 31, Huger's division was on the railroad a mile out of Richmond. About the same time Longstreet's division was at the fork of the Williamsburg and Charles City roads; Hill's division on the Williamsburg road half a mile in advance of Longstreet; and Magruder's and G. W. Smith's divisions near Old Tavern.

When the attack was made on the Union forces, Casey's division was three-quarters of a mile in advance of Seven Pines. He was supported on his right by Abercrombie's brigade (of Couch's division) at Fair Oaks Station, and behind him by the remainder of Couch's division at Seven Pines and on the Nine-mile road. These two divisions of Keyes's corps were reinforced late in the afternoon, near Seven Pines, by Kearny's division, which, at the time of the attack, was near Savage's Station; Couch's troops at Fair Oaks fell back a short distance to meet Sedgwick's division approaching from the "Grapvine" bridge, and before dark recovered a part of the ground lost at the Station.

Huger's (Confederate) division and Richardson's and Hooker's divisions did not get into position near the line of fighting until after dark. A part of Hooker's troops were at the White Oak bridge (not indicated in the map), to the left of his other positions. On the Union side, Richardson and Hooker did most of the fighting on the second day.—ED.]

from that point towards the Chickahominy, by the road to the Grapevine ford. A few minutes after this, a battery near the point where this infantry had disappeared commenced firing upon the head of the Confederate column. A regiment sent against it was received with a volley of musketry, as well as canister, and recoiled. The leading brigade, commanded by Colonel Law, then advanced, and so much strength was developed by the enemy that General Smith brought his other brigades into action on the left of Law's. An obstinate contest began, and was maintained on equal terms, although we engaged superior numbers on ground of their own choosing.

I had passed the railroad a few hundred yards with Hood's brigade when the firing commenced, and stopped to see it terminated. But being confident that the enemy opposing us were those whose camp I had just seen, and therefore only a brigade, I did not doubt that General Smith was more than strong enough to cope with them. Therefore General Hood was directed to go on in such a direction as to connect his right with Longstreet's left and take his antagonists in flank. The direction of that firing was then nearly south-west from Fair Oaks. It was then about 5 o'clock.

In that position my intercourse with Longstreet was maintained through staff officers, who were assisted by General Stuart of the cavalry, which was then unemployed; their reports were all of steady progress.

At Fair Oaks, however, no advantage was gained on either side, and the contest was continued with unflagging courage. It was near half-past six o'clock before I admitted to myself that Smith was engaged, not with a brigade, as I had obstinately thought, but with more than a division; but I thought that it would be injudicious to engage Magruder's division, our only reserve, so late in the day.

The firing was then violent at Seven Pines, and within a half hour the three Federal divisions were broken and driven from their position in confusion. It was then evident, however, from the obstinacy of our adversaries at Fair Oaks, that the battle would not be decided that day. I said so to the staff officers near me, and told them that each regiment must sleep where it might be standing when the firing ceased for the night, to be ready to renew it at dawn next morning.

About half-past seven o'clock I received a musket-shot in the shoulder, and was unhorsed soon after by a heavy fragment of shell which struck my breast.

I was borne from the field—first to a house on the roadside, thence to Richmond. The firing ceased before I had been carried a

mile from it. The conflict at Fair Oaks was terminated by darkness only.

Mr. Davis's account of what he saw and did at Fair Oaks (Vol. II., p. 123) indicates singular ignorance of the topography of the vicinity, as well as of what was occurring. He says that the enemy's line was on the bank of the river. It was at right angles to and some three miles from it. He says that soon after his arrival I was brought from the right



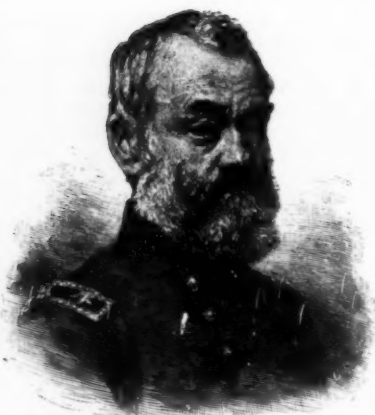
MAJOR-GENERAL ERASMUS D. KEYES.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

wounded. This proves that his "arrival" was near sunset. He also describes the moving of reinforcements from the left to the right. This was not being done. The right was abundantly strong. He says that he made a reconnaissance—then sent three couriers one after the other, with an order to Magruder "to send a force" by the wooded path under the bluff, to attack the enemy in flank and reverse. If the first courier had been dispatched before the reconnaissance, and delivered the order to Magruder promptly, his "force" marching little more than a mile by the straight Nine-mile road could scarcely have come up before dark. The route described would have been (if found) five or six miles long.

The only thing he ought to have done, or had time to do, was postponed almost twenty hours—the putting General Lee, who was near, in command of the army.

The operations of the Confederate troops in this battle were very much retarded by the broad ponds of rain-water,—in many places more than knee-deep,—by the deep mud, and by the dense woods and thickets that covered the ground.

G. W. Smith's division lost 1283 in killed, wounded, and missing. Brigadier-General



MAJOR-GENERAL SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN.

Hatton was among the killed, and Brigadier-Generals Pettigrew and Hampton were severely wounded. The latter kept his saddle, and served to the end of the action. General Longstreet reported that the loss of the troops on the Williamsburg road in killed, wounded, and missing was about 3000, of which 2700 was in Hill's division. Among the killed were Colonels Moore, of Alabama, Jones, and Lomax. These reports refer to the battle of Seven Pines, which was fought and ended on the 31st of May.

The Federal loss, including that on June 1st, according to General McClellan's "Report on . . . The Army of the Potomac," page 227, was 7000.\*

Prisoners to the number of 350, 10 pieces of artillery, 6700 muskets and rifles in excellent condition, a garrison flag and 4 regimental colors, medical, commissary, quartermaster and ordnance stores, tents and sutler's property, were captured and secured.

The troops on the ground at nightfall were: on the Confederate side, twenty-two brigades, more than half of which had not been in action; and on the Federal side six divisions in three corps, two-thirds of which had fought, and half of which had been totally defeated. Two Federal divisions were at Fair Oaks, and three and a half at Savage's, three miles off, and half a one two miles nearer Bottom's Bridge. The Southern troops were united, and in a position to overwhelm either fraction of the Northern army, while holding the other in check.

Officers of the Federal army have claimed a victory at Seven Pines. The Confederates had such evidences of victory as cannon, captured intrenchments, and not only sleeping on the field, but passing the following day

there, so little disturbed by the Federal troops as to gather, in woods, thickets, mud, and water, 6700 muskets and rifles. Besides, the Federal army had been advancing steadily until the day of this battle; after it they made not another step forward, but employed themselves industriously in intrenching.

In a publication of mine made in 1874, I attempted to show that General Lee did not attack the enemy until June 26, because he was engaged from June 1 until then in forming a great army, bringing to that which I had commanded 15,000 men from North Carolina under General Holmes, 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia, and above 16,000 in the divisions of Jackson and Ewell.

My authority for the 15,000 was General Holmes's statement, May 31, that he had that number waiting the President's order to join me. When their arrival was announced, I supposed that theirs was as stated.

General Ripley, their best-informed and senior officer, was my authority for the 22,000 from South Carolina and Georgia. I thought, as a matter of course, that all of these troops had been brought up for the great crisis. Mr. Davis is eager to prove that but two of the four bodies of them came to Richmond in time. One who had opportunity to observe that Mr. Davis was almost invariably too late in reënföring threatened from unthreatened points, has no apology for the assumption that this was an exception.

General Ripley reported officially that he brought 5000 from Charleston, and explained in writing that, arriving before them, he was assigned to the command of the brigade of 2366, his 5000 being distributed in the army as they arrived in detachments.

General Lawton stated in writing that he brought about 6000 men from Georgia to the Valley; but as they had never marched before, they were incapable of moving at Jackson's rate, and he estimated that 2500 had been unable to keep their places when they arrived on the field of Gaines's Mills. Hence his statement that he had 3500 in line in that battle. But the laggards rejoined him in two or three days.

I estimated Jackson's and Ewell's forces at 16,000, because Ewell told me that his was 8000, and Jackson's had been usually about twenty-five per cent. larger. Mr. Davis puts the joint force at 8000. His authority has stated it also at 12,000 (see "Personal Reminiscences of General Lee," p. 6), and this is far below the fact.

My object in this is to show that I consulted respectable authorities. Mr. Davis proves that his forces were not well employed.

*J. E. Johnston.*

\*From a dispatch of June 4. Earlier the same day, McClellan reported that the loss would exceed 9000, but said he had not yet full returns. On June 6 he sent to the Secretary of War a statement of losses of each corps—total 5739. The official revised returns make the total 5931.—EDITOR C. M.

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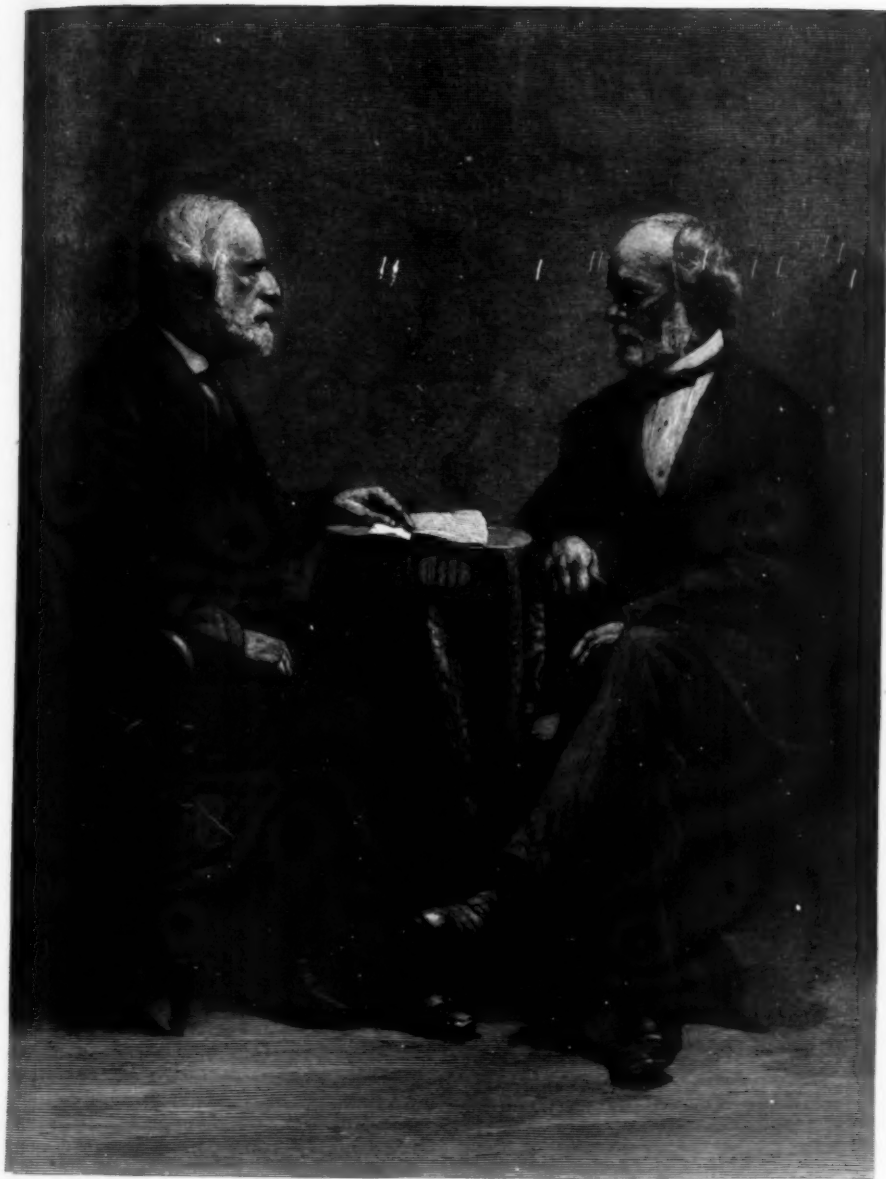
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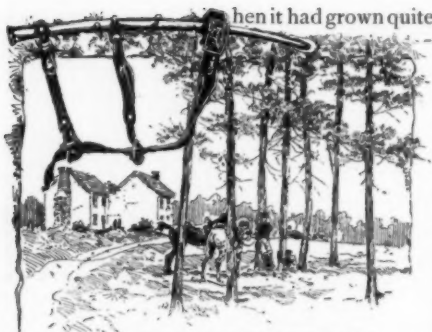


*R. L. See J. E. Johnston*

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE WAR.)

## THE SECOND DAY AT SEVEN PINES.

JUNE 1, 1862.



THE SEVEN PINES, LOOKING EAST.  
(AFTER A ROUGH SKETCH MADE DURING THE WAR.)

When it had grown quite dark on Saturday, the 31st, and just after I had ordered the troops in the woods to reform in the open field behind the line they had held in close contact with the Federals, I left the extreme front and proceeded toward the Nine-mile road. On reaching the open field, I met an aide-de-camp who informed me that General Johnston had been seriously if not fatally wounded, and carried from the field about an hour before. I was second in rank in that army, and the casualty to General Johnston placed me in command. Within three minutes after receiving this information, I met President Davis and General Lee. They were on the Nine-mile road about three hundred yards west of Fair Oaks Station, near the eastern edge of the large wood.

In order to convey a fair idea of the circumstances which resulted in the condition of affairs on the field when the command of the army devolved upon me, brief allusion will be made here to preliminary operations.

On the 27th of May General Johnston received information that General McDowell was advancing from Fredericksburg to form a junction with General McClellan in front of Richmond. That afternoon my division was placed under the command of General Whiting, and he was ordered to move it from the ground then occupied, guarding the Williamsburg road east of Richmond, and take position north of the city, in the vicinity of Meadow Bridges. I was assigned to command the left wing of the army, of which my division, under Whiting, would form a part; and at my urgent solicitation I was relieved from commanding General Magruder. Early in the morning of the 31st of May General

Whiting received an order direct from General Johnston, to move the division under his command to the point on the Nine-mile road where the road to New Bridge turns off. This order was also sent to me by General Johnston. On its receipt I turned over the command of the left wing temporarily to General A. P. Hill, and proceeded to General Johnston's headquarters, near the Nine-mile road, in the north-east suburb of Richmond. I reached there before sunrise, informed him of the order I had given A. P. Hill, and stated that, in leaving the left wing, I did not purpose taking from General Whiting the command of my division, but desired to see how they would acquit themselves in case they went into action, and would assume command at any time or place in case it should be necessary. In leaving General A. P. Hill I had informed him that I would at once return rapidly to the left wing and resume command there if a movement by the enemy should be attempted in that direction.

About 6 A. M. the head of my division, under Whiting, arrived in the vicinity of General Johnston's headquarters, but was prevented from reaching the Nine-mile road by troops of Longstreet's division, who were across Whiting's line of march. Having waited in vain for Longstreet's troops to clear the road for Whiting, about 8 A. M. I directed my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant R. F. Beckham, to report this state of things to General Longstreet, and ask that it be corrected as soon as possible. Lieutenant Beckham asked me where he would find General Longstreet. I referred him to General Johnston, who was present. General Johnston said General Longstreet's division was moving on the Nine-mile road, and he supposed General Longstreet was with it; if not, he would probably be found with General D. H. Hill's division on the Williamsburg road. About 9 A. M. I received a note from Lieutenant Beckham stating that Longstreet's division was not on the Nine-mile road, and that he (Beckham) would cross over to the Williamsburg road in search of General Longstreet. I showed the note to General Johnston at once. It was difficult to convince him that Lieutenant Beckham was not mistaken. But when I called his attention to the fact that Beckham was one of the best staff-officers in the army, and there could be no doubt of the correctness of the information, General Johnston sent one of his aides, Lieutenant

Washington, to General Longstreet, directing him to send at least three brigades of his division back to the Nine-mile road, if this would not cause serious loss of time. Lieutenant Washington, in execution of this order, went rapidly on the Nine-mile road in search of General Longstreet, passed the Confederate pickets, in advance of the New Bridge fork of that road, at full speed, and soon found himself within the Federal lines—a prisoner.

About 11 A. M. Lieutenant Beckham reported to me, at General Johnston's headquarters, that he had found General Longstreet's division on the Williamsburg road halted for the purpose of allowing General D. H. Hill's troops to file by; and that General Longstreet was making dispositions

the road to New Bridge turns off, and remained there several hours, awaiting some indication or information that the attack had been commenced by the troops under General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road.

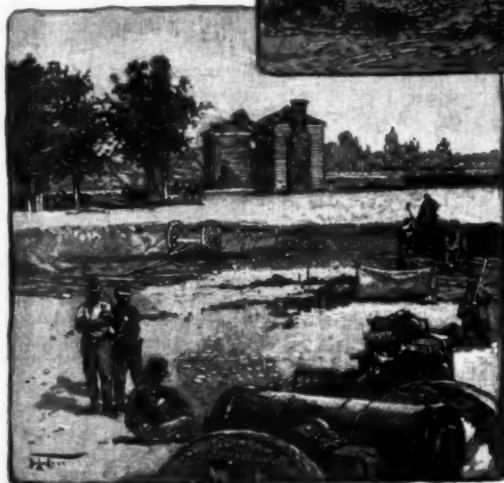
Returning now to my meeting with President Davis and General Lee on the Nine-mile road, just after the command of the army had devolved upon me, at dark on the 31st: I at once, in answer to inquiries made by the



TWO VIEWS OF FAIR OAKS STATION.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

The upper picture shows the east front of the station. Four hundred dead were buried in the foreground. The railway passed between the buildings.

The lower picture shows the south side of the station and earthworks which on this side extended to the Williamsburg road.—ED.



to attack the enemy on that road, with D. H. Hill's division and his own. Lieutenant Beckham said, in reference to the troops of Longstreet's division, that he saw halted: What surprised me most was that they were "accompanied by wagons loaded with baggage and camp equipage."

In the mean time the head of the division under Whiting had remained near General Johnston's headquarters from 6 A. M. until about 11 A. M. It then moved forward on the Nine-mile road, accompanied by General Johnston, and halted near the point at which

that the three divisions under Longstreet would make a determined attack before 8 A. M. I explained the delays that had been caused by General Longstreet's misunderstanding in regard to the direction of his own division, and its consequent movement from the Nine-mile road to the Williamsburg road; and spoke of General Johnston's disappointment and anxiety because of the still further prolonged delay after Longstreet's division was transferred to the latter road. I told the President of the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 P. M.,

asking for help; of the hurried movement of my division, under General Whiting, conducted by General Johnston in person, to the aid of Longstreet; and the sudden appearance of the enemy from the north side of the Chickahominy, which interrupted the movement in aid of Longstreet, and resulted in the contest north of Fair Oaks. I described the contest that had taken place on that part of the field, and then asked him, and others near, if anything had been heard on the Nine-mile road from the 30,000 men under Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, later than the note received by General Johnston about four o'clock P. M.

Nothing further had been heard, and the President then asked me what were my plans. I told him that I could not understandingly determine what was best to be done, until something was known of the condition of affairs in the right wing of the army, and some data obtained in regard to the position and strength of the enemy on that side; and added, it might be found expedient to withdraw to better ground covering Richmond, or it might not; all depended on what had occurred in the right wing. The President suggested that, if we remained, the enemy might withdraw during the night, which would give us the moral effect of a victory. I replied that I would not withdraw without good reason; all would depend upon the state of affairs on the Williamsburg road. Nothing had happened on our side to make it necessary to retire.

All I then knew of the actual battle was what had occurred north of Fair Oaks Station, where four brigades of my own division, which was commanded by General Whiting, and directed by General Johnston in person until he was wounded, engaged a strong Federal reinforcement from the north side of the river (which proved to be Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps). Judging from the note received by General Johnston from General Longstreet at 4 P. M., there was good reason to believe that the delay of the latter in bringing on the attack had given time for Federal reinforcements to reach the field from the direction of Bottom's Bridge; and there was reason, too, for the belief that General Longstreet's troops were nearly, if not quite, all in action when he called for help. It was very clear that the sudden and, if possible, crushing blow which General Johnston expected to have made early in the morning by the right wing of the army against the Federal forces isolated in the vicinity of Seven Pines, had failed. Night found two-thirds of the Confederate army in the swamps eight miles east of Richmond, at the end of a bloody and indecisive engagement begun about the middle

of the afternoon, whilst the right of the Federal army was in the vicinity of Mechanicsville, a good deal nearer Richmond than we were. I had no reason to believe that all the bridges over the Chickahominy were broken and that stream impassable. In short, the condition of affairs was not altogether rose-colored, in my view, when the command of the army devolved upon me. But I could determine nothing understandingly until information was received from the right wing.

About half an hour after dark the President and General Lee rode away. General J. E. B. Stuart, who had been, during the day, on the extreme right with a portion of the cavalry, picketing the Charles City road and the White Oak Swamp, reached the field near Fair Oaks at nearly the same time, and reported to me that the enemy had not advanced from their position at White Oak Bridge; that our troops had carried the intrenched position at Seven Pines some time before sunset, and had advanced on the Williamsburg road beyond that point, but he did not know how far. He had good guides with him, and he offered to go in person to General Longstreet, and have him piloted to the headquarters on the Nine-mile road. Several parties had been previously sent to communicate with General Longstreet and request him to come over to the Nine-mile road for conference and instructions.

A short time before midnight, after I had made my headquarters at Old Tavern, I received a note from General Stuart stating that at 10:30 P. M. he had failed to find General Longstreet. At 12:40 Sunday morning (June 1), having heard nothing from General Longstreet, I addressed him a note asking the position of his command at dark, the condition of his men, and requesting his views in regard to the operations to be undertaken in his front that morning. Soon after that note was written, General Longstreet, without having received it, arrived at my headquarters, having been found about midnight by one of the staff-officers sent to communicate with him. General Longstreet reported that only a portion of his own division had been seriously engaged in close action, and that Huger's division had scarcely been engaged at all; the principal fighting having been done by D. H. Hill's division; that the enemy's works at Seven Pines had been carried late in the afternoon; the Federals had been pressed back about a mile beyond that point, and the fighting had been continued until dark. On receipt of this information, I directed General Longstreet to send one brigade of Huger's division to support the troops on the Nine-mile road, and renew the fighting with

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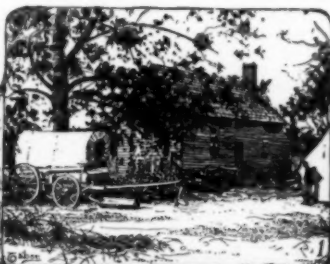
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the remainder of the right wing as early as possible after daylight, directing his efforts north instead of any farther east, pivoting this movement on the position of Whiting, near Fair Oaks Station. General Longstreet was assured that when a determined attack by the right wing was well developed, it should be favored by a strong demonstration, and, if necessary, by a real attack, by Whiting's command, and other troops to be brought up on the Nine-mile road. Long-

front each, and four batteries. These two divisions constituted Sumner's corps. On the left, Keyes's corps [part of Couch's and Casey's divisions] held the strong works south of the Williamsburg road, called "the third line of defense," protected by sixty pieces of artillery. The interval between Keyes and Sumner was a little more than a mile, and was held by Heintzelman's corps [Hooker, during the night, being in bivouac near the intrenchments on the Williamsburg road], consisting on the ground of Kearny's



HOUSES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, USED AS UNION HOSPITALS.



(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SOON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

street objected to renewing the attack with the right wing of the army, and said it ought to be made by my division, which he thought had done little fighting on the 31st. After hearing all he chose to say on that subject, I gave the positive order, as above, and General Longstreet returned to the Williamsburg road.\*

I then wrote to General Lee,—who was in general charge in Richmond of all Confederate army operations,—telling him what had been determined on, what orders had been given, and asking that such reinforcements as were within reach should be sent. General Lee's reply is dated Richmond, 5 A. M. He says: "Ripley will be ordered, and such forces from General Holmes as can be got up will be sent. Your movements are judicious, and determination to strike the enemy right."

The following statement of the position of the Federal forces at daylight on the 1st of June is the substance of an account by General George W. Mi. dil, aide-de-camp to General Phil. Kearny. Sedgwick's division and the detachment from Couch's, and five batteries, were on the extreme right, facing west-north-west. On the left of Sedgwick, at nearly a right angle, and parallel with the railroad, was Richardson's division, in three lines of a brigade

division and about half of Hooker's division, with every practicable approach commanded by a numerous artillery. The troops outside the strong works south of the Williamsburg road were partly protected, a line of rifle-pits having been thrown up during the night. The pickets of the three corps were in communication throughout. General Mindil placed the outposts forming the connection between Sumner and Heintzelman.

On the Confederate side the troops under Longstreet had all been brought to the front. His extreme right was on the Williamsburg road, about half a mile east of Seven Pines; his left near two wood roads, about half a mile east of Fair Oaks Station. The troops forming his right faced east, those of his left faced north. Nearly if not all of his command was in the wood east of the Nine-mile road, and between the Williamsburg road and the railroad. My division under Whiting was on the Nine-mile road, a little west of Fair Oaks Station, near the ground on which it had fought the previous afternoon.

General Mindil says: "About five o'clock on Sunday morning [June 1], in the gray of dawn, the Confederate skirmishers in front of Richardson opened fire." These were Hood's

\* It appears that, "At 2 A. M., June 1st, a Federal council of war was held in General Sumner's tent, and it was resolved to attack the enemy as soon as disposition for that purpose could be made." See "The Peninsula," by General A. S. Webb, p. 114.—ED.

enterprising Texans, near Fair Oaks Station, who were seeking the enemy in front of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left. They were immediately recalled, because it was intended that the attack should be made by the right wing under Longstreet.

Again, General Mindil says:

"At half-past six o'clock a determined assault was made against General French's line (of Richardson's division), the enemy pushing forward along the two wood roads that crossed this line heavy columns of attack, supporting them on both flanks by battalions of infantry in deployed line. The firing commenced within half-musket shot, and was maintained at closer quarters for nearly an hour and a half before the enemy's [the Confederate] column wavered and broke."

In a note, dated 6:30 A. M., General Whiting reported to me, "Heavy firing in advance of us." It now seemed that the right wing under Longstreet was beginning the movement ordered. Some time later, perhaps an hour, General Whiting wrote: "I am going to try a diversion for Longstreet; . . . the musketry firing in advance is tremendous." On the far side of the gap between Whiting's right and Longstreet's left our troops were falling back. The firing had been at times quite heavy; but nothing had been observed from the Nine-mile road indicating that any large portion of the Confederate right wing had begun in earnest the movement in which Whiting was ordered to coöperate.

"Hardly had fresh Federal regiments taken the places of those which had exhausted their ammunition in repulsing the Confederate attack at 8 A. M. [says General Mindil], when the enemy's [Confederate] column, strongly reinforced, gave a general yell, and again dashed forward to the attack. This renewed fight was of the most desperate and sanguinary character, lasting more than an hour, when the enemy were again driven back, without gaining a single point of the Union line. . . . So fierce was the fighting in Richardson's front that he sustained a loss of nearly 800 men in a division much smaller in numbers than Sedgwick's, and his men were partly protected by the railroad embankment. . . . As Hooker neared the clearing on Hyer's farm, he ordered his four regiments to charge; this cleared the woods, and the enemy were entirely broken. . . . Hooker was now on the right flank and rear of the forces engaged with Richardson, and he was not slow to improve his opportunity."

A few moments after 9 A. M., General Whiting wrote to me: "Some of Griffith's regiments might be sent down to the railroad in rear of the position occupied by Hood, which, with a heavy enemy's battery in his rear, has be-

come untenable." The Federals in pursuit of Longstreet's forces—that had probably withdrawn along the two wood roads previously mentioned—were getting nearly upon the prolongation of Hood's line, but not as yet in rear of it.

About 10:30 A. M. I received a note from General Longstreet, stating, "The brigade cannot be spared. Every man except a brigade is in action. . . . I am not able to do without it." A little later a note, dated 10 A. M., was received from General Longstreet, in which he says: "General, can you reinforce me? The entire [Federal] army seems to be opposed to me. . . . If I can't get help, I fear I must fall back."

On receipt of this note, I ordered five thousand men from the crest of the Chickahominy Bluffs, between the New Bridge and Mechanicsville roads, to move as soon as possible to the support of General Longstreet; and Ripley's brigade, which was expected to arrive by the Nine-mile road, was ordered to move to the front on the Williamsburg road as soon as it reached Richmond. General McLaws was sent to General Longstreet to inform him of the reinforcements that had been ordered to his support; to assure him that the whole of McClellan's army was not in his front; and to tell him that he must not fall back any farther, but must, if possible, regain the ground he had already lost. About 1 P. M. I received a note from General McLaws stating, "Longstreet says he can hold his position with five thousand more men. He has the same ground the enemy held yesterday."

In the mean time the right of Whiting's line had been drawn back because of the advance of the Federals, who were following up our withdrawing forces on the far side of the gap which existed between Longstreet's left and Whiting's right.

"After Richardson's and Hooker's divisions and Birney's brigade had driven the Confederates well back from the railroad in front of the position held by Richardson during the night, Sickles's brigade united with these forces [says General Mindil], and a general advance was made. No serious opposition was encountered, and Casey's camp was reoccupied before two o'clock P. M., the ground being covered with the rebel dead and wounded as well as our own."

About 1:30 P. M. President Davis rode up to my headquarters, and asked for General Lee. Upon being told that General Lee was

\* Those who think there was little fighting on the second day at Seven Pines, should compare the official revised returns of the Union losses of killed, wounded, and missing, on the first day, with those of the second day (see "War Records": series I, vol. XI.: part I., pages 757 to 762). These show that the losses of the troops which were engaged only in the second day's fight aggregate 1199, viz.: Richardson's three brigades (loss, 838), Birney's four regiments of Kearny's division (207), Hooker's division (Sickles' brigade, and two regiments of Starr's brigade) (154). The losses of the troops engaged the first day, aggregate 3832, viz.: Casey (1429), Couch (1168), Sedgwick (347), two brigades of Kearny's division (884), and the unattached artillery (4). But some of the troops engaged the first day were also engaged the second day: it is impossible, however, to estimate their losses on the second day. As much as we positively know, therefore, is that the Union losses on the second day were, at least, 1199, or about one-fourth of the total loss in the two days' battle, which was 5031.

General Johnston (see pages 119-20, herewith) estimates the losses of Longstreet and Hill at about 3000; and G. W. Smith's at 1283—total, 4283.—Ed.

not there, he expressed so much surprise as to induce me to ask him if he had any special reason for supposing General Lee would be there at that time. To this he replied, Yes; and added he had early that morning directed General Lee to take command of the army at once. This was the first and only intimation I received in regard to the assignment of General Lee to the command. It was enough, however. The President chatted upon a variety of commonplace subjects, but made no allusion to anything pertaining to the state of affairs on the field.

General Lee came in about 2 P. M., and I at once turned over to him the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and commenced explaining to him what had occurred during the day. To these explanations President Davis seemed to give some attention, particularly to General Longstreet's notes asking for help. Whilst I was still speaking to General Lee of the state of affairs upon the field of battle, I received a note from General Longstreet, dated 1:30 P. M., in which he said: "The next attack will be from Sumner's division. I think that if we can whip it we shall be comparatively safe from the advance of McClellan's army. I hope that those who were whipped yesterday will not appear again. The attack this morning was made at an unfortunate time. We had but little ammunition, but we have since replenished our supply, and I sincerely hope that we may succeed against them in their next effort. Oh that I had ten thousand men more!"

After reading General Longstreet's note, I handed it to General Lee, and requested him to read and hand it to the President. General Lee looked very serious whilst reading; and after the President had read it, the latter seemed to take a little more interest in what was going on, but said nothing.

I informed General Lee that Longstreet was mistaken in regard to the state of things; that the two corps of the Federal army on the north bank of the river that morning had not yet crossed to our side; that the force attacked north of Fair Oaks the previous afternoon still held that position; that 5000 men ordered from the Chickahominy Bluffs were already closely approaching Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road; that Ripley's brigade, which was expected, had been ordered to move on that road; that this would still leave Longstreet more than 30,000 men, even if his losses had already reached 5000; that the ground he now occupied was favorable to us; and that the danger to Richmond, if any, was not then on the Williamsburg road.

Near 3 P. M. the President rode off, leaving

General Lee and myself in conference alone. General Lee made no adverse comment upon my management of the army, and gave no orders.

At 4 P. M. General Lee and I, with a courier as a guide, went over to the Williamsburg road, where we found the President and several members of his Cabinet talking with General Longstreet. They were at a point about half a mile nearer Richmond than the unfinished pentangular redoubt where our troops first struck the Federal main line the previous day. Everything was quiet; the reinforcements from the Chickahominy had reached Longstreet's position on the Williamsburg road. There were no further operations that day; the battle was ended.

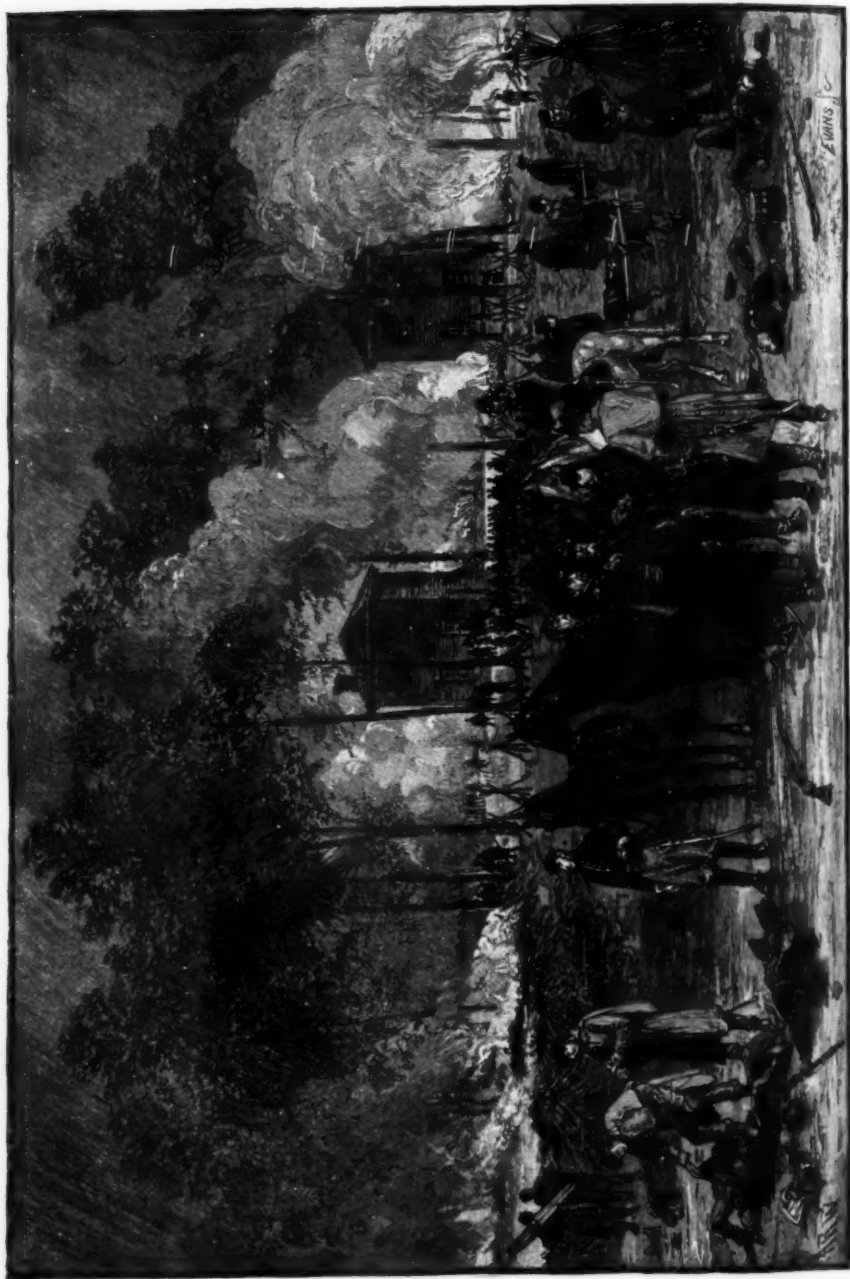
At daylight on the 1st of June there were three Federal corps on the battle-field in the vicinity of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks. On the morning of the 31st of May there was but one Federal corps on that ground. The Confederate troops on the field on the 1st of June were those that General Johnston had ordered, on the 30th of May, to move forward as soon as possible after daylight on the 31st. The result of the action on June 1st is sufficiently indicated in the foregoing battle-field notes of General Longstreet.

Conflicting accounts of Confederate operations in this battle call for further allusion to General Johnston's original plan, as well as to the occurrences of the 1st of June. In 1874 General Longstreet wrote two letters to General G. W. Mindil, in reference to the battle of Seven Pines. These letters were shown to me by General Mindil a few months since; and he authorized me to make any use I chose of the statements made by General Longstreet. It is believed that these letters have not heretofore been published. The first is dated July 17, 1874. In this General Longstreet, speaking of the movements on the 31st of May, says:

"It is proper to explain now the plan of battle, as I can speak from accurate knowledge. The plan was to turn your [the Federal] left at daylight, by throwing Huger's division, by a passable route for infantry, to your left and rear. As the head of his column passed the swamp, D. H. Hill was to be ready, and I was to advise him to make the attack vigorously. Huger did not reach the field. At one o'clock D. H. Hill proposed to bring on the battle, and it was agreed to under the impression that Huger would be there surely by the time we were warmed up into actual battle. The entire strength of the plan was in his movement."

On the 2d of December, 1874, General Longstreet wrote to General Mindil, saying:

"Our plan was, as you stated, to turn your left by moving Huger's command across the head of White Oak Swamp; that to be followed by the attack of General D. H. Hill, on the Williamsburg road, which



BURNING THE DEAD, AND BURNING HORSES AT FAIR OAKS STATION AFTER THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT. (AFTER A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

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was to be supported, if need be, by my command; the command on the Nine-mile road following Hill's movements. As you say in your article, Johnston's plan was faultless, and in my judgment at the time was the only plan that could be approved by a military mind. . . . Huger had to move over the same ground pretty much that I did. He was to precede me, and I believe that he did so over part of the route. My opinion is that he moved before me. That I waited until sunrise, so as to give him time to clear the road as far as the Charles City fork, and if my memory is correct I passed a part of his command resting on the side of the road. . . . The only reports that I remember to have heard from him were that he was moving on, and would soon be in position. General Johnston was on the Nine-mile road. This left me the senior—or at least nominally the senior—officer on the Williamsburg road, and exercising more or less command of Hill's and Huger's as well as of my own division. . . . Once the action was opened, we were drawn gradually into it, and of course the combat became more and more vigorous until night. . . . I was to support Hill, and being his senior, could have taken command on the Williamsburg road; but it would have been inexcusable had I done so, inasmuch as he had led his troops well and had been successful. I could not, therefore, do anything more than support and aid his able efforts."

Judging from the general character of what he writes to General Mindil, it appears that General Longstreet was not fully alive to the fact—then or later—that he was in command of one-half of General Johnston's army on that day. Much less does it seem that he realized the importance of prompt and decisive action. In view of what occurred late in the afternoon of the 31st, after time had been given for two Federal divisions to come to the assistance of the isolated corps in the vicinity of Seven Pines, it is not difficult to infer what would probably have been the result had Longstreet's own division, 14,000 strong, moved at daylight on the Nine-mile road; striking, on the right flank, the lines that D. H. Hill's division carried by assault in the afternoon.

In a letter addressed to me, General Johnston says:

"I refer to the mention of the misunderstanding between Longstreet and myself, in regard to the direction of his division. . . . I received information of Longstreet's misunderstanding—which may be my fault, as I told you at the time—whilst his troops were moving to the Williamsburg road, and sent to Longstreet to send three brigades by the Nine-mile road, if they had not marched so far as to make the change involve a serious loss of time."

The date of this letter, June 28, 1862, the circumstances under which it was written, and General Johnston's specific statements show not only that General Longstreet did misunderstand the direction in which Johnston intended Longstreet's division should move against the enemy, but make it certain that Johnston attempted, at least in part, to rectify Longstreet's mistake in regard to this matter. There is other positive evidence, not

necessary to be repeated here, which establishes the same facts. But it appears now that General Johnston, in his "Narrative" published in 1874, has conceded that it was his fault that caused the misunderstanding on the part of Longstreet, in regard to the movement of the division in question. It is believed, however, that he has not conceded—and never will concede—that it was his plan to keep D. H. Hill's, Longstreet's, and G. W. Smith's divisions out of action until Huger's division could get into position on the left flank and rear of the enemy. This would have required that the 35,500 men in the divisions of Hill, Longstreet, and Smith—men inured to marching and fighting—should be held back until Huger's 5000 inexperienced troops could, by a circuitous route across a difficult swamp, get into position where they were not needed; and this, too, when prompt action was essential to success, and delay was dangerous.

Neither is it believed that General Johnston will concede that his plan was that my division, under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, placed there to guard against Federal reinforcements coming from the north side of the Chickahominy, should be put in action on Hill's left, whilst the 14,000 men in Longstreet's division were held back on the Williamsburg road only to support Hill "if need be." But all this must be conceded in order to make up "the faultless plan," which was, in General Longstreet's judgment at the time, "the only plan that could be approved by a military mind."

In reference to operations on the 1st of June, General Longstreet writes to General Mindil in part as follows:

"I do not remember to have heard of any fighting on the second day except a sharp skirmish reported by General Pickett as he was retiring, under the orders of General Lee, to resume our former position. . . . Attack was not renewed on the 1st of June, because Johnston had been wounded and had been obliged to leave the field. Smith, the next in rank, had been taken quite sick, but would not give up. He was therefore slow in organizing for renewed attack, and before he did so arrange General Lee was announced as the commander of the army. As he had not been with the army the previous day, he was not prepared to conduct the continuance of the battle; so the troops were withdrawn to their original positions in the afternoon and evening. . . . About 10 A. M. General Lee was assigned to command, and rode out on the Nine-mile road, saw General Smith, took command, and came with General Smith across to the Williamsburg road. There we discussed the matter of renewed attack. I favored another effort to turn your [Federal] left. Smith opposed it, and gave as his reason the strength of your lines, which he claimed to have examined, and I was forced to yield my opinions, in consequence of his knowledge of superior position on your side."

The foregoing extracts are some of General Longstreet's contributions to the "history" of

the battle of Seven Pines, furnished by him to General Mindil, "in hopes of making the Confederate side a little clearer."

As to my being "taken quite sick," I was not seriously ill until the 2d of June. General Longstreet's statement that General Smith was slow in organizing for renewed attack because he was taken sick is, therefore, a mistake. In fact, at that time there was no organizing requisite, except, perhaps, in the right wing under Longstreet, and this was intrusted to him. I turned the command of the army over to General Lee about 2 P. M. He certainly gave no orders to General Longstreet, or to any part of the army, before 4 P. M. General Longstreet seems to have forgotten his notes of that morning, as well as that dated 1:30 P. M., ending with the exclamation, "Oh that I had 10,000 men more!"

When General Lee and General Smith joined General Longstreet on the Williamsburg road, Longstreet had lost on the 1st of June much of the ground he had gained on the 31st of May. I have no knowledge of any proposition having been made by General Longstreet to General Lee for renewing the attack. I

had never seen the works in General Longstreet's front, over which the troops of the latter had fought forward on the 31st of May and back during the morning of the 1st of June. General Longstreet is in error when he says that he was forced to yield his opinions because of my superior knowledge of the position in his front.

During the night of the 1st of June the troops under Longstreet quietly fell back to resume their former positions in front of Richmond. The division under Whiting, on the Nine-mile road, remained for several days confronting the Federal position it had attacked, north of Fair Oaks Station.

The limited space allotted to this article would prevent much further comment on my part in reference to the incidents and previously published accounts of this battle, even if I felt disposed at this time to say more. I will therefore only add that in my opinion, then and since, General Johnston's "original plan" was entirely correct in principle, and promised assured success if carried into effect as he, at sunrise on the morning of the 31st of May, intended and expected.

*Gustavus W. Smith.*

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE.—IV.\*

##### TO THE CHICKAHOMINY.—THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.



CONFEDERATE SHARP-SHOOTER.

THE roads were narrow and very muddy between the White House and the Chickahominy, and it was with great trouble that

our trains were moved over them. A few miles west of the Pamunkey we found the country beautiful and undulating, with graceful, round-topped hills, here and there crowned with trees and clothed in the varied tints of early summer.

On our entire march up the Peninsula, we did not see a dozen white men left upon the soil. At last, on the twenty-third of May, we arrived upon the banks of the sluggish Chickahominy,—a small mill-stream, forty or fifty feet wide, with swampy lowland bordering on either side; the tops of the trees growing in the swamp being about on a level with the crests of the bluffs just beyond, on the Richmond side. Our first camp was pitched on the hills in the vicinity of Gaines's Farm.

The engineers soon began the construction of bridges for the passage of the troops, as it was very important to gain a foothold on the west bank, preparatory to our advance. While Duane's bridge was being constructed, we were ordered on duty along the banks; and upon approaching the river we found, in the thickets near it, one of our dead cavalrymen lying in the water, evidently having been killed while watering his horse. The bridges were thrown out with marvelous quickness, and the corduroy approaches were soon constructed. A small force was ordered to cross, to reconnoiter and to observe the condition of

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WHITE HOUSE, THE HOME OF GENERAL W. H. F. LEE, McCLELLAN'S BASE OF SUPPLIES ON THE FA-MUNKY.—RUINS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. (FROM SKETCHES MADE AT THE TIME.)



the roads with respect to the passage of artillery. I happened to be one of that squad. With orders not to return the fire if assailed, we advanced across the bridge and through the woods, a quarter of a mile; and, seeing the sloughy condition of the roads, were returning, when the crack of a rifle told us the enemy were upon us. At the first fire one of our men fell. He entreated us to leave him and save ourselves; while we were carrying him, the enemy wounded two more of our men, but not seriously. On each side of the narrow defile were woods with but little screening underbrush, and it was through this we were advancing when attacked. We could not see the enemy, who were secreted in the tree-tops around us, but the *zip, zip* of their bullets pursued us as we retreated.

The comrade who had been shot, apparently through the lungs, was examined by our surgeon, who at first thought the case fatal, as the bullet came out of the chest on the side opposite to which it entered; but it was found that the bullet had been deflected by a rib, and glanced round, beneath the skin, only causing a painful flesh-wound. In three weeks our comrade was on light duty about camp. Before seeing very much service we discovered that a man may be hit with bullets in a great many places without killing him. Later I saw a man who had both his eyes destroyed by a bullet, without injuring the bridge of his nose, or otherwise marking his face.

In the barn at Gaines's Farm there were a number of Confederate sick and wounded,—men captured in some skirmish during our advance; and while taking a peep at them through a crack, I saw a North Carolina lieutenant whom I recognized as a former school-acquaintance. I obtained permission to speak to him, but they told me he was violent and bitter in his language. On approaching him, and inquiring if he knew me, something like a smile of recognition lighted up his face; hesitating a moment, he finally extended his hand. We talked for fifteen or twenty minutes about our school-fellows and early days, but not one word about the war. In two days I visited the barn again, and upon inquiring for him was told by one of the men in charge, "That cock is done crowing." I asked where he was buried. "He isn't buried; they have carried him out!" I stepped into the barnyard and found him thrown upon a heap of dirt. It was impossible to express all the indignation I felt; I emphatically said that none but cowards would have been guilty of such an act. I was ordered off for thus expressing my mind. Undoubtedly he had been very bitter, but that was no excuse. I mention this as the only instance I ever knew where a dead

enemy, or even a prisoner, was insulted by our soldiers. No *soldier* would have committed such a foul act. It was reserved for some miserable "skulker" who, to avoid the active duties of a soldier, had taken refuge in a hospital.

Considerable foraging was done, on the sly, about the neighboring plantations, but

water was waist-deep throughout the greater part of the swamp.

#### THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES (FAIR OAKS).

We were ordered on duty with Sumner's corps, which was stationed at Tyler's house,



SUMNER'S MARCH TO REINFORCE COUCH AT FAIR OAKS STATION.

Lieutenant Edmund Kirby, Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, says in his official report: "The roads were almost impassable for artillery, and I experienced great difficulty in getting my guns along. I was obliged at times to unlumber and use the prolonge, the cannoners being up to their waists in water. About 4:30 P. M. I was within three-quarters of a mile of Fair Oaks Station, with three pieces [Napoleon twelve-pounders] and one caisson, the remainder of the battery being in the rear, and coming up as fast as circumstances would permit."

as a rule foraging was severely condemned by our commanders. There was much tobacco raised in this section of country, and we found the barns filled with the best quality of tobacco in leaf; this we appropriated without objection on the part of our officers. As all trades were represented in our ranks, that of cigar-maker was included, and the army rioted in cigars without enriching the sutlers.

By the lower bridges two of the army corps were sent across to take position near Seven Pines. Some of the bridges were of boats, with corduroy approaches. While they were in process of finishing, on the night of May 30, a terrible storm occurred; the rain-fall was immense, and the thunder the most terrific I ever heard, its sharp, crackling rattle at times sounding like the cannonading of an engagement. When morning dawned, our boat bridges were found dangling midway in a stream which covered the whole swampy and bottom land on both sides the original channel, and the

and held the center of the general line of the army. Not long after noon of the 31st we heard the dull reverberation of cannonading in the direction of Seven Pines, and the companies and regiments fell into line, ready to march at a moment's notice. About two in the afternoon the march was begun to the approaches of Sumner's upper bridge, also called the "Grapevine" bridge, which had been built of logs over the swampy bottom, and which was sustained in place by ropes tied to stumps on the up-stream side. At first it seemed impossible to cross, so swollen was the stream by the overflow; but when the troops were well on the bridge, it was held in place by the moving weight and rendered passable, although covered with water and swaying in the rushing torrent, which every moment threatened to float it away piecemeal. The men grumbled some, after the manner of soldiers. "If this bridge goes down I can't swim a stroke," said one. "Well," said

"Little" Day, always making the best of everything, "there will be, in that case, plenty of logs for you to float on." If we had gone down with all our marching-equipments, there would have been but little chance even for a good swimmer. Kirby's battery of Napoleon guns preceded us; we found them mired on the west shore. They were unlimbered, and the men of different regiments tugged and lifted at them, knee-deep in the mire, until they were extricated, and finally almost carried them to dry land, or rather firm land, as by no stretch of courtesy could anything in the vicinity be called dry.

Sedgwick's division, being nearer the Grapevine bridge, took the lead at that crossing, while Richardson's division moved toward Sumner's lower bridge. There French's brigade crossed by wading to the waist, the other brigades being ordered to turn back and follow Sedgwick. It was this delay which kept Richardson out of the first day's fight.

A private of the Fifteenth Massachusetts (Gorman's brigade) afterward gave me his recollections of that forced march through water and mud. "Most of our artillery," he said, "became so badly mired that we were obliged to proceed without it, but the little battery of twelve-pound Napoleon guns, commanded by an energetic regular officer (Lieutenant Kirby), notwithstanding it was continu-

ally mired to its axles, was pluckily dragged along by horses and men. Despite the mire, we cracked jokes at each other, shouted and sang in high spirits, and toiled through the morass in the direction of the heavy firing."

About 3:30 P. M. we began to meet stragglers from the front. They all told in substance the same story: "Our companies and regiments are all cut to pieces!" One straggler had a strapping Confederate prisoner in charge. He inquired for a Pennsylvania regiment, saying that during the fight in the woods he lost his company, and while trying to find his way out came across the "reb," and was trying to "take him in." "Stranger," said the prisoner, "yer wouldn't have taken me in if I'd known yer war lost."

"Meanwhile the thunder of the conflict grew louder and louder, and about five o'clock we came upon fragments of regiments of that part of Couch's command which had become isolated at Fair Oaks Station; they had fallen back half a mile or so, and when we joined them beyond the Courtney house, they were hotly engaged with the enemy, who were in overwhelming numbers.

"As we came up through a stumpy field we were greeted with the quick *crack, crack* of the infantry in our front. The smoke of battle hung in clouds over the field, and through it could be seen the flashes of the



SUMNER'S CORPS CROSSING THE OVERFLOWED "GRAPEVINE" BRIDGE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



AFTER THE BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS—PUTTING THE WOUNDED ABOARD THE CARS. (FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

artillery. The *ping, zip, zip* of bullets, and the wounded men limping from the front or carried by comrades, were a prelude to the storm to come. We formed on the left of Abercrombie's shattered brigade, near the Adams house, and were welcomed with hearty cheers. Presently there was a terrible explosion of musketry, and the bullets pattered around us, causing many to drop; a line of smoke ahead showed where this destructive fire came from. Kirby's five Napoleon guns came up, and in the angle of the woods opened with splendid precision upon the Confederate columns. The recoil of the pieces was often so great as to bury the wheels nearly to the hub in mud. Soon the "rebel yell" was heard as they charged on the right of Kirby's battery, which changed front to the right, and delivered a destructive fire of canister. This caused the enemy to break in confusion, and retreat to the cover of the woods. Shortly afterward the enemy developed in greater force in our front, and the hum of shot and shell was almost incessant; but in a few minutes the fire slackened, and the Confederate lines came dashing upon us with their shrill yells. We received them with a volley from our rifles, and the battery gave them its compliments. The gray masses of the enemy were seen dimly through the smoke, scattering to cover. Presently the order ran

down the line, "Fix bayonets!" While waiting the moment for the final order, John Milan said: "It's light infantry we are, boys, and they expect us to fly over them criss-cross fences." Then the final order came: "Guide right—Double quick—Charge!" Our whole line went off at double-quick, shouting as we ran. Some scattering shots were fired by the enemy as we struggled over the fences, and then their line broke and dissolved from view.

"That night we lay under the stars, thinking of the events of the day and the expected conflict of the morrow. Until dawn of Sunday (June 1) our officers were busy gathering together the scattered and separated forces. About five o'clock next morning we heard firing on our left flank, which was covered by Richardson's division of Sumner's corps. It was a line of Confederate pickets deploying in an open field on the south side of Fair Oaks Station. Shortly after six o'clock there was a furious fire of musketry on our left, which continued for an hour.

"During the day I went over a portion of the battle-field in the road through the woods, where the Confederates had made the unsuccessful charge upon Kirby's battery. Here the dead lay very thick, and a number of their wounded were hidden in the thickets. They had fallen in many instances on their faces in the headlong charge; some with their legs torn

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off, some with shattered arms, and others with ghastly wounds in the head.

"On the 2d of June the whole line moved forward, and from Fair Oaks to the Williamsburg road occupied the positions which had been held previous to the battle. About that time I went over the battle-ground in front of Casey's position where the battle began. Many of the dead remained unburied. Some of the men who first took possession of the works informed me that they found large quantities of Confederate arms; also a number of the enemy who had become intoxicated on Yankee whisky. The camp had been well plundered, and the enemy had adopted a system of exchange in dress, throwing aside their ragged uniforms, and clothing themselves in the more comfortable and cleanly garments of the Federal soldiers. I saw a Sibley tent in which I counted over two hundred bullet-holes."

A comrade who visited the scene of the charge made by Sedgwick's men said that in the woods beyond, where the Confederate lines had been formed, a number had been killed while in the act of getting over the fence, and were suspended in the positions in which they had been shot. In the woods just beyond this fence were some swampy pools, to which a number of the enemy's wounded had crept for water and died during the night. There were two or three of these pools of stagnant water, around which were clusters of wounded and dead men.

When my company reached the vicinity of Fair Oaks, about a week after the battle, I was surprised to find how many limbs of

trees had been cut away by bullets and shot. At one place a cannon-ball had apparently passed entirely through the stem of a large tree, splitting it for some distance; but the springy wood had closed together again so closely that the point of a bayonet could not be inserted in its track. The forests in the rear were marked in such a manner by bullets as to indicate that the enemy must have shot at times a long way over their intended mark.

In the advance, where Naglee's brigade made its struggle until overwhelmed by the enemy, graves were plenty in every direction, and some of the enemy's dead were found standing, in the swamp near by, in the position in which they were shot. They had decomposed so rapidly that the flesh had partly dropped from the bones.

Many of Casey's men had lost their knapsacks, blankets, and clothing, as well as their tents, and were in a sad plight for soldiering.

Thereafter our lines were constantly engaged in skirmishing, and we were kept in position for battle day after day, expecting an attack. Often the bugler at brigade headquarters sounded the alarm to "fall in," on one day sounding it ten times. During one of the frequent thunder-storms the Confederates made reconnaissance, and fired volleys so timed that they might be mistaken for thunder; but our men were not deceived and stood to their arms, expecting an attack. At one time the men in our rear were practicing the drill with blank cartridges, and were mistaken for the enemy. Thus the alarms of war kept our attention occupied.

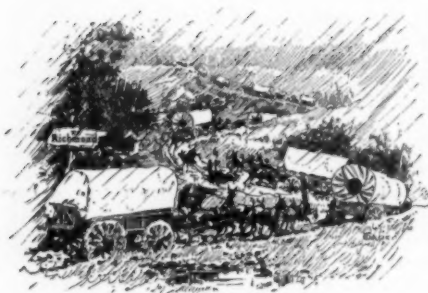
Warren Lee Goss.



LINE OF BATTLE OF GENERAL DEVENS'S BRIGADE, COUCH'S DIVISION, WHERE GENERAL DEVENS WAS WOUNDED.

## THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

MAY AND JUNE, 1862.



IN the following pages I purpose to give a brief sketch of the Peninsular campaign of 1862. As it is impossible, within the limits available, to describe even the most important battles, I shall confine myself to strategic considerations. But even this requires a rapid review of the circumstances under which, from a small assemblage of unorganized citizens, utterly ignorant of war and almost of the use of arms, was evolved that mighty Army of the Potomac, which, unshaken alike in victory and defeat, during a long series of arduous campaigns against an army most ably commanded and the equal in heroism of any that ever met the shock of battle, proved itself worthy to bear on its bayonets the honor and fate of the nation.

In July, 1861, after having secured solidly for the Union that part of western Virginia north of the Kanawha and west of the mountains, I was suddenly called to Washington on the day succeeding the first battle of Bull Run. Reaching the capital on the 26th, I found myself assigned to the command of that city and the troops gathered around it.

All was chaos and despondency; the city was filled with intoxicated stragglers, and an attack was expected. The troops numbered less than fifty thousand, many of whom were so demoralized and undisciplined that they could not be relied upon even for defensive purposes. Moreover, the term of service of a large part had already expired, or was on the point of doing so. On the Maryland side of the Potomac no troops were posted on the roads leading into the city, nor were there

any intrenchments. On the Virginia side the condition of affairs was better in these respects, but far from satisfactory. Sufficient and fit material of war did not exist. The situation was difficult and fraught with danger.

The first and most pressing demand was the immediate safety of the capital and the Government. This was secured by enforcing the most rigid discipline, by organizing permanent brigades under regular officers, and by placing the troops in good defensive positions, far enough to the front to afford room for manœuvring and to enable the brigades to support each other.

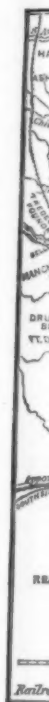
The contingency of the enemy's crossing the Potomac above the city was foreseen and promptly provided for. Had he attempted this "about three months after the battle of Manassas," he would, upon reaching "the rear of Washington," have found it covered by respectable works, amply garrisoned, with a sufficient disposable force to move upon his rear and force him to "a decisive engagement under circumstances wholly unfavorable to him."\* It would have been the greatest possible good fortune for us if he had made this movement at the time in question, or even some weeks earlier. It was only for a very few days after the battle of Bull Run that the movement was practicable, and every day added to its difficulty.

Two things were at once clear: first, that a large and thoroughly organized army was necessary to bring the war to a successful conclusion; second, that Washington must be so strongly fortified as to set at rest any reasonable apprehensions of its being carried by a sudden attack, in order that the active army might be free to move with the maximum strength and on any line of operations without regard to the safety of the capital.

These two herculean tasks were entered upon without delay or hesitation. They were carried to a successful conclusion, without regard to that impatient and unceasing clamor—inevitable among a people unaccustomed to war—which finally forced the hand of the general charged with their execution. He regarded their completion as essential to the salvation of his country, and determined to accomplish them, even if sacrificed in the en-

\* See General Beauregard's "Battle of Bull Run," in THE CENTURY for November, 1884.

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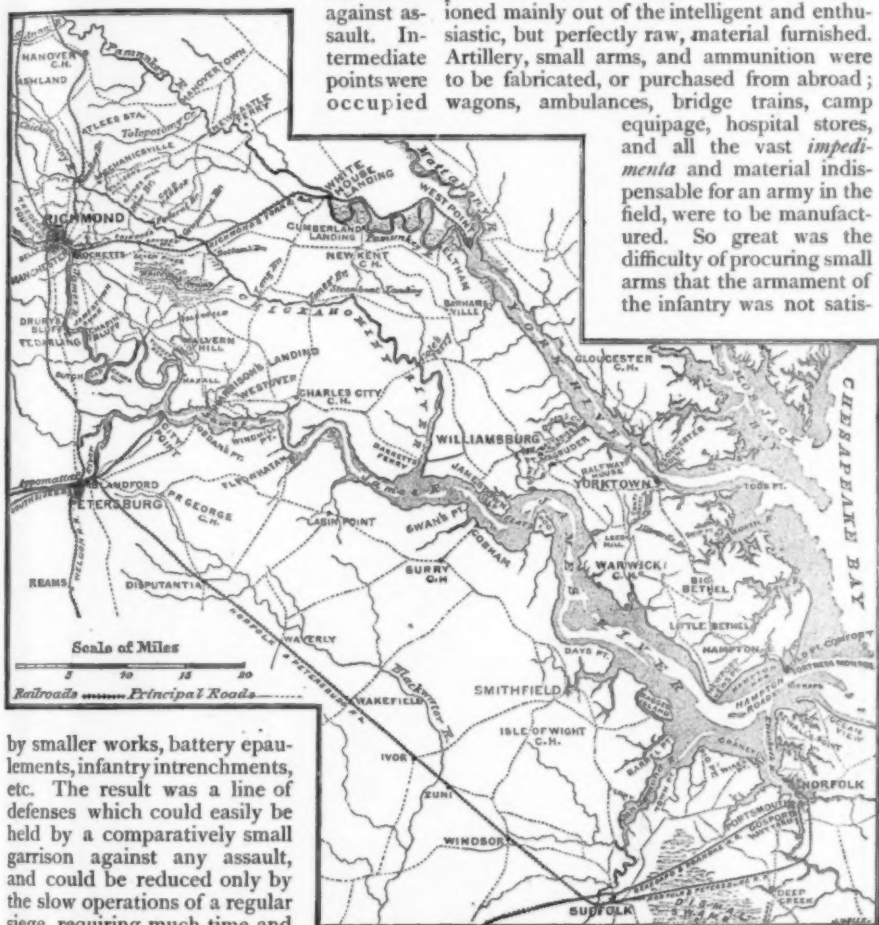
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deavor. Nor has he, even at this distant day, and after much bitter experience, any regret that he persisted in his determination. Washington was surrounded by a line of strong detached works, armed with garrison artillery,

and secure against assault. Intermediate points were occupied

foundation. Raw men and officers were to be disciplined and instructed. The regular army was too small to furnish more, than a portion of the general officers, and a very small portion of the staff, so that the staff departments and staff officers were to be fashioned mainly out of the intelligent and enthusiastic, but perfectly raw, material furnished. Artillery, small arms, and ammunition were to be fabricated, or purchased from abroad; wagons, ambulances, bridge trains, camp

equipage, hospital stores, and all the vast *impedimenta* and material indispensable for an army in the field, were to be manufactured. So great was the difficulty of procuring small arms that the armament of the infantry was not satis-



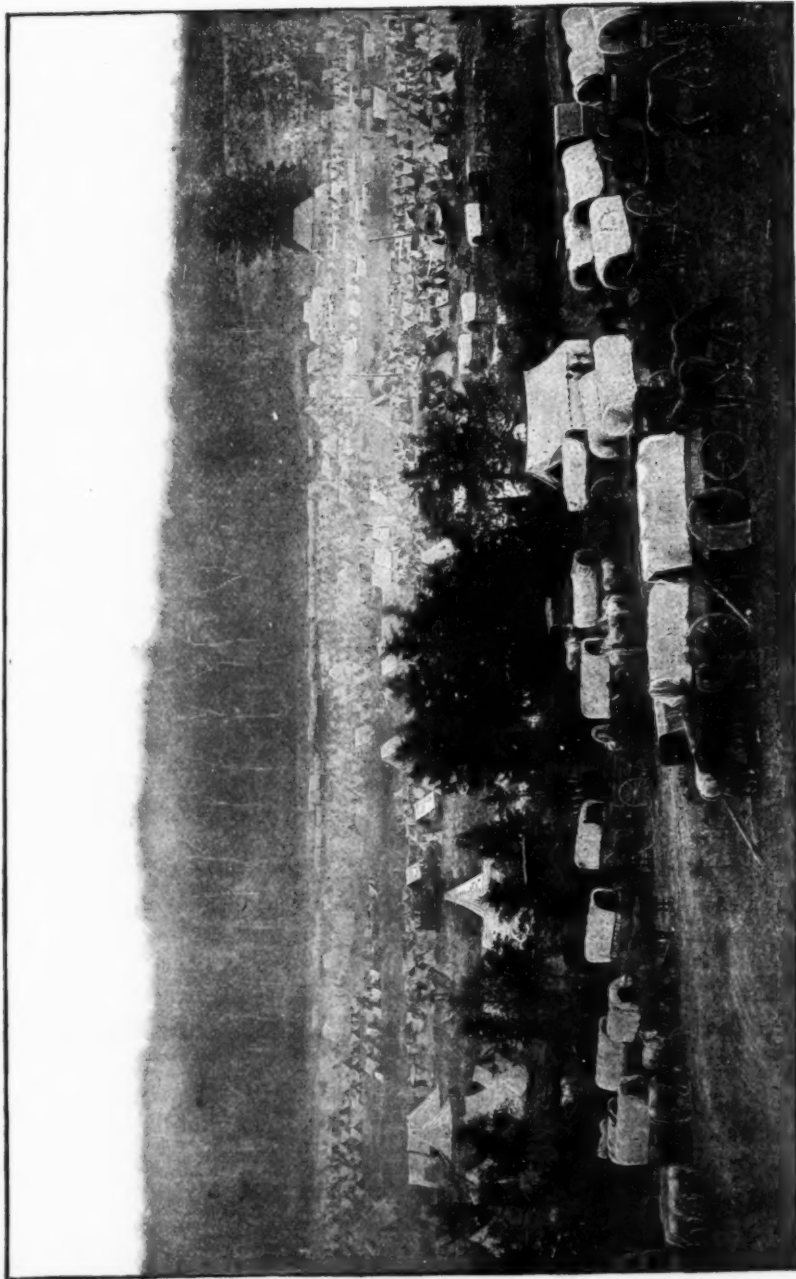
MAP OF THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

by smaller works, battery epaulements, infantry intrenchments, etc. The result was a line of defenses which could easily be held by a comparatively small garrison against any assault, and could be reduced only by the slow operations of a regular siege, requiring much time and material, and affording full opportunity to bring all the resources of the country to its relief. At no time during the war were the enemy able to undertake the siege of Washington, nor, if respectably garrisoned, could it ever have been in danger from an assault. The maximum garrison necessary to hold the place against a siege from any and every quarter was thirty-four thousand troops, with forty field-guns; this included the requisite reserves.

With regard to the formation of the Army of the Potomac, it must suffice to say that everything was to be created from the very

factorily completed until the winter, and a large part of the field batteries were not ready for service until the spring of 1862. As soon as possible divisions were organized, the formation being essentially completed in November.

On the 1st of November, upon the retirement of General Winfield Scott, I succeeded to the command of all the armies, except the department of Virginia, which comprised the country within sixty miles of Fort Monroe. Upon assuming the general command, I found that



SECTION OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC NEAR WHITE HOUSE, VA. (PROCESS REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH.)

"We were now [middle of May] encamped [near White House] on the old Custis place, at present owned by General Fitzhugh Lee of the Rebel cavalry service. On every side of us were immense fields of wheat, which, but for the presence of armies, would have been a bumper harvest. From George's Tavern, a stone's throw to the left, a long line of tents and canvas structures, representing the army, stretched along the river. The scene was a most impressive one."—*Life*.

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the West was far behind the East in its state of preparation, and much of my time and large quantities of material were consumed in pushing the organization of the Western armies. Meanwhile the various coast expeditions were employed in seizing important points of the enemy's seaboard, to facilitate the prevention of blockade-running, and to cut or threaten the lines of communication near the coast, with reference to subsequent operations.

The plan of campaign which I adopted for the spring of 1862 was to push forward the armies of Generals Halleck and Buell to occupy Memphis, Nashville, and Knoxville, and the line of the Memphis and Danville Railroad, so as to deprive the enemy of that important line, and force him to adopt the circuitous routes by Augusta, Branchville, and Charleston. It was also intended to seize Wilmington, North Carolina, at the earliest practicable moment, and to open the Mississippi by effecting a junction between Generals Halleck and Butler. This movement of the Western armies was to be followed by that of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna on the Lower Rappahannock, to West Point and Richmond, intending, if we failed to gain Richmond by a rapid march, to cross the James and attack the city in rear, with the James as a line of supply.

So long as Mr. Cameron was Secretary of War I received the cordial support of that department; but when he resigned, the whole state of affairs changed. I had never met Mr. Stanton before reaching Washington, in 1861. He at once sought me and professed the utmost personal affection, the expression of which was exceeded only by the bitterness of his denunciation of the Government and its policy. I was unaware of his appointment as Secretary of War until after it had been made, whereupon he called to ascertain whether I desired him to accept, saying that to do so would involve a total sacrifice of his personal interests, and that the only inducement would be the desire to assist me in my work. Having no reason to doubt his sincerity, I desired him to accept, whereupon he consented, and with great effusion exclaimed: "Now we two will save the country."

On the next day the President came to my house to explain why he had appointed Mr. Stanton without consulting me; his reason being that he supposed Stanton to be a great friend of mine, and that the appointment would naturally be satisfactory, and that he feared that if I had known it beforehand it would be said that I had dragooned him into it.

The more serious difficulties of my position began with Mr. Stanton's accession to the War

Office. It at once became very difficult to approach him, even for the transaction of ordinary current business, and our personal relations at once ceased. The impatience of the Executive immediately became extreme, and I can attribute it only to the influence of the new secretary, who did many things to break up the free and confidential intercourse that had heretofore existed between the President and myself. The Government soon manifested great impatience in regard to the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the destruction of the Confederate batteries on the Potomac. The first object could be permanently attained only by occupying the Shenandoah Valley with a force strong enough to resist any attack by the Confederate army then at Manassas; the second only by a general advance of the Army of the Potomac, driving the enemy back of the Rapidan. My own view was that the movement of the Army of the Potomac from Urbanna would accomplish both of these objects, by forcing the enemy to abandon all his positions and fall back on Richmond. I was therefore unwilling to interfere with this plan by a premature advance, the effect of which must be either to commit us to the overland route, or to minimize the advantages of the Urbanna movement. I wished to hold the enemy at Manassas to the last moment—if possible until the advance from Urbanna had actually commenced, for neither the reopening of the railroad nor the destruction of the batteries was worth the danger involved.

The positive order of the President, probably issued under the pressure of the Secretary of War, forced me to undertake the opening of the railway. For this purpose I went to Harper's Ferry in February, intending to throw over a force sufficient to occupy Winchester. To do this it was necessary to have a reliable bridge across the Potomac—to ensure supplies and prompt reinforcements. The pontoon bridge, thrown as a preliminary, could not be absolutely trusted on a river so liable to heavy freshets; therefore it was determined to construct a canal-boat bridge. It was discovered, however, when the attempt was made, that the lift-lock from the canal to the river was too narrow for the boats by some four or five inches, and I therefore decided to rebuild the railroad bridge, and content myself with occupying Charlestown until its completion, postponing to the same time the advance to Winchester. I had fully explained my intentions to the President and Secretary before leaving Washington, providing for precisely such a contingency. While at Harper's Ferry I learned that the President was dissatisfied with my action, and on

"We were now [middle of May] encamped [near White House] on the old Curtis place, at present owned by General Fitzhugh Lee of the Rebel cavalry service. On every side of us were immense fields of wheat which, throughout the year coming during the whole of this pleasant Sabbath, were to be seen in the distance. From George T. Stevens's of Three Years in the White House. The picture represents the scene occupied by about one brigade.—Ed.

THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR WHITE HOUSE, VA. (PROCESS REPRODUCTION OF A PHOTOGRAPH.)



Capt. Le Clerc. Duc de Chartres. Comte de Paris. Prince de Joinville. Capt. Mohain.

THE FRENCH OFFICERS AT DINNER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were aides on General McClellan's staff. The Prince de Joinville was at headquarters unattached. Captain Le Clerc and Captain Mohain were in the suite of the prince.

reaching Washington I laid a full explanation before the Secretary, with which he expressed himself entirely satisfied, and told me that the President was already so, and that it was unnecessary for me to communicate with him on the subject. I then proceeded with the preparations necessary to force the evacuation of the Potomac batteries. On the very day appointed for the division commanders to come to headquarters to receive their final orders, the President sent for me. I then learned that he had received no explanation of the Harper's Ferry affair, and that the Secretary was not authorized to make the statement already referred to; but after

my repetition of it, the President became fully satisfied with my course. He then, however, said that there was another "very ugly matter" which he desired to talk about, and that was the movement by the lower Chesapeake. He said that it had been suggested that I proposed this movement with the "traitorous" purpose of leaving Washington uncovered and exposed to attack. I very promptly objected to the coupling of any such adjective with my purposes, whereon he disclaimed any intention of conveying the idea that he expressed his own opinion, as he merely repeated the suggestions of others. I then explained the purpose and effect of fortifying Washing-

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ton, and, as I thought, removed his apprehensions, but informed him that the division commanders were to be at headquarters that morning, and suggested that my plans should be laid before them, that they might give their opinion as to whether the capital would be endangered; I also said that in order to leave them perfectly untrammelled I would not attend the meeting. Accordingly they met on the 8th of March and approved my plans.

On the same day was issued, without my knowledge, the order forming army corps and assigning the senior general officers to their command.\* My own views were that, as the command of army corps involved great responsibility and demanded ability of a high order, it was safer to postpone their formation until trial in the field had shown which general officers could best perform those vital functions. An incompetent division commander could not often jeopardize the safety of an army; while an unfit corps commander could easily lose a battle and frustrate the best-conceived plan of campaign. Of the four corps commanders, one only had commanded so much as a regiment in the field prior to the Bull Run campaign. On the next day intelligence arrived that the enemy was abandoning his positions. I crossed to the Virginia side to receive information more promptly and decide upon what should be done. During the night I determined to advance the whole army, to take advantage of any opportunity to strike the enemy, to break up the permanent camps, give the troops a little experience on the march and in bivouac, get rid of extra baggage, and test the working of the staff departments. If this were done at all, it must be done promptly and by moving the troops by divisions, without waiting to form the army corps. Accordingly, I telegraphed to the Secretary, explaining the state of the case and asking authority to postpone the army corps formation until the completion of the movement. The reply was an abrupt and unreasonable refusal. I again telegraphed, explaining the situation and throwing the responsibility upon the Secretary, whereupon he gave way.

Meanwhile, as far back as the 27th of February, orders had been given for collecting the transportation necessary to carry out the Urbanna movement. This conclusion had been reached after full discussion. On the 27th of January had been issued the President's General War Order No. 1, directing a general

movement of the land and naval forces against the enemy on the 22d of February. On the 31st of January was issued the President's Special War Order No. 1, directing the Army of the Potomac to advance to the attack of Manassas on the 22d of February. The President, however, permitted me to state my objections to this order, which I did, at length, in a letter of February 3 to the Secretary of War. As the President's order was not insisted upon, although never formally revoked, it is to be assumed that my letter produced, for a time at least, the desired effect. When Manassas was abandoned and the enemy was behind the Rapidan, the Urbanna movement lost much of its promise, as the enemy were now in position to reach Richmond before we could do so. The alternative remained of making Fortress Monroe and its vicinity the base of operations.

The plan first adopted was to commence the movement with the First Corps as a unit, to land north of Gloucester and move thence on West Point; or, should circumstances render it advisable, to land a little below Yorktown to turn the defenses between that place and Fortress Monroe. The Navy Department were confident that we could rely upon their vessels to neutralize the *Merrimac* and aid materially in reducing the batteries on the York River, either by joining in the attack or by running by them and gaining their rear. As transports arrived very slowly, especially those for horses, and the great impatience of the Government grew apace, it became necessary to embark divisions as fast as vessels arrived, and I decided to land them at Fortress Monroe, holding the First Corps to the last, still intending to move it in mass to turn Gloucester. On the 17th of March the leading division embarked at Alexandria. The campaign was undertaken with the intention of taking some 145,000 troops, to be increased by a division of 10,000 drawn from the troops in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, giving a total of 155,000. Strenuous efforts were made to induce the President to take away Blenker's German division of 10,000 men. Of his own volition he at first declined, but, the day before I left Washington, he yielded to the non-military pressure and reluctantly gave the order, thus reducing the expected force to 145,000.

While at Fairfax Court House, on the 12th of March, I learned that there had appeared in the daily papers the order relieving me

\* The organization of the army at this time was: First Corps, McDowell—Divisions: Franklin, McCall, and King; Second Corps, Sumner—Divisions: Richardson, Blenker, and Sedgwick; Third Corps, Heintzelman—Divisions: Porter, Hooker, and Hamilton; Fourth Corps, Keyes—Divisions: Couch, Smith, and Casey. The reserve artillery (Hunt), the regular infantry (Sykes), and regular cavalry (Cooke) and engineer troops, were attached to headquarters.

from the general command of all the armies and confining my authority to the Department of the Potomac. I had received no previous intimation of the intention of the Government in this respect. Thus, when I embarked for Fortress Monroe on the 1st of April, my command extended from Philadelphia to Richmond, from the Alleghanies, including the Shenandoah, to the Atlantic; for an order had been issued a few days previously placing Fortress Monroe and the Department of Virginia under my command, and authorizing me to withdraw from the troops therein 10,000 to form a division to be added to the First Corps.

The fortifications of Washington were at this time completed and armed. I had already given instructions for the refortification of Manassas, the reopening of the Manassas Gap Railroad, the protection of its bridges by block-houses, the intrenchment of a position for a brigade at or near the railroad crossing of the Shenandoah, and an intrenched post at Chester Gap. I left about 42,000 troops for the immediate defense of Washington, and more than 35,000 for the Shenandoah Valley—an abundance to insure the safety of Washington and to check any attempt to recover the lower Shenandoah and threaten Maryland. Beyond this force, the reserves of the Northern States were all available.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe on the 2d of April, I found five divisions of infantry, Sykes's brigade of regulars, two regiments of cavalry, and a portion of the reserve artillery disembarked. Another cavalry regiment and a part of a fourth had arrived but were still on shipboard; comparatively few wagons had come. On the same day came a telegram stating that the Department of Virginia was withdrawn from my control, and forbidding me to form the division of 10,000 men without General Wool's sanction. I was thus deprived of the command of the base of operations, and the ultimate strength of the army was reduced to 135,000, another serious departure from the plan of campaign. Of the troops disembarked, only four divisions, the regulars, the majority of the reserve artillery, and a part of the cavalry could be moved, in consequence of the lack of transportation. Casey's division was unable to leave Newport News until the 16th, from the impossibility of supplying it with wagons.

The best information obtainable represented the Confederate troops around Yorktown as numbering at least 15,000, with about an equal force at Norfolk; and it was clear that the army lately at Manassas, now mostly near Gordonsville, was in position to be thrown promptly to the Peninsula. It was represented

that Yorktown was surrounded by strong earthworks, and that the Warwick River, instead of stretching across the Peninsula to Yorktown,—as proved to be the case,—came down to Lee's Mills from the north, running parallel with and not crossing the road from Newport News to Williamsburg. It was also known that there were intrenched positions of more or less strength at Young's Mills, on the Newport News road, and at Big Bethel, Howard's Bridge, and Ship's Point, on or near the Hampton and Yorktown road, and at Williamsburg.

On my arrival at Fortress Monroe, I learned, in an interview with Flag-Officer Goldsborough, that he could not protect the James as a line of supply, and that he could furnish no vessels to take an active part in the reduction of the batteries at York and Gloucester or to run by and gain their rear. He could only aid in the final attack after our land batteries had essentially silenced their fire.

I thus found myself, with 53,000 men in condition to move, faced by the conditions of the problem just stated. Information was received that Yorktown was already being reënforced from Norfolk, and it was apprehended that the main Confederate army would promptly follow the same course. I therefore determined to move at once with the force in hand, and endeavor to seize a point—near the Halfway House—between Yorktown and Williamsburg, where the Peninsula is reduced to a narrow neck, and thus cut off the retreat of the Yorktown garrison and prevent the arrival of reënforcements. The advance commenced on the morning of the 4th of April, and was arranged to turn successively the intrenchments on the two roads; the result being that, on the afternoon of the 5th, the Third Corps was engaged with the enemy's outposts in front of Yorktown and under the artillery fire of the place. The Fourth Corps came upon Lee's Mills and found it covered by the unfordable line of the Warwick, and reported the position so strong as to render it impossible to execute its orders to assault. Thus, all things were brought to a stand-still, and the intended movement on the Halfway House could not be carried out. Just at this moment came a telegram, dated the 4th, informing me that the First Corps was withdrawn from my command. Thus, when too deeply committed to recede, I found that another reduction of about 43,000, including several cavalry regiments withheld from me, diminished my paper force to 92,000, instead of the 155,000 on which the plans of the campaign had been founded and with which it was intended to operate. The number of men left behind, sick and from other causes inci-

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dent to such a movement, reduced the total for duty to some 85,000, from which must be deducted all camp, depot, and train guards, escorts, and non-combatants, such as cooks, servants, orderlies, and extra-duty men in the various staff departments, which reduced the numbers actually available for battle to some 67,000 or 68,000.

The order withdrawing the First Corps also broke up the Department of the Potomac, forming out of it the Department of the Shenandoah, under General Banks, and the Department of Northern Virginia, under General McDowell, the latter including Washington. I thus lost all control of the depots at Washington, as I had already been deprived of the control of the base at Fortress Monroe and of the ground subsequently occupied by the depot at White House. The only territory remaining under my command was the paltry triangle between the Departments of northern Virginia and Virginia; even that was yet to be won from the enemy. I was thus relieved from the duty of providing for the safety of Washington, and deprived of all control over the troops in that vicinity. Instead of one directing head controlling operations which should have been inseparable, the region from the Alleghanies to the sea was parceled out among four independent commanders.

On the 3d of April, at the very moment of all others when it was most necessary to push recruiting most vigorously, to make good the inevitable losses in battle and by disease, an order was issued from the War Department discontinuing all recruiting for the volunteers and breaking up all their recruiting stations. Instead of a regular and permanent system of recruiting, whether by voluntary enlistment or by draft, a spasmodic system of large drafts was thereafter resorted to, and, to a great extent, the system of forming new regiments. The results were wasteful and pernicious. There were enough, or nearly enough, organizations in the field, if they had been constantly maintained at the full strength by a regular and constant influx of recruits, who, by association with their veteran comrades, would soon have become efficient. The new regiments required much time to become useful, and endured very heavy and unnecessary losses from disease and in battle owing to the inexperience of the officers and men. A course more in accordance with the best-established military principles and the uniform experience of war would have saved the country many millions of treasure and many thousands of valuable lives.

Then, on the 5th of April, I found myself with 53,000 men in hand, giving less than 42,000 for battle, after deducting extra-duty

men and other non-combatants. In our front was an intrenched line, apparently too strong for assault, and which I had now no means of turning, either by land or water. I now learned that 85,000 would be the maximum force at my disposal, giving only some 67,000 for battle. Of the three divisions yet to join, Casey's reached the front only on the 17th, Richardson's on the 16th, and Hooker's commenced arriving at Ship Point on the 10th. Whatever may have been said afterwards, no one at the time — so far as my knowledge extended — thought an assault practicable without certain preliminary siege operations. At all events, my personal experience in this kind of work was greater than that of any officer under my command; and after personal reconnaissances more appropriate to a lieutenant of engineers than to the commanding general, I could neither discover nor hear of any point where an assault promised any chance of success. We were thus obliged to resort to siege operations in order to silence the enemy's artillery fire and open the way to an assault. All the batteries would have been ready to open fire on the 5th, or, at latest, on the morning of the 6th of May, and it was determined to assault at various points the moment the heavy batteries had performed their allotted task; the navy were prepared to participate in the attack as soon as the main batteries were silenced; the *Galena*, under that most gallant and able officer, John Rodgers, was to take part in the attack, and would undoubtedly have run the batteries at the earliest possible moment; but during the night of the 3d and 4th of May the enemy evacuated his positions, regarding them as untenable under the impending storm of heavy projectiles.

Meanwhile, on the 22d of April, Franklin's division of McDowell's Corps had joined me by water, in consequence of my urgent calls for reinforcements.

The moment the evacuation of Yorktown was known, the order was given for the advance of all the disposable cavalry and horse batteries, supported by infantry divisions, and every possible effort was made to expedite the movement of a column by water upon West Point, to force the evacuation of the lines at Williamsburg, and, if possible, cut off a portion of the enemy's force and trains.

The heavy storms which had prevailed recommenced on the afternoon of the 4th, and not only impeded the advance of troops by land, but delayed the movement by water so much that it was not until the morning of the 7th that the leading division — Franklin's — disembarked near West Point and took up a suitable position to hold its own and cover the

landing of reinforcements. This division was attacked not long after it landed, but easily repulsed the enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy's rear-guard held the Williamsburg lines against our advance, except where Hancock broke through, until the night of the 6th, when they retired.

The army was now divided; a part at the mouth of the Pamunkey, a part at Williamsburg, and a part at Yorktown, prepared to ascend the York River. The problem was to reunite them without giving the enemy the opportunity of striking either fraction with his whole force. This was accomplished on the 10th, when all the divisions were in communication, and the movement of concentration continued as rapidly as circumstances permitted, so that on the 15th the headquarters and the divisions of Franklin, Porter, Sykes, and Smith reached Cumberland; Couch and Casey being near New Kent Court House, Hooker and Kearny near Roper's Church, and Richardson and Sedgwick near Eltham. On the 15th and 16th, in the face of dreadful weather and terrible roads, the divisions of Franklin, Porter, and Smith were advanced to White House, and a depot established. On the 18th the Fifth and Sixth Corps were formed, so that the organization of the Army of the Potomac was now as follows: Second Corps, Sumner—Divisions, Sedgwick and Richardson; Third Corps, Heintzelman—Divisions, Kearny and Hooker; Fourth Corps, Keyes—Divisions, Couch and Casey; Fifth Corps, F. J. Porter—Divisions, Morell and Sykes and the Reserve Artillery; Sixth Corps, Franklin—Divisions, Smith and Slocum.

The cavalry organization remained unchanged, and we were sadly deficient in that important arm, as many of the regiments belonging to the Army of the Potomac were among those which had been retained near Washington.

The question now arose as to the line of operations to be followed: that of the James on the one hand, and, on the other, the line from White House as a base, crossing the upper Chickahominy.

The army was admirably placed for adopting either, and my decision was to take that of the James, operating on either bank as might prove advisable, but always preferring the southern. I had urgently asked for reinforcements to come by water, as they would thus be equally available for either line of operations. The destruction of the *Merrimac* on the 11th of May had opened the James River to us, and it was only after that date that it became available. My plan, however, was changed by orders from Washington. A telegram of the 18th from the Secretary

of War informed me that McDowell would advance from Fredericksburg, and directed me to extend the right of the Army of the Potomac to the north of Richmond, in order to establish communication with him. The same order required me to supply his troops from our depots at White House. Herein lay the failure of the campaign, as it necessitated the division of the army by the Chickahominy, and caused great delay in constructing practicable bridges across that stream; while if I had been able to cross to the James, reinforcements would have reached me by water rapidly and safely, the army would have been united and in no danger of having its flank turned, or its line of supply interrupted, and the attack could have been much more rapidly pushed.

I now proceeded to do all in my power to insure success on the new line of operations thus imposed upon me. On the 20th of May our light troops reached the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, which they found destroyed. I at once ordered Casey's division to ford the stream and occupy the heights beyond, thus securing a lodgment on the right bank. Heintzelman was moved up in support of Keyes. By the 24th Mechanicsville was carried so that the enemy was now all together on the other side of the river. Sumner was near the railroad, on the left bank of the stream; Porter and Franklin on the same bank near Mechanicsville.

It is now time to give a brief description of the Chickahominy. This river rises some fifteen miles north-westward of Richmond, and unites with the James about forty miles below that city. Our operations were on the part between Meadow and Bottom's bridges, covering the approaches to Richmond from the east. Here the river at its ordinary stage is some forty feet wide, fringed with a dense growth of heavy forest trees, and bordered by low marshy lands, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. Within the limits above mentioned the firm ground, above high-water mark, seldom approaches the river on either bank, and in no place did the high ground come near the stream on both banks. It was subject to frequent sudden and great variations in the volume of water, and a single violent storm of brief duration sufficed to cause an overflow of the bottom-lands for many days, rendering the river absolutely impassable without long and strong bridges. When we reached the river it was found that all the bridges, except that at Mechanicsville, had been destroyed. The right bank, opposite New, Mechanicsville, and Meadow bridges, was bordered by high bluffs, affording the enemy commanding positions for his batteries,

enfilading the approaches, and preventing the rebuilding of important bridges. We were thus obliged to select other less exposed points for our crossings. Should McDowell effect the promised junction, we could turn the head-waters of the Chickahominy, and attack Richmond from the north and northwest, still preserving our line of supply from White House. But with the force actually available such an attempt would expose the army to the loss of its communications and to destruction in detail; for we had an able and active antagonist, prompt to take advantage of any error on our part. The country furnished no supplies, so that we could not afford the separation from our depots. All the information obtained showed that Richmond was entrenched, that the enemy occupied in force all the approaches from the east, that he intended to dispute every step of our advance, and that his army was numerically superior. Early on the 24th of May I received a telegram from the President, informing me that McDowell would certainly march on the 26th, suggesting that I should detach a force to the right to cut off the retreat of the Confederate force in front of Fredericksburg, and desiring me to march cautiously and safely. On the same day another dispatch came, informing me that, in consequence of Stonewall Jackson's advance down the Shenandoah, the movement of McDowell was suspended. Next day the President again telegraphed that the movement against General Banks seemed so general and connected as to show that the enemy could not intend a very desperate defense of Richmond; that he thought the time was near when I "must either attack Richmond or give up the job, and come back to the defense of Washington." I replied that all my information agreed that the mass of the enemy was still in the immediate vicinity of Richmond, ready to defend it, and that the object of Jackson's movement was probably to prevent reinforcements being sent to me. On the 26th General Stoneman, with my advanced guard, cut the Virginia Central Railroad in three places. On the same day I learned that a very considerable force of the enemy was in the vicinity of Hanover Court House, to our right and rear, threatening our communications, and in position to reinforce Jackson or oppose McDowell, whose advance was then eight miles south of Fredericksburg. I ordered General F. J. Porter to move next morning to dislodge them. He took with him his own old division, Warren's provisional brigade and Emory's cavalry brigade. His operations in the vicinity of Hanover Court House were entirely successful,

and resulted in completely clearing our flank, cutting the railroads in several places, destroying bridges, inflicting a severe loss upon the enemy, and fully opening the way for the advance of McDowell. As there was no indication of its immediate approach, and the position at Hanover Court House was too much exposed to be permanently held, General Porter's command was withdrawn on the evening of the 29th, and returned to its old position with the main army. The campaign had taken its present position in consequence of the assured junction of McDowell's corps. As it was now clear that I could not count with certainty upon that force, I had to do the best I could with the means at hand.

The first necessity was to establish secure communications between the two parts of the army, necessarily separated by the Chickahominy. Richmond could be attacked only by troops on the right bank. As the expectation of the advance of McDowell was still held out, and that only by the land route, I could not yet transfer the base to the James, but was obliged to retain it on the Pamunkey, and therefore to keep on the left bank a force sufficient to protect our communications and cover the junction of McDowell. It was still permissible to believe that sufficient attention would be paid to the simplest principle of war to push McDowell rapidly on Jackson's heels, when he made his inevitable return march to join the main Confederate army and attack our right flank. The failure of McDowell to reach me at or before the critical moment, was due to the orders he received from Washington. The bridges over the Chickahominy first built were swept away by the floods, and it became necessary to construct others more solid and with long log approaches, a slow and difficult task, generally carried on by men working in the water and under fire. The work was pushed as rapidly as possible, and on the 30th of May, the corps of Heintzelman and Keyes were on the right bank of the Chickahominy, the most advanced positions being somewhat strengthened by entrenchments; Sumner's corps was on the left bank, some six miles above Bottom's Bridge; Porter's and Franklin's corps were on the left bank opposite the enemy's left. During the day and night of the 30th torrents of rain fell, inundating the whole country and threatening the destruction of our bridges.

Well aware of our difficulties, our active enemy, on the 31st of May, made a violent attack upon Casey's division, followed by an equally formidable one on Couch, thus commencing the battle of Fair Oaks.\* Heintzel-

\*The Confederates call this battle Seven Pines. For plan of battle see map on p. 118.—Ed.

man came up in support, and during the afternoon Sumner crossed the river with great difficulty, and rendered such efficient service that the enemy was checked. In the morning his renewed attacks were easily repulsed, and the ground occupied at the beginning of the battle was more than recovered; he had failed in the purpose of the attack. The ground was now so thoroughly soaked by the rain, and the bridges were so much injured, that it was impracticable to pursue the enemy or to move either Porter or Franklin to the support of the other corps on the south bank. Our efforts were at once concentrated upon the restoration of the old and the building of new bridges.

On the 1st of June the Department of Virginia, including Fortress Monroe, was placed under my command.

On the 2d the Secretary telegraphed that as soon as Jackson was disposed of in the Shenandoah, another large body of troops would be at my service; on the 5th, that he intended sending a part of General McDowell's force as soon as it could return from Front Royal (in the Shenandoah Valley, near Manassas Gap, and about one hundred and fifteen miles north-west of Richmond), probably as many as I wanted; on the 11th, that McCall's force had embarked to join me on the day preceding, and that it was intended to send the residue of General McDowell's force to join me as speedily as possible, and that it was clear that a strong force was operating with Jackson for the purpose of preventing the forces there from joining me.

On the 26th the Secretary telegraphed that the forces of McDowell, Banks, and Frémont would be consolidated as the Army of Virginia, and would operate promptly in my aid by land.

Fortunately for the Army of the Potomac, however, I entertained serious doubts of the aid promised by the land route, so that, on the 18th, I ordered a number of transports, with supplies of all kinds, to be sent up the James, under convoy of the gun-boats, so that I might be free to cut loose from the Pamunkey and move over to the James, should circumstances enable me or render it desirable to do so.

The battle of Fair Oaks was followed by storms of great severity, continuing until the 20th of June, and adding vastly to the difficulties of our position, greatly retarding the construction of the bridges and of the defensive works regarded as necessary to cover us in the event of a repulse, and making the ground too difficult for the free movements of troops.

On the 19th Franklin's corps was transferred to the south side of the Chickahominy,

Porter's corps, reinforced by McCall's division (which, with a few additional regiments, had arrived on the 12th and 13th), being left alone on the north side.

This dangerous distribution was necessary in order to concentrate sufficient force on the south side to attack Richmond with any hope of success; and, as I was still told that McDowell would arrive by the overland route, I could not yet change the base to the James.

It was not until the 25th that the condition of the ground and the completion of the bridges and intrenchments left me free to attack. On that day the first step was taken, in throwing forward the left of our picket-line, in face of a strong opposition, to gain ground enough to enable Sumner and Heintzelman to support the attack to be made next day by Franklin on the rear of Old Tavern. [See map.] The successful issue of this attack would, it was supposed, drive the enemy from his positions on the heights overlooking Mechanicsville, and probably enable us to force him back into his main line of works. We would then be in position to reconnoiter the lines carefully, determine the points of attack, and take up a new base and line of supply if expedient.

During the night of the 24th information arrived confirming the anticipation that Jackson was moving to attack our right and rear, but I persisted in the operation intended for the 25th, partly to develop the strength of the enemy opposite our left and center, and with the design of attacking Old Tavern on the 26th, if Jackson's advance was so much delayed that Porter's corps would not be endangered.

Late in the afternoon of the 25th Jackson's advance was confirmed, and it was rendered probable that he would attack next day. All hope of the advance of McDowell's corps in season to be of any service had disappeared; the dangerous position of the army had been faithfully held to the last moment. After deducting the garrisons in rear, the railroad guards, non-combatants, and extra-duty men, there were not more than 75,000 men for battle. The enemy, with a force larger than this, the strong defenses of Richmond close at hand in his rear, was free to strike on either flank. I decided then to carry into effect the long-considered plan of abandoning the Pamunkey and taking up the line of the James.

The necessary orders were given for the defense of the depots at the White House to the last moment and its final destruction and abandonment; it was also ordered that all possible stores should be pushed to the front while communications were open.

The ground to the James had already been

reconnoitered with reference to this movement.

During the night of the 26th Porter's siege-guns and wagon-trains were brought over to the south side of the Chickahominy. During the afternoon of that day his corps had been attacked in its position on Beaver Dam Creek, near Mechanicsville, and the enemy repulsed with heavy losses on their part. It was now clear that Jackson's corps had taken little or no part in this attack, and that his blow would fall farther to the rear. I therefore ordered the Fifth Corps to fall back and take position nearer the bridges, where the flanks would be more secure. This was skillfully effected early on the 27th, and it was decided that this corps should hold its position until night. All the corps commanders on the south side were on the 26th directed to be prepared to send as many troops as they could spare in support of Porter on the next day. All of them thought the enemy so strong in their respective fronts as to require all their force to hold their positions.

Shortly after noon on the 27th the attack commenced upon Porter's corps, in its new position near Gaines's Mill, and the contest continued all day with great vigor.

The movements of the enemy were so threatening at many points on our center and left as to indicate the presence of large numbers of troops, and for a long time created great uncertainty as to the real point of his main attack. General Porter's first call for reinforcement and a supply of axes failed to reach me; but, upon receiving a second call, I ordered Slocum's division to cross to his support. The head of the division reached the field at 3:30 and immediately went into action. At about 5 P. M. General Porter reported his position as critical, and the brigades of French and Meagher — of Richardson's division — were ordered to reinforce him, although the fearless commander of the Second Corps, General Sumner, thought it hazardous to remove them from his own threatened front. I then ordered the reserve of Heintzelman to move in support of Sumner and a brigade of Keyes's corps to headquarters for such use as might be required. Smith's division, left alone when Slocum crossed to the aid of Porter, was so seriously threatened that I called on Sumner's corps to send a brigade to its support.

French and Meagher reached the field before dusk, just after Porter's corps had been forced by superior numbers to fall back to an interior position nearer the bridges, and, by their steady attitude, checked all further progress of the enemy and completed the attainment of the purpose in view, which was

to hold the left bank of the river until dark, so that the movement to the James might be safely commenced. The siege-guns, material, and trains on the left bank were all safe, and the right wing was in close connection with the rest of the army. The losses were heavy, but the object justified them, or rather made them necessary. At about six o'clock next morning the rear-guard of regulars crossed to the south side and the bridges were destroyed.

I now bent all my energies to the transfer of the army to the James, fully realizing the very delicate nature of a flank march, with heavy trains, by a single road, in face of an active enemy, but confident that I had the army well in hand and that it would not fail me in the emergency. I thought that the enemy would not anticipate that movement, but would assume that all my efforts would be directed to cover and regain the old depots; and the event proved the correctness of this supposition. It seemed certain that I could gain one or two days for the movement of the trains, while he remained uncertain as to my intentions; and that was all I required with such troops as those of the Army of the Potomac.

During the night of the 27th I assembled the corps commanders at headquarters, informed them of my intentions, and gave them their orders. Keyes's corps was ordered to move at once, with its trains, across White Oak Swamp, and occupy positions on the farther side to cover the passage of the remainder of the army. By noon of the 28th this first step was accomplished. During the 28th Sumner, Heintzelman, and Franklin held essentially their old positions; the trains converged steadily to the White Oak Swamp and crossed as rapidly as possible, and during this day and the succeeding night Porter followed the movement of Keyes's corps and took position to support it.

Early on the 28th, when Franklin's corps was drawing in its right to take a more concentrated position, the enemy opened a sharp artillery fire and made at one point a spirited attack with two Georgia regiments, which were repulsed by the two regiments on picket.

Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and Smith's division of Franklin's were now ordered to abandon their intrenchments, so as to occupy, on the morning of the 29th, a new position in rear, shorter than the old and covering the crossing of the swamp. This new line could easily be held during the day, and these troops were ordered to remain there until dark, to cover the withdrawal of the rest of the trains, and then cross the swamp and occupy the positions about to be abandoned by Keyes's and Porter's corps. Meanwhile Slo-

cum's division had been ordered to Savage's Station in reserve, and, during the morning, was ordered across the swamp to relieve Keyes's corps. This was a critical day; for the crossing of the swamp by the trains must be accomplished before its close, and their protection against attack from Richmond must be assured, as well as communication with the gun-boats.

A sharp cavalry skirmish on the Quaker Road indicated that the enemy was alive to our movement, and might at any moment strike in force to intercept the march to the James. The difficulty was not at all with the movement of the troops, but with the immense trains that were to be moved virtually by a single road, and required the whole army for their protection. With the exception of the cavalry affair on the Quaker Road, we were not troubled during this day south of the swamp, but there was severe fighting north of it. Sumner's corps evacuated their works at daylight and fell back to Allen's farm, nearly two miles west of Savage's Station, Heintzelman being on their left. Here Sumner was furiously attacked three times, but each time drove the enemy back with much loss.

Soon afterwards Franklin, having only one division with him, ascertained that the enemy had repaired some of the Chickahominy bridges and was advancing on Savage's Station, whereupon he posted his division at that point and informed Sumner, who moved his corps to the same place, arriving a little after noon. About 4 P. M. Sumner and Franklin — three divisions in all — were sharply attacked, mainly by the Williamsburg road; the fighting continued until between 8 and 9 P. M., the enemy being at all times thoroughly repulsed, and finally driven from the field.

Meanwhile, through a misunderstanding of his orders, and being convinced that the troops of Sumner and Franklin at Savage's Station were ample for the purpose in view, Heintzelman withdrew his troops during the afternoon, crossed the swamp at Brackett's Ford, and reached the Charles City road with the rear of his column at 10 P. M.

Slocum reached the position of Keyes's corps early in the afternoon, and, as soon as the latter was thus relieved, it was ordered forward to the James near Malvern Hill, which it reached, with all its artillery and trains, early on the 30th. Porter was ordered to follow this movement and prolong the line of Keyes's corps to our right. The trains were pushed on in rear of these corps and massed under cover of the gun-boats as fast as they reached the James, at Haxall's plantation. As soon as the fighting ceased with

the final repulse of the enemy, Sumner and Franklin were ordered to cross the swamp; this was effected during the night, the rear-guard crossing and destroying the bridge at 5 A. M. on the 30th. All the troops and trains were now between the swamp and the James, and the first critical episode of the movement was successfully accomplished.

The various corps were next pushed forward to establish connection with Keyes and Porter and hold the different roads by which the enemy could advance from Richmond to strike our line of march. I determined to hold the positions now taken until the trains had all reached a place of safety, and then concentrate the army near the James, where it could enjoy a brief rest after the fatiguing battles and marches through which it was passing, and then renew the advance on Richmond.

General Franklin, with Smith's division of his own corps, Richardson's of the Second, and Naglee's brigade were charged with the defense of the White Oak Swamp crossing. Slocum held the ground thence to the Charles City road; Kearny from that road to the Long Bridge Road; McCall on his left; Hooker thence to the Quaker Road; Sedgwick at Nelson's farm, in rear of McCall and Kearny. The Fifth Corps was at Malvern Hill, the Fourth at Turkey Bridge. The trains moved on during this day, and at 4 P. M. the last reached Malvern Hill and kept on to Haxall's, so that the most difficult part of the task was accomplished, and it only remained for the troops to hold their ground until night-fall, and then continue the march to the positions selected near Malvern Hill.

The fighting on this day (June 30) was very severe, and extended along the whole line. It first broke out, between twelve and one, on General Franklin's command, in the shape of a fierce artillery fire, which was kept up through the day and inflicted serious losses. The enemy's infantry made several attempts to cross near the old bridge and below, but was in every case thrown back. Franklin held his position until after dark, and during the night fell back to Malvern. At half-past two Slocum's left was attacked in vain on the Charles City road. At about three McCall was attacked, and, after five o'clock, under the pressure of heavy masses, he was forced back; but Hooker came up from the left, and Sedgwick from the rear, and the two together not only stopped the enemy, but drove him off the field.

At about four P. M. heavy attacks commenced on Kearny's left, and three ineffectual assaults were made. The firing continued until after dark. About midnight Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps and McCall's division withdrew

from the positions they had so gallantly held, and commenced their march to Malvern, which they reached unmolested soon after daybreak. Just after the rear of the trains reached Malvern, about 4 P. M., the enemy attacked Porter's corps, but were promptly shaken off.

Thus, on the morning of July 1st, the army was concentrated at Malvern, with the trains at Haxall's, in rear. The supplies which had been sent from White House on the 18th were at hand in the James.

After consultation with Commodore Rodgers, I decided that Harrison's Landing was a better position for the resting-place of the army, because the channel passed so close to City Point as to enable the enemy to prevent the passage of transports if we remained at Malvern. It was, however, necessary to accept battle where we were, in order to give ample time for the trains to reach Harrison's, as well as to give the enemy a blow that would check his farther pursuit.

Accordingly, the army was carefully posted on the admirable position of Malvern Hill, with the right thrown back below Haxall's. The left was the natural point of attack, and there the troops were massed and the reserve artillery placed, while full preparations were made to frustrate any attempt to turn our right. Early in the forenoon the army was concentrated and ready for battle, in a position of unusual strength,—one which, with such troops as held it, could justly be regarded as impregnable. It was, then, with perfect confidence that I awaited the impending battle.

The enemy began feeling the position between 9 and 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. made a sharp attack upon Couch's division, which remained lying on the ground until the enemy were within close range, when they rose and delivered a volley which shattered and drove back their assailants in disorder. At 4 P. M. the firing ceased for a while, and the lull was availed of to rectify the position and make every preparation for the approaching renewal of the attack. It came at 6 P. M., opened by the fire of all their artillery and followed by desperate charges of infantry advancing at a run. They were always repulsed with the infliction of fearful loss, and in several instances our infantry awaited their approach within a few yards, poured in a single volley, and then dashed forward with the bayonet. At 7 P. M. the enemy was accumulating fresh troops, and the brigades of Meagher and Sickles were sent from Sumner's and Heintzelman's corps to reinforce Porter and Couch; fresh batteries were moved forward from the reserve artillery and ammunition replenished.

The enemy then repeated his attacks in the most desperate style until dark, but the battle ended with his complete repulse, with very heavy losses, and without his even for one moment gaining a foothold in our position. His frightful losses were in vain. I doubt whether, in the annals of war, there was ever a more persistent and gallant attack, or a more effective and cool resistance.

Although the result of this bloody battle was a complete victory on our part, it was necessary, for the reasons already given, to continue the movement to Harrison's, whither the trains had been pushed during the night of the 30th of June and the day of the 1st of July. Immediately after the final repulse the orders were given for the withdrawal of the army. The movement was covered by Keyes's corps. So complete was the enemy's discomfiture, and so excellent the conduct of the rear-guard, that the last of the trains reached Harrison's after dark on the 3d, without loss and unmolested by the enemy. This movement was now successfully accomplished, and the Army of the Potomac was at last in position on its true line of operations, with its trains intact, no guns lost save those taken in battle, when the artillery had proved their heroism and devotion by standing to their guns until the enemy's infantry were in their midst.

During the "Seven Days" the Army of the Potomac consisted of 143 regiments of infantry, 55 batteries, and less than eight regiments of cavalry, all told. The opposing Confederate army consisted of 187 regiments of infantry, 79 batteries, and 14 regiments of cavalry. The losses of the two armies from June 25th to July 2d were

	<i>Killed. Wounded. Missing. Total.</i>	
Confederate Army . . . . .	2,823	13,703 3,223 19,749
Army of the Potomac . . . . .	1,734	8,062 6,053 15,849

The Confederate losses in killed and wounded alone were greater than the total losses of the Army of the Potomac in killed, wounded, and missing.

No praise can be too great for the officers and men who passed through these seven days of battle, enduring fatigue without a murmur, successfully meeting and repelling every attack made upon them, always in the right place at the right time, and emerging from the fiery ordeal a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men can be called upon to undertake. They needed now only a few days of well-earned repose, a renewal of ammunition and supplies, and reinforcements to fill the gaps made in their ranks by so many desperate encounters, to be prepared to advance again,

with entire confidence, to meet their worthy antagonists in other battles. It was, however, decided by the authorities at Washington, against my earnest remonstrances, to abandon the position on the James, and the campaign. The Army of the Potomac was accordingly withdrawn, and it was not until two years

later that it again found itself under its last commander at substantially the same point on the bank of the James. It was as evident in 1862 as in 1865 that there was the true defense of Washington, and that it was on the banks of the James that the fate of the Union was to be decided.

George B. McClellan.

NOTE: The foregoing outline of the Peninsular Campaign will be supplemented in succeeding numbers by papers dealing more directly with the engagements, including contributions from Generals Fitz-John Porter, D. H. Hill, Franklin, and Longstreet. The "Recollections of a Private" will also cover the ground of the Seven Days' Battles.—ED.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### Effect of the Wind upon the Sound of Battle.

THE incident connected with the fight between the iron-clads in Hampton Roads related by Gen. R. E. Colston, where the power of the wind was sufficient to carry all sounds of the conflict away from people standing within plain sight of it, recalls several similar instances that came within my own experience while serving with the army operating along the seacoast of the Southern States during the war. At the bombardment of the Confederate works at Port Royal, South Carolina, in November, 1861, the transport my regiment was on lay near enough in shore to give us a fine view of the whole battle; but only in some temporary lull of the wind could we hear the faintest sound of the firing. The day was a pleasant one, and the wind did not appear to be unusually strong; but I noticed then and afterward that a breeze from the coast down that way was very different from the erratic gusts and flaws I had been used to in the New England States, the whole atmosphere seeming to move in a body, giving sound no chance to travel against it, but carrying it immense distances to the leeward. People living at St. Augustine, Florida, told me afterward that the Port Royal cannonade was heard at that place, 150 miles from where the fight took place.

A portion of the siege batteries at Morris Island, South Carolina, were not more than two miles from our camp; but at times the firing from them and the enemy's replies could only be heard very faintly even at that short distance, while at others, when the wind blew from the opposite direction, the sounds were as sharp and distinct as if the battle were taking place within a few rods of us.

CONCORD, N. H.

S. H. Prescott.

### The Gun-boat "Taylor" or "Tyler."

WE are permitted to print the following note bearing on a recent criticism of Rear-Admiral Walke's designation of the gun-boat under his command on the Mississippi river as the *Taylor*:

NAVY DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, February 11, 1885.

SIR: In reply to your letter of the 30th ultimo, and referring to previous correspondence, you are informed that at the time Commander John Rodgers purchased the gun-boats *A. O. Tyler* and others, he was acting under the orders of the War Department. In a com-

munication to this Department, dated June 8, 1861, he states as follows:

"I have, after consideration with General McClellan, and after inspection by Mr. Pook, the naval constructor, bought three steamboats for naval service in these waters. They were called the *A. O. Tyler*, the *Lexington*, and the *Comestoga*. The name of the first of these I will, with your permission, change to *Taylor*, a name of better augury than *Tyler*."

No action was taken by this Department concerning the changing of the name of the *A. O. Tyler*.

The Mississippi flotilla was not turned over to the Navy Department until the 1st of October, 1862. Prior to that date the officers and enlisted men, except the regular officers of the navy detailed for duty therein, were paid by Quartermaster Wise, under authority of the War Department.

I am unable to inform you what name the accounting officers of the Treasury recognized in settling the accounts of the vessel referred to. Very respectfully,

W. E. CHANDLER,  
Secretary of the Navy.

Colonel A. H. MARKLAND, Washington, D. C.

Col. Markland has ascertained that on the records of the Quartermaster-General's Department the name of the vessel is sometimes written *Taylor*, but more generally *Tyler* or *Tyler*. He claims that as no authorization of the change of name by Admiral Rodgers has been found the boat should go down to history as the *Tyler*.—EDITOR.

### Errata.

THE captain who, with his men, volunteered to go on the *Carondelet's* perilous passage of Island Number Ten (as described by Admiral Walke on p. 442 of the January number), was not Hollenstein but Hottenstein.—In the papers on "Shiloh" in the February number, the name of General John C. Breckinridge (*sic* in his autograph) was misprinted Breckenridge, which, however, is not without the apparent sanction of Dr. Thomas's "Dictionary of Biography" (Lippincott). The Breckenridge branch of this eminent Kentucky family (including the Reverend Doctor Robert J. Breckenridge, uncle of the General) were, we believe, staunch supporters of the Union.—A manifest error occurs on page 739 of the March number, in Colonel Wood's article on "The First Fight of Iron-clads," where Norfolk is said to be "within two miles" of Fortress Monroe. The distance, as shown by the map in the same number, is twelve to fifteen miles.—EDITOR.

## GENERAL GRANT.

I HAVE elsewhere related the principal events in General Grant's military career, and have but little new to offer on this theme.\* All that I shall now attempt is a presentation or portrait of the man, endeavoring especially to show how personal and individual traits have been manifested in the public character. I have, indeed, known General Grant so closely that his image is far more vivid to me in this aspect than as a General or a President; and although many of his notable qualities were displayed when I was near enough to watch their development, I was always able to penetrate through the soldier or the statesman to the individual. The outside garment of public deeds took form and shape to me from the underlying personality.

The family of Grant is of Scotch descent, and the clan Grant claimed him in 1877 when he passed through their territory. I was once on a visit at Castle Grant, the seat of their chief, Lord Seafield, who was greatly interested in his American clansman. He took me to Craig Ellachie, a rocky eminence near by, where in Gaelic days a beacon was lighted to rouse the Grants for war. The device of the clan is still a burning mountain, and their war-cry has always been, "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie." A Grant is to stand as firm as the rocks themselves.

About the same time I went to a gathering of the clans at Braemar, in the heart of the Highlands. The son of the Earl of Fife was there at the head of the Duffs; the chief of the Farquharsons was present with his clan; the Duke of Athole had marched his men across the Grampians, the Duchess, a woman of glorious beauty, riding by his side; the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Airlie, and the Lord Kilmarnock were all there, kilted Highlanders; and I found the Duffs and the Gordons and the Stewart-Murrays as ready as the Grants to claim kinship with an American President. They drank his health with Highland honors, and declared that the shrewd sagacity, the pertinacious resolve, the sustained energy which they had heard he possessed, were all due to his Caledonian origin.

General Grant's father was a native of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the West, and finally settled in Ohio. He was noted for intelligence as well as energy, and in all his dealings with men he bore an un-

blemished name. At the time when Ulysses was born he dealt largely in leather, and owned several tanneries. His mother also was a Pennsylvanian. The modest virtues of a Christian woman are not fit themes for public portraiture, but it is not difficult to imagine in them the source of that purity and simplicity of character which the strifes and temptations of a public career have been unable to destroy.

Ulysses was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, an obscure town on the north bank of the Ohio. The modest cottage where he first saw the light still overlooks the Kentucky shore, and his earliest hours were spent almost in sight of that great theater of war where he was destined to play so prominent a part. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, Ohio, and there the boyhood of young Grant was passed. His father was now a well-to-do man, furnished with as large a supply of this world's goods as any of his neighbors, and both able and willing to afford the son whatever advantages of education were then attainable at so great a distance from the Atlantic coast.

Like Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, and others who became famous in their prime, Grant was in childhood in no way conspicuous above his fellows. It is true that by the reflex light of subsequent performance we can now discern in the traits of the boy the germs of what afterward became distinguished in the man, but the germs were latent till the light and sun of circumstance developed them. None of his early companions saw any indications of his future destiny.

At seventeen he was offered an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. The youth who had been sent the year before from his congressional district had failed to keep up with his class, and was dismissed in consequence. Had that young predecessor been more successful, Grant might never have received a military education, and possibly not have risen to distinction in arms.

He spent four years at the Academy, but made no brilliant mark there. He had no fondness for his profession, and manifested no special aptness for study, although he mastered the mathematics easily. Riding was his chief accomplishment and amusement. He was careless of the military etiquette imposed on the cadets, and, though far from in-

\* See "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant from April, 1861, to April, 1865," by Adam Badeau (N. Y.: D. Appleton & Co., 1881), upon which the author has here drawn.—Ed.

subordinate, and never guilty of more serious offense, was constantly subjected to petty punishments for leaving a shoe untied or being late at parade. The same distaste for trivial forms followed him through his military career. No officer of the army was less scrupulous in matters of costume, or exacted fewer ceremonies from those whom he commanded.

In 1843 he was graduated, twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. The army was full at the time, and its future commander could only be admitted as a supernumerary officer. He was commissioned brevet second lieutenant, and attached to the Fourth Infantry.

When the Mexican war broke out, Grant was ordered with his regiment to Texas to join the army of General Taylor. At Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he took his first lessons in actual war—battles which, compared with many of those of the Rebellion, were insignificant skirmishes. Grant often afterward assigned to a brigade more men than there composed the American army. He remained under Taylor until the capture of Monterey, participating in that achievement. His regiment was then transferred to Scott's command.

Grant was now made quartermaster of the regiment—a position which exempted him from the necessity of going under fire; but he was present at every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. After Molino del Rey he was brevetted for "distinguished gallantry," and at the capture of the capital displayed several of the traits that became notable in his later history.

As the army was approaching the city, Worth's division was ordered to seize a road on the western side. Grant was with Worth's advance. An abrupt turn in the road was defended by a parapet, and, as the division advanced, a raking fire of musketry made it necessary to seek every chance for cover. Grant, however, made his way alone across the space exposed to fire, and discovered an opportunity to flank the parapet. Hastening back to his men, some twenty or thirty in number, he cried out that he had found a chance to turn the enemy, and called for volunteers. Ten or a dozen soldiers jumped up at once and were soon crawling with him behind a wall, when they came upon an entire company under Captain—now General—Horace Brooks, making their way cautiously in the bottom of a ditch. Grant at once cried out: "Captain! I've found a way to flank the enemy"; and Brooks replied: "Well, you know the way. Go on; we'll follow you." So the lieutenant led, and the whole party, now fifty in number, assaulted the end of the

parapet, carried it by storm, and took the enemy in rear. The Mexicans fled at once from the position, no longer tenable, and the work was carried.

The party was now on the direct road to the Garita San Cosme, one of the strongest entrances to the City of Mexico, whose spires and turrets were distinctly visible. They soon struck another parapet, this one defended by a cannon. Grant again advanced at the head of his little column, by this time a hundred and fifty strong, and the second parapet was carried. But they were now directly under the guns of the city, and Brooks, who had assumed command by virtue of seniority, declared he could not hold the position unless he was reinforced. Grant was therefore sent back to Worth to ask for troops, and had hardly left when the command was driven pell-mell from the parapet. He soon, however, found the division-general, and fresh troops were at once sent forward.

A little to the right of the parapet was a rickety village church with a steeple a hundred feet high. Toward this Grant led a section of artillery, dragging a mountain howitzer by hand across the ditches, of which the country is full. He found the priest and demanded the keys, which the father at first was unwilling to yield; but Grant soon convinced him of the necessity of surrender. The howitzer was quickly taken to pieces, and four or five men carried it to the belfry, while Grant disposed the remainder of his force so as to secure the church from easy capture. Then he mounted the steeple, and served and pointed the gun himself, and before long the enemy was driven a second time from the parapet. The gun was now directed upon the city, and the confusion of the Mexicans could be plainly seen, as they huddled in fright behind their walls.

Worth soon perceived the shells issuing from this novel position, and the effect they were producing on the enemy. He sent for Grant, congratulated him, and placed an entire company with a captain under his command. Thus reinforced, the lieutenant returned to his steeple with another howitzer, and reopened fire. That night the Garita San Cosme surrendered, and in the morning the City of Mexico was in the hands of Americans. For this exploit, undertaken without orders, by a lieutenant with no legitimate command, and obliged therefore to gather up men and weapons on the field, Grant was mentioned in all the dispatches, and received a second brevet within five days after the first.

At the close of the war he returned to the United States, and in 1848 he was married. In 1852 he was ordered to Oregon, by way of California. Life was rough then on the

Pacific coast, and his wife was left behind. The route was by sea to the Isthmus of Panama, and during the passage of the Isthmus the cholera broke out. Grant was again acting quartermaster. The Panama railroad at this time extended only thirty miles from the Atlantic, after which boats were taken up the Chagres River to the head of navigation. From this point the troops were to march to the Pacific, about thirty miles farther; but the steamship company had contracted to furnish mules or horses for the sick, and for the wives and children of the soldiers. There were, however, several hundred passengers besides the soldiers, and when the cholera appeared a panic followed. The passengers offered higher prices to the natives than the company had agreed to pay, and thus secured all the animals, leaving absolutely none for the soldiers and their families. The troops marched on, but Grant was left behind with the sick and the women and children, who were unable to walk under the July sun of the tropics. He remained a week in entire command, caring for the sick and the dying, burying the dead, controlling the half-hostile Indians, and struggling to procure transportation. During all this while he never took off his clothes, and only snatched rare intervals of sleep, stretched on a bench or under a shed, exposed to the miasma of the rank forest and the swamp. Finally, as the agents of the steamship company failed entirely in their duty, Grant took upon himself the responsibility of making a new contract in their name. He hired mules and litters at prices double those that the company had agreed to pay, he engaged Indians to bury the dead, and after seven days took up his march for the Pacific. A hundred and fifty souls had been left with him in the interior of the Isthmus, half of whom perished in that week of cholera. His life, however, was preserved. Neither Mexican bullets nor tropical pestilence had been permitted to harm him.

In 1854, having served in the army eleven years, he resigned his commission and occupied a farm, a few miles out of St. Louis, where his wife's family resided. His means were limited, and he worked at the plow himself, or, in winter, cut and corded wood, driving the cart to market in St. Louis. He built a log-house on his farm, and lived a simple life, never so happy as with his wife and children. He had now three sons and a daughter.

Despite his poverty, however, he saw and mingled with the important people of St. Louis. His wife's family belonged to what is called good company, and Grant himself was always welcomed by its most distinguished members. His old army rank was itself a social

introduction, and his old army friends kept up their intimacy.

But with all his industry farming did not succeed. He tried collecting money, but for this he had no talent, and at times his circumstances were narrow indeed. In 1860 he removed to Galena, where his father and brothers were engaged in the leather trade. They gave him occupation, and here he lived for nearly a year, unimportant and unknown. He seemed to have forgotten his military pursuits. The title of captain, which he still retained, hardly recalled the storming of Chapultepec, or the guns he had mounted on the crazy steeple under the walls of Mexico. No restless ambition disturbed his spirits. No craving for fame made him dissatisfied with obscurity. Those nearest him never suspected that he possessed extraordinary ability. He himself never dreamed that he was destined for great place or power.

Yet his vicissitudes as soldier, farmer, and trader, his frontier career among the Indians, his life at West Point, and in Ohio, in Oregon, and Mexico, had given him a wide and practical experience, and made him, unknown to himself, a representative American. In war he had served under the two greatest captains the country had produced in the century, had shared their most important battles, and witnessed their marches and sieges and assaults; in peace he had mingled with all classes of his countrymen, had learned much of life, and laid many of its lessons well to heart.

He had learned patience when hope was long deferred, and endurance under heavy and repeated difficulties; he had displayed audacity in emergencies, as well as persistency of resolve and fertility of resource. If one means failed, he tried another; he was not discouraged by ill fortune, nor discontented with little things. Above all, he never quailed and never despaired. The leather merchant of Galena was not without preparation even for that great future which awaited him, all unknown.

On the 11th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked by Americans. On the 15th the news reached Galena that Lincoln had called for volunteers. On the 19th Grant was drilling a company, and in a week he led his men to Springfield, the capital of Illinois. He was no politician, and had never voted for a President but once; he had been a slaveholder, but he had no doubt of his duty or his principles. He had been educated by the country, and the country had a right to whatever of skill or experience he had acquired.

The ignorance of all military matters which then prevailed was almost universal. Half a century of peace had hardly been disturbed

by the distant Mexican campaign, and a generation had grown up unused to war. Grant's knowledge of organization and routine now stood him well in hand. He served five weeks without a commission, mustering in new troops under the direction of the Governor of Illinois. Meanwhile he offered his services to the Secretary of War in any capacity that might be desired, but the letter was not deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a reply. He then proceeded to Cincinnati, in the hope that McClellan might offer him a position on his staff. He went twice to headquarters, but did not gain admission to McClellan's presence, and returned to Illinois without mentioning his aspirations to any one.

In June the Governor offered him a regiment of infantry. He said he felt competent to command a regiment, and was ordered at once to Missouri. In August he was commissioned brigadier-general of volunteers. The member of Congress from his district had noticed his diligence and energy in a subordinate position, and when the President was nominating brigadiers from Illinois, Washburne suggested Grant, the whole delegation recommending him. The new general knew nothing of his rank until he saw the announcement in the newspapers. No promotion that he ever received was suggested or procured by any application from himself.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio. Colonel (afterwards General) Oglesby was in command of the post, but had never met his new superior. Grant was in citizen's clothes, for he had not found time to purchase a uniform, and walked into headquarters without being recognized. Asking for pen and paper, he wrote out an order assuming command, and handed it to Oglesby. The immature colonel was greatly amazed at the procedure, with which he was unfamiliar; and when Grant inquired if his predecessor had not also assumed command in orders, Oglesby replied: "I guess he didn't know how."

The population of Kentucky was at this time divided in feeling in regard to the war, and the Governor had set up a claim of neutrality. But two days after Grant's arrival at Cairo, the enemy invaded the State and threatened Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. As this was a place of great importance, commanding both the Ohio and the Tennessee, Grant at once notified the State Legislature, which was loyal, and sent word to Fremont, his immediate superior. Later on the same day he telegraphed to Fremont: "Am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at six and a half o'clock." Receiving no reply, he

set out the same night on transports with a couple of regiments and a battery. He arrived at Paducah in the morning, and seized the town without firing a gun, a force of the enemy hurrying out by train while he was landing. At noon he returned to Cairo, where he found General Fremont's permission to take Paducah, "if he felt strong enough." Kentucky by this stroke was secured to the Union. No more was heard of neutrality. But Grant was rebuked for corresponding with the Legislature.

This event was the key-note to his entire military career. The keenness with which he perceived both the strategical importance of Paducah and the necessity for immediate action, the indifference with which he brushed away the sophistical pleas of the politicians, the promptness with which he decided to act,—for many can see to the core of things, and yet are not gifted with the power to determine in accordance with what they perceive,—and above all the celerity in putting resolve into execution—these are traits which were displayed a hundred times afterward, and which brought in the end the same result to the general-in-chief as at Paducah they insured to the district commander.

For eight weeks he was now employed teaching his men the very rudiments of war. There was not a professional soldier in his command. The troops and officers were alike from civil life, and Grant was adjutant and quartermaster again, though on a larger scale. Every detail of his past experience became of importance now. He wrote out his own orders, drilled his troops and instructed his colonels, and never worked harder than while preparing his recruits to take the field.

In November he was ordered to make a demonstration on Belmont. The story has been often told—the movement down the Mississippi River, the elation of the raw troops at last led out of camp, and the determination of Grant, who perceived that their blood was up, to convert the demonstration into a real attack. Three thousand men were landed on the west bank, immediately under the guns of Columbus, an important work of the enemy on the opposite shore; they surprised and destroyed the hostile camp; but then, intoxicated with their triumph, they became at once uncontrollable; they shouted and ran around like school-boys, while their colonels made stump speeches for the Union. The enemy, seeing this, recovered from their panic, and reinforcements were sent from the eastern bank. Not a man in Grant's command had ever been in battle before, and it was impossible to restore order, until at last he directed an officer to set fire to the camps.

This, as he had expected, drew the attention of the gunners at Columbus, who opened on his little force; and the troops, perceiving their danger, at length returned to the ranks. But by this time the enemy had also reformed, and were ready to resist his march to the transports. His own men were at first greatly dismayed, and one of his officers came up with the news: "We are surrounded." "Well," said Grant, "if that is so, we must cut our way out as we cut our way in. We have whipped them once, and I think we can do it again." His own confidence quickly inspired his command. The troops took heart; they did "cut their way out as they cut their way in"; they "whipped 'em again," and succeeded in all that had been planned or desired.

This, Grant's earliest absolute battle, although on so small a scale, illustrates, like Paducah, many of the traits which were afterward conspicuous in his military character. His sympathy with the troops at the start, his steadiness under apparent disaster, his promptness in an emergency, the grim device of setting the camps on fire to draw the attention of the enemy, and his ability to restore confidence to the flustered recruits, were all auguries of soldiership not afterward belied.

After this, every one of his great battles brought out some peculiar personal quality to which he was indebted for success. In a war where the prowess of the soldiers was equal, where the Southern enthusiasm was matched by the Northern determination, where the men were of the same race, and on each side thought they were fighting for country and right, the individual qualities of the leaders naturally told.

At Donelson, beyond all doubt, it was the personal traits of Grant that secured the victory; both in the movements preceding the attack and in the battle itself, the influence of the individual man is unmistakable. Numerous soldiers, it is said, had early recognized the importance of capturing the place. McClellan, Buell, Halleck, Cullum, all may, perhaps, lay claim to a perception of the advantages to follow from its fall. But, while they were considering and discussing these advantages, Grant proceeded and accomplished the task. He proposed it to Halleck, his immediate commander, who was probably at that moment contemplating the enterprise, and, not a little chagrined, rebuffed his intrusive subordinate. Grant, however, kept in ignorance of what his superior may have been planning, renewed the suggestion, and Halleck finally gave the orders. Grant started the next day, and four days after-

ward Fort Henry fell. On the 6th of February he announced the fact to Halleck: "Fort Henry is ours. I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th, and return to Fort Henry." Halleck, however, preferred more cautious proceedings, and telegraphed: "Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Shovels and picks will be sent to strengthen Fort Henry. The guns should be arranged so as to resist an attack." Grant thought the surest way to defend Fort Henry was to attack Fort Donelson, and while Halleck was ordering picks and shovels for the Tennessee, he was asking for heavy ordnance on the Cumberland. This continued till the fall of the place, and the day of the surrender Halleck's chief of staff, who had not heard the news, telegraphed to Grant "not to be too rash."

It was, however, in the thick of the battle of Fort Donelson that his first great feat of generalship was achieved. He was off the field, consulting with the naval commander, when the enemy, encompassed and disheartened, determined to break through the national lines. They came out before daybreak, throwing themselves in force against Grant's right. The struggle was severe, but the national troops were pushed back more than a mile. At this juncture Grant arrived on the field. He found his own men not yet recovered from the shock of battle, but doggedly retiring, while the enemy, though successfully up to a certain point, had not absolutely broken through the lines. There was no pursuit, and the battle had evidently lulled, not ended. The new troops, however, were flustered, and reported that the enemy had come out with their haversacks filled, as if they meant to stay out and fight for several days. Grant at once perceived the significance of the circumstance. "Are the haversacks filled?" he inquired. "Then they mean to fight their way out. They have no idea of staying here to fight us." The whole intent of the enemy was apparent to him in an instant. They were despairing. This was the moment, when both sides were hard pressed, to convert resistance into victory. "Which ever party first attacks now," he said, "will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an instant attack on the left, where the troops had not been engaged, and before night the fate of Fort Donelson was determined.

General Grant has often told me that there comes a time in every hard-fought battle when both armies are nearly or quite exhausted and it seems impossible for either to do more. This he believes to be the turning-point; whichever afterward first renews the fight

is sure to win. He acted upon this belief, not only at Donelson, but at Shiloh, and time after time again. In the Vicksburg campaign, in the Wilderness—always when odds and obstacles were even, or perhaps against him, when both his own men and the enemy were exhausted—then to proceed or to hold out unreasonably brought victory. The general or the man who does what can neither be expected nor required is the one who succeeds.

At Shiloh the same quality was manifest. At a certain moment in this battle the national troops were thrust back nearly to the river. The reinforcements had not arrived; a part of the command was broken; thousands had been taken prisoner, and thousands had fled to the rear. At this juncture General Buell came upon the field, in advance of his troops, still miles away. It was the darkest moment of the day. He rode up to Grant near the river, and, seeing the crowd of cravens there, supposed that all was lost. "What preparations have you made for retreating, General?" he inquired. Grant replied, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet." "But if you should be whipped," said the other, "how will you get your men across the river? These transports will not take ten thousand men." "If I have to cross the river," said Grant, "ten thousand will be all I shall need transports for." His army was thirty thousand strong.

On this day, also, General Sherman tells that at four o'clock Grant was at his front, and, despite the terrible fighting and the reverses he had sustained, gave orders to assume the offensive in the morning. And this was before Buell's advance had crossed the Tennessee.

If Donelson, Belmont, and Shiloh illustrated the aggressive audacity and stubborn determination, as well as the quickness of perception and the celerity and certainty both of decision and action, which distinguished Grant in absolute battle, Vicksburg and Chattanooga brought out the characteristics of his strategy and the more purely military peculiarities of his genius.

The long series of attempts on the north and west of Vicksburg exhibited indeed the persistency of resolve and fertility of resource of the commander. The amphibious campaign in the bayous and marshes and canals, the ditches that were dug, the levees that were cut, the troops that were carried on narrow tugs through devious channels or marched at night by lighted candles through the canebrake, the transports that were run by the Vicksburg batteries—all these make an epic worthy of Homer in incident and interest; but all these endeavors Grant never really

hoped would succeed. He was waiting during all these months for the waters to subside, so that he could throw his army south of Vicksburg. Then he undertook the campaign which at once placed him in the front rank of generals. The audacity which led him to penetrate the enemy's country, cutting loose from his base with thirty thousand men, carrying only three days' rations, and leaving an army larger than his own between himself and his supplies, has only been equaled once, if ever, in recent history; while the strategy which separated his antagonists, driving one eastward to strike him alone, and then turning west to destroy the other,—surprising, deceiving, misleading, outmaneuvering the enemy, first dividing and then combining his own command, and finally accomplishing the greatest surrender of men and material that had then been known in modern war,—has no parallel except in the exploits of Moltke or Napoleon.

Chattanooga came next. This was the most elaborate of all Grant's battles, the most like a game between skillful players. Few battles in any war have ever been fought so strictly according to the plan. The manœuvring was in the presence and in sight of the enemy. Grant fought with portions of three armies. One had been brought from the Mississippi and one from the Potomac, and they came upon the field as if they had been timed; they crossed a river and scaled a mountain according to order and under fire, while even the enemy performed his part as Grant had expected and desired. This battle more closely resembled those of European commanders and European fields than any other great engagement of the American war. It was the only one on such a scale where the movements of each army were visible, the only one in which the commanding general could watch the operations in person, could perceive the movements he directed, and trust to his own observations to continue or vary his designs. And, while undoubtedly the contingencies that were unforeseen contributed to the result,—for Grant always knew how to avail himself of unexpected emergencies,—it still remains that this battle was fought as nearly according to the plan laid down in advance as any recorded in the schools.

In the last year of the war, after Grant became general-in-chief, there was need for a combination of his best traits—for the determination which carried him through the Wilderness, which refused to be recalled from Richmond when Early threatened Washington, which kept him immovable in front of Petersburg when the country was impatient

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at his apparent lack of success; for the daring which sanctioned Sherman's march against the opinion and wish of the Executive; for the decision that told when the moment had come to assault the works that had detained him so long. But in addition to all this—as general-in-chief—Grant had to command armies separated by thousands of miles, to plan campaigns that extended over a year, to match one command against another, to balance the different forces, to weave a tangled skein into a single web, to play a game as intricate as ever taxed the subtlest or profoundest intellect; against an antagonist wary, untiring, determined, and astute; with stakes of the most tremendous character, of reputation to himself and existence to his cause; and he won. Courage and means and moral support, all were necessary; an army to follow, subordinates to carry out his plans, the country to back him; but none nor all of these would have sufficed without the highest sagacity as a soldier. A weak man would have succumbed under such a responsibility; a man with less ability would have been unable to wield the power or the weapons intrusted to Grant. He was equal to all his opportunities.

At the close of the war, the man who had led the victorious armies was not forty-three years of age. He had not changed in any essential qualities from the captain in Mexico or the merchant in Galena. The daring and resource that he showed at Donelson and Vicksburg had been foreshadowed at Panama and Garita San Cosme; the persistency before Richmond was the development of the same trait which led him to seek subsistence in various occupations, and follow fortune long deferred through many unsuccessful years. Developed by experience, taught by circumstance, learning from all he saw and even more from what he did, as few have ever been developed or taught, or have learned, he, nevertheless, maintained the self-same personality through it all. The characteristics of the man were exactly those he manifested as a soldier—directness and steadiness of purpose, clearness and certainty of judgment, self-reliance and immutable determination.

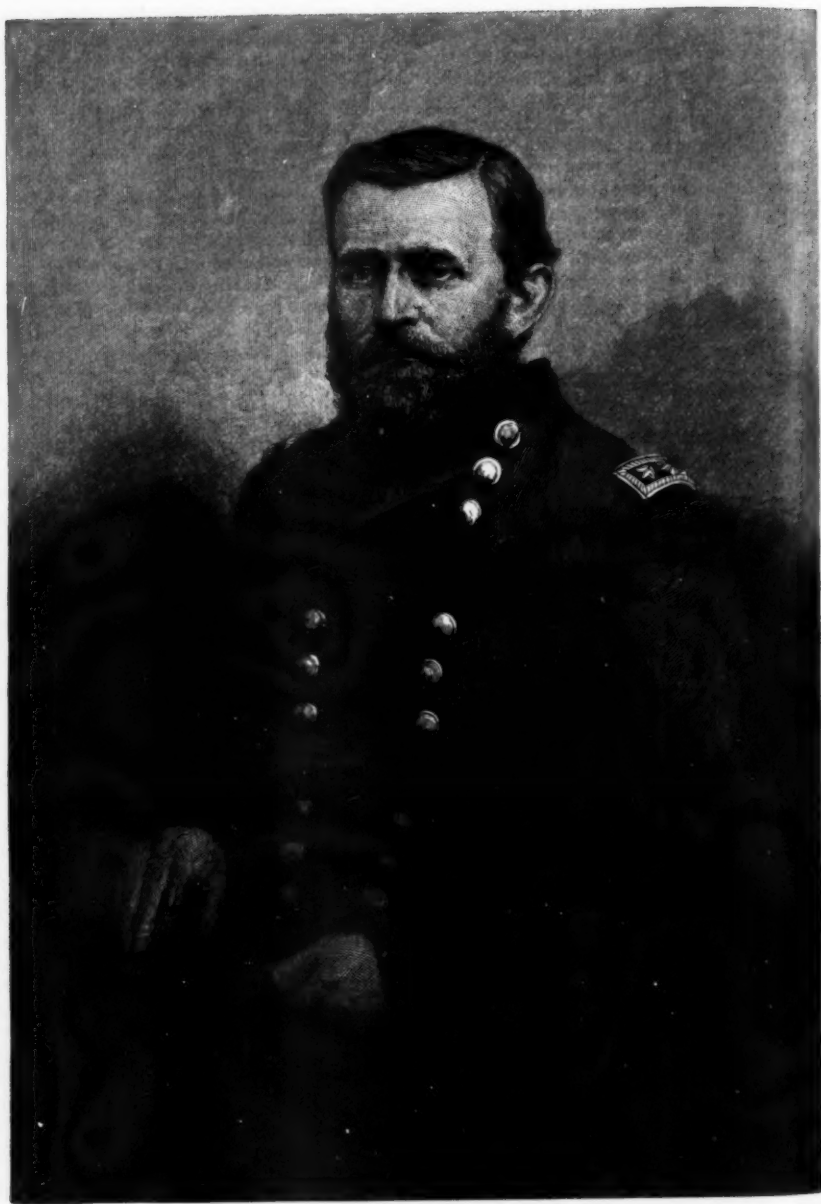
Grant's genius too, was always ready; it was always brightest in an emergency. All his faculties were sharpened in battle; the man who to some seemed dull, or even slow, was then prompt and decided. When the circumstances were once presented to him, he was never long in determining. He seemed to have a faculty of penetrating at once to the heart of things. He saw what was the point to strike, or the thing to do, and he never wavered in his judgment afterward, unless, of course, under new contingencies. Then he

had no false pride of opinion, no hesitation in undoing what he had ordered; but if the circumstances remained the same, he never doubted his own judgment. I asked him once how he could be so calm in terrible emergencies, after giving an order for a corps to go into battle, or directing some intricate manœuvre. He replied that he had done his best and could do no better; others might have ordered more wisely or decided more fortunately, but he was conscious that he had done what he could, and he gave himself no anxiety about the judgment or the decision. Of course he was anxious about the accomplishment of his plans, but never as to whether he ought to have attempted them. So, on the night of the battle of the Wilderness, when the right of his army had been broken and turned, after he had given his orders for new dispositions, he went to his tent and slept calmly till morning.

This confidence, which was not arrogance, for he often spoke of Sherman as the greatest soldier living, and afterward of Sheridan in equal strains—this confidence engendered composure, and left all his faculties at his own disposal. This was the secret of his courage, and of the steadiness which held him to his purpose, not only in a single battle like Shiloh, but through the tremendous losses and encounters of the Wilderness campaign. All through those terrible forty days and nights he never wavered; he never once thought of retiring; he never once quailed. After the fiercest fighting, and the most awful destruction of life, he still knew and felt that only by fresh effort of the same sort could he conquer, and gave the orders grimly, but unshaken still.

Not that he was indifferent to human life or human suffering. I have been with him when he left a hurdle race, unwilling to see men risk their necks needlessly; and he came away from one of Blondin's exhibitions at Niagara, angry and nervous at the sight of one poor wretch in gaudy clothes crossing the whirlpool on a wire. But he could subordinate such sensations when necessity required it. He risked his life, and was ready to sacrifice it, for his country; and he was ready, if need came, to sacrifice his countrymen, for he knew that they too made the offering.

It was undoubtedly as a fighter rather than a manœvrer that Grant distinguished himself. He was ready with resource and prompt in decision at Belmont and Donelson, but it was the invincible determination at both these places as well as at Shiloh that won. As with men, so with armies and generals: skill and strength are tremendous advantages, but courage outweighs them all. I said something



*U. S. Grant*

(ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1864, OWNED BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY.)

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like this to him once in discussing a battle, and asked if he concurred. "That is your opinion," he replied; "let it pass." There are friends of Grant who always urge me not to present this view of his character too strongly. They say: "The world already is inclined to think him a 'hammerer.' You should not press this idea of force—even of moral force." But I cannot forbear; it was the moral force of the man, the courage always, under adverse or favorable fortune, the audacity at Vicksburg, the indomitable defiance at Shiloh, the persistent determination in the Wilderness, that always brought victory in the end.

And for my part I cannot see that this trait is less admirable than technical skill or strategical astuteness. A quality that dominates events as well as men, that compels circumstances and accomplishes the grandest results, seems to me equal to that more ingenious, but not necessarily more intellectual, even if more brilliant and fascinating, attribute which attains its purposes by circuitous roads or evasive means. And in the War of the Rebellion no mere manoeuvring would have succeeded. The enemy was not only too adroit, but, above all, too determined, to be foiled by stratagems alone. No skill would have tired out Lee. No capture of places or outflanking of armies would have annihilated the Confederacy. It had to be stamped out; its armies and its resources had to be destroyed, its territory and its people conquered; its soldiers killed. Its own magnificent bravery, the spirit of its armies, the heroism of its population, rendered just such a course as Grant pursued indispensable. His greatness lay in the fact that he perceived the situation, and adapted his means to the end. His good fortune was that his nature was fitted for just such emergencies.

The world is right; it was by energy and tenacity that he won, and that the nation was saved. It was because he held up the Government and persisted with his army that the country remained firm and the enemy finally lost heart. Those opposed to him felt that it was hopeless to struggle against a man with the determination of fate itself; and the suffering, anxious crowds at home, amid their tears, felt that the cup could not pass from them. Only through blood and suffering are nations saved.

Nevertheless, it was not mere brute force that availed. The man who devised the various attempts to penetrate the marshes around Vicksburg was not destitute of invention, and he who conceived and executed the subsequent campaign can never be said to have accomplished his most brilliant successes by

butchery or hammering; while, above all, he who was capable of the combinations that stretched across a continent, who could direct the operations of a twelvemonth so that every movement was part of the plan, and finally concentrate all his forces toward a single point and consummate exactly what he set out to do a year before, with a completeness unexampled then, and unsurpassed since in war, may laugh at the critics who pronounce him inapt or blundering.

In battle, as in strategical movements, Grant always meant to take the initiative; he always advanced, was always the aggressor, always sought to force his plans upon the enemy; and if by any chance or circumstance the enemy attacked, his method of defense was an attack elsewhere. At Donelson, as we have seen, when his troops were pushed back on the right he assaulted on the left; and this was only one instance out of a hundred. This, too, not only because he was the invader, or because his forces were numerically stronger, but because it was his nature in war to assail. In the Vicksburg campaign his army was smaller than Pemberton's; yet he was the aggressor. In the operations about Iuka his position was a defensive one, but he attacked the enemy all the same. It was his idea of war to attack incessantly and advance invariably, and thus to make the operations of the enemy a part and parcel of his own.

Nevertheless, no one was quicker than he to perceive the new possibilities that battle is constantly offering. He always left his plans open to change; and some of his greatest successes were suggested and achieved in consequence of the mistakes of the enemy. The final assault at Donelson was provoked by the Rebel attack on the right; the battle of Champion's Hill in the Vicksburg campaign was unplanned until invited by Pemberton's blunders; the reinforcements with which Sheridan conquered at Five Forks were not sent until Lee had attempted to overwhelm him.

Like most great soldiers, Grant was indifferent to fatigue in the field. He could out-ride the youngest and hardiest of his officers, and endured the lack of food or the loss of sleep longer than any of his staff. Yet he slept late whenever it was possible, and never put himself to needless trouble. So, too, he never braved danger unnecessarily; he was not excited by it, but was simply indifferent to it, was calm when others were aroused. I have often seen him sit erect in his saddle when every one else instinctively shrank as a shell burst in the neighborhood. Once he sat on the ground writing a dispatch in a fort just captured from the enemy, but still commanded by another near. A shell burst im-

mediately over him, but his hand never shook, he did not look up, and continued the dispatch as calmly as if he had been in camp.

This calmness was the same in the greatest moral emergencies. At the surrender of Lee he was as impassive as on the most ordinary occasion; and until some of us congratulated him, he seemed scarcely to have realized that he had accomplished one of the greatest achievements in modern history. It did not occur to him to enter Richmond as a conqueror when that city fell; nor to cross inside the Rebel lines at Appomattox until his officers requested it. Then he consented, but meeting Lee at the outposts, he stopped to talk with him for a couple of hours, until the time was past. He returned that day to Washington, and never saw the inside of the lines that had resisted him for a year.

His relations with the troops were peculiar. He never made speeches to the soldiers, and of course never led them himself into battle after he assumed his high commands. But in every battle they saw him certainly once or twice far to the front, as exposed as they; for there always seemed to come a time in each engagement when he was unwilling to use the eyes or ears of another, but must observe for himself in order to determine. The soldiers saw all this; they knew, too, that when he rode around in camp it meant action, and the sight of his blue overcoat, exactly like their own, was a signal to prepare for battle. They found out his character and respected his qualities. They felt that he meant well, although when the time came he spared them not, for the cause. Thus, though so undemonstrative, he awoke a genuine enthusiasm. After the battle of the Wilderness he rode at night along the road where Hancock's veterans lay, and when the men discovered it was Grant, and that his face was turned toward Richmond, they knew in a moment they were not to retire across the Rapidan as so often before; and they rose in the darkness and cheered until the enemy thought it was a night attack and came out and opened fire. When the works were carried at Petersburg, their enthusiasm was of course unbounded; and whenever they caught a glimpse of him in the Appomattox campaign, the cheers were vociferous. After the surrender of Lee they began without orders to salute him with cannon, but he directed the firing to cease, lest it should wound the feelings of the prisoners, who, he said, were once again our countrymen.

This sentiment he retained. Soon after the close of the war I was present when a committee of Congress, headed by Charles Sumner, waited on him to propose that a picture

should be painted of the surrender of Lee, to be placed in the rotunda of the Capitol. But he told them he should never consent, so far as he was concerned, to any picture being placed in the Capitol to commemorate a victory in which our own countrymen were the losers.

His friendship for Sherman all the world knows. It had, however, two great exemplifications which should not be omitted from the portraiture. When Sherman had finished his March to the Sea, and had come out successful at Savannah, the country of course rang with plaudits. Grant had been sitting quietly before Richmond for months and apparently had accomplished nothing, while his great subordinate had not only captured Atlanta, but had absolutely marched through the Confederacy. It was at once proposed to raise Sherman to the same rank with Grant, and make him capable of supreme command. Sherman heard of this, and promptly wrote to Grant: "I have written to John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. . . . I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." To this Grant replied: "No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertions to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make our cause win." These were not mere professions on either side. They were pledges in the view of possible contingencies. And they would have been fulfilled.

There were many during the war and afterward who declared and believed that Sherman thought himself the superior of Grant, and that he should have come out foremost; who represented many of his actions as prompted by rivalry or jealousy; but it was impossible to shake Grant's confidence in his friend. I never saw him so angry as when I showed him Stanton's denunciation of the terms of peace that Sherman had granted Johnston. He declared it was "infamous" to impute any but patriotic motives to a man who had served the country as Sherman had. And although he was empowered, and in fact ordered, to proceed to Sherman's army and "direct in person the operations against the enemy," he scrupulously refrained from assuming personal command. He might, under his orders, have received the surrender of Johnston as well as of Lee, snatching the laurels that his friend had fairly earned; but the enemy did not know of his arrival until after the terms were signed, and Grant went

back to Washington without having seen the Rebel army, and without his presence having been generally known even to Sherman's command.

This friendship did not end with the war. Shortly before his first inauguration as President, while he was still general-in-chief, Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed to Grant that a resolution should be introduced in both Houses of Congress giving him a leave of absence for four years, so that he could resume his position in the army at the close of his Presidency. The rank of general, it was said, had been created for him, and he should not be called on to relinquish the place and emoluments bestowed for a lifetime, because in order to serve the country he had accepted even a higher position, which could only last four years. The offer was made in the name of a large majority of both Houses; but Grant declined it peremptorily. He said he could not sleep at night if he felt that he had deprived Sherman and others of the promotion they had earned as fairly as he could be said to have deserved his own. His refusal was final, and the resolution was not proposed.

He formed a similar friendship for Sheridan, but this began later in the war, and has gone on ripening since. His admiration for the present general-in-chief is equally outspoken and generous, and he thinks and says to-day that Sheridan is the peer of any soldier living.

McPherson also was a dear friend; to Rawlins he was warmly attached; and with all his immediate subordinates he lived on terms of comparative intimacy, and with some of personal friendship. He had the faculty in a large degree, which nearly or quite all great commanders possess, of attaching those brought closely about him. His personal staff were, without exception, devoted to him; any one of them would have risked his life for his chief had he known he must share the fate of Desaix when he sacrificed himself for Napoleon. In the last year of the war they organized a system at City Point by which one sat up on guard of him every night to watch against plots of the enemy; for there had been devices of dynamitic character, and attempts not only to capture, but to assassinate prominent national officers.

That camp life at City Point can never be forgotten by those who shared it, living in summer in a group of tents, in winter in rude huts, of which the commander-in-chief's was larger, but in no other respect better than that of the humblest captain on the staff. He shared his table with all his aides-de-camp, and at night he always joined the circle around the camp-fire, and told his stories or

conversed about old comrades, and discussed the chances of Sherman on his march or of Sheridan in the Valley, of Thomas at Nashville or of Butler at Fort Fisher. But with all this familiarity he preserved exactly the degree of reticence that he intended. He never betrayed what he meant should be secret, and though willing to listen to suggestions as to movements or plans, he made no remark in reply. In the middle of a conversation he would leave the circle, enter his tent, write out a telegram without consulting any one, and returning say, "I have ordered Thomas to fight to-morrow," or, "I have sent another division to Sheridan." Thus he gave his orders for the last assault on Petersburg; thus, too, in spite of urgent endeavors on the part of Rawlins and others to change the plan, he wrote the final permission to Sherman to start for the sea.

For all his great determinations were his own, he was never averse to availing himself of the ideas of others, and, as I must always repeat, no man ever learned the lesson of experience quicker, or applied it more absolutely. But the suggestions of others were presented simply, and either accepted or rejected as his judgment dictated; he was never persuaded. And if he took up an idea that he found, it was so developed by his own mind that it became as original in reality as if he had conceived the germ. Every one who might be called an associate felt this. Sherman resented the ascription to himself of the origin of the Vicksburg campaign, and has often told the story of his objection to the movement with loyal and splendid magnanimity.

There are many traits in Grant resembling those displayed by Moltke. All great soldiers indeed have much in common, but perhaps the parallel between these two is closer than any other in recent history. Both lived simply and almost unknown to their countrymen for many years. Moltke, it is true, remained in his profession and was more fortunate as the world goes; but until the great opportunity came he also was comparatively obscure. Both are plain in behavior, modest under unexampled success, undemonstrative in manner, simple in habits and tastes, unassuming and retiring though thrust into the highest positions. Neither ever sought advancement, but each earned it by his deeds. Both are admirable in the family, and attach friends warmly despite their reserved and dispassionate demeanor.

Both have displayed in their public career the tremendous determination, the sustained energy, the persistency of purpose which the world has recognized. Both have exhibited the power to hurl men in successive masses

to certain danger or even destruction in order to gain the victory which they deemed essential to their country, as well as the ability to control different armies simultaneously on the widest theaters, moving them in apparently opposite directions only to concentrate them at last for a single aim. The manœuvres in the early days of the Franco-German war have a similarity in their suddenness and celerity and success to the rapid strokes of the Vicksburg campaign; while the great combinations that spread over all France, and finally resulted in Sedan and Metz and the fall of Paris, are not unlike those by which Grant controlled Sherman and Thomas and Sheridan, and brought about the surrenders of Lee and Johnston, and the capture of Richmond. One general struck down an empire and accomplished the capitulation of a sovereign; the other overthrew a rebellion greater than the world had ever seen before, and stamped out every vestige of resistance on a continent.

When the war was over, Grant's popularity naturally knew no bounds. No American ever received during his lifetime such a unanimity of praise. But he remained unchanged, as simple when the foremost man in all the country as when earning his daily bread in a little inland town. I accompanied him when he returned to Galena, and after the first burst of enthusiasm among those who had been his fellow-citizens had subsided, he resumed much of his life of former years, visited and received his earlier friends without any assumption of superiority, took tea in the little houses of Galena, and chatted with his neighbors about their crops and gains, as if he had never commanded generals nor manœuvred a million of men across a continent.

He was as popular at the South as at the North. The men whom he had conquered never forgot his magnanimity. A few months after Appomattox he made a tour through the Southern States, and then entered Richmond for the first time. Had he been the savior instead of the captor of the town, he could hardly have been more cordially received. The Southerners felt indeed that he had been a savior to them. He had saved them from the rancor and revengeful spirit of many at the North. The terms he had granted them at Appomattox were unexampled for clemency; and when Andrew Johnson attempted to violate those terms, Grant declared he would resign his position in the army unless they were respected. At Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, the most important Southerners, civilians and soldiers, made it their duty to call upon him, to welcome him, to show him their gratitude.

At Raleigh the State Legislature was in session, and he was invited to be present, and the body rose as he entered the capitol which his armies had captured not six months before. Important Southerners soon addressed him, requesting him to become a candidate for the Presidency, assuring him of the unanimous desire of the South to see him at the head of the Government. General Richard Taylor came to me on this errand, and urged that Grant should allow himself to become the candidate of the Democrats.

But Grant was then averse to entering politics. I have rarely seen him more indignant than when individuals with little or no acquaintance persisted in declaring that he must be the next President. For years his nearest friends never heard him express a willingness to accept a nomination. To my certain knowledge both political parties made overtures to him both during and after the war; but it was not until the breach between the Executive and Congress, and the impeachment of Johnson, that he thought it his duty to allow his name to be used. He regretted extremely the original harshness of Mr. Johnson, and frequently interposed to modify his views or to palliate the past offenses of Southerners; he obtained numerous pardons in the days when clemency was not the rule, and only the weight of his great services could have prevailed; but when Mr. Johnson swung to the other extreme, contended with Congress, and was anxious to set up his own policy in opposition to that of the mass of the people who had won, Grant thought he had no choice and threw in his lot with those with whom he had fought.

He never, however, lost his hold on the Southerners. In 1880, on his return from Europe, his reception at the South was as enthusiastic as at the North, and thousands of Southern Democrats assured his political friends that had he been nominated at Chicago the mass of the Southern vote would have been thrown in his favor. Whether they were right or wrong, no one now can tell; but that a large number of prominent Southerners were of this opinion shows the feeling that must have existed at the South for him who fought them to the end.

The man of war, indeed, always preferred peace. He never liked his profession. In England, when the Duke of Cambridge offered him a review, the courtesy was declined; and Grant declared to his intimates that a review was the last thing he desired to see. He had seen soldiers enough, he said, to last him a lifetime.

The great measure of his Presidency was the treaty with England, which submitted the

differences between the two countries to arbitration instead of war; and this, although no one felt more keenly than he the conduct of England during the Rebellion, and, as a soldier, no one could see more plainly the immense advantages we might have retained had the Treaty of Washington never been signed. But he always regarded the negotiation of that treaty as the great achievement of his administration, and he was in some sort rewarded by the extraordinary reception he met with in England.

I had been living in that country officially for some years when General Grant visited England. I supposed that he would be received by the important people in a manner becoming their own station and his illustrious position and fame; but the popular enthusiasm that his arrival evoked was a marvel. It equaled anything in the ovations at home immediately after the war. Streets were illuminated, triumphal arches built, holidays were proclaimed because he entered a town; the whole population crowded to see him, and were as eager to shake his hand as those whom he had helped to save. Every great city welcomed him officially; he was the guest of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Lord Wharnccliffe, the bitterest enemy the Union had in the whole nobility, toasted him at public dinners, and declared: "Had General Grant been an Englishman, I should not now be responding for the House of Lords, for he would have been a duke." And always in England this enthusiasm was avowedly based on the fact that, although a great soldier, he had, as President, referred a grave international dispute to a peaceful tribunal instead of the arbitrament of war.

The same simplicity which he had manifested at Galena was retained at the table of kings. Some one in England inclined to cavil criticised his lack of loquacity and comparative plainness of behavior; but one who could sympathize with him in both respects, the present Earl of Derby, declared there could be no question about General Grant. The man who had achieved what all knew he had performed, and could retain his simplicity and

modesty, must be a very great man. This was the universal verdict.

As all the world knows, his triumphal procession continued for years. He passed through every country of Europe and the most important of Africa and Asia, enjoying an experience that had never before fallen to man. No great personage of ancient or modern times ever made such a journey. He was received everywhere as the equal of the potentates of the earth. The sovereigns of Europe, the Sultan of Turkey, the Czar of Russia, the Pope, the Khedive, the Emperors of Germany and China and Japan, all met him on a level. The Czar took him by the hand and led him to a sofa, talked statecraft with him and compared experiences, asked how he did when his ministers were troublesome and what was his practice in popular emergencies, while Gortschakoff stood behind and helped his master to a word or a phrase when his English halted. Something of the same sort happened with the Emperor of Germany; while the Mikado of Japan and the King of Siam were anxious to learn politics of him. Then came the statesmen themselves—Bismarck and Gortschakoff and Beaconsfield and Gambetta, who could approach him as they would not or could not a sovereign, and were equally anxious to compare notes with the American President; and so with others of high degree. Last of all, Grant, being a genuine democrat, went among the people themselves, talked with them, studied them, understood them as no sovereign or aristocrat would be able to do; so that he went through three tiers of experience—with the monarchs, the statesmen, the people; and being, as I say, a thorough democrat and republican, believing in the people and being of the people, he preserved not only his simplicity of habit and taste amid the pomp of courts and the adulation of the world, but his firm confidence in the superiority of republican institutions and of the American character. He saw the highest and best of modern civilization, and he returned, if possible, a better democrat than when he started.

*Adam Badeau.*

## BIRD-VOICES.

THE robin and sparrow a-wing, in silver-throated accord;  
The low soft breath of a flute, and the deep short pick of a chord,  
A golden chord and a flute, where the throat of the oriole swells  
Fieldward, and out of the blue the passing of bobolink bells.

*A. Lampman.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### A New Volume of "The Century."

THE present number of THE CENTURY begins its, thirtieth half-yearly volume with a first edition of a quarter of a million copies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his latest friendly comments upon America, says that he is "not, by nature, disposed to think so much as most people do of 'institutions'"; whereas "Americans think and talk very much of their 'institutions.'" But he adds that the more he saw of America the more he found himself "led to treat 'institutions' with increased respect." Until he went to the United States he "had never seen a people with institutions which seemed expressly and thoroughly suited to it." Well, we think that Mr. Arnold will be quick to acknowledge that the illustrated magazine is an American "institution," and one "expressly and thoroughly suited" to the country, and he must consider it merely an American trait if it treat itself with respect. To be sure, Mr. Arnold has, on another occasion, expressed himself as not particularly impressed by mere numbers; he prefers quality to quantity, and has great faith in a saving remnant. But we are pleased to be able to tell all who think as Mr. Arnold does, that in its path of "popular" success THE CENTURY has never felt it necessary to "appeal downward." It is an unbounded satisfaction for us to be able to put on record here, as a compliment to the great audience of our countrymen, and as an encouragement to all present and future workers in similar fields, that popular success has, from the beginning, followed THE CENTURY's unswerving attempts at greater thoroughness and excellence in every department. Take the matter of wood-engraving, for instance: for what is the new school — the so-called American school — celebrated, except for its delicacy, its refinement, its artistic expressiveness? And the American romancists and novelists — have they been blamed for a lack of, or rather, indeed, for an excess of, refinement and subtlety?

Those who are actively and eagerly engaged in an enterprise are not the ones to give a final judgment upon it. There are faults which they may not be fully aware of, and tendencies, good or bad, which they cannot discern. At the same time, experience has taught them some things which can profitably be told, and their views and aims may have at least a curious interest. The conduct of a periodical which, twelve times a year, reaches an audience of not much less than a million of people, is so grave a care that those who bear it upon their minds and hearts naturally feel a desire to make friends with this great multitude, to ask for their sympathy, to appeal to their confidence, and, in a certain way, to share with them the burden of responsibility.

This is not a fantastic idea. It is a real thing. There are some who deprecate the very existence of the popular magazines upon which our American writers are so largely dependent—especially depend-

ent in the deplorable absence of international copyright laws, which would not only give them revenue from abroad, but protect them at home from the base competition of stolen literary wares. There are some, we say, who fear that our literature may lose in frankness and in force from the supposed necessity of trimming too consciously to the taste of an audience which has many sensitive and hypercritical elements. There is some truth in this. It cannot be denied that much of the world's most valuable literature, sacred and secular, could never reach the public through the pages of the "family magazine." There is, moreover, a certain unwritten guarantee that every periodical evolves from its own history and habit. It behooves all concerned to see to it that the limitations of the popular periodical do not have a narrowing or flattening effect upon current literature; do not put our best writers into a sort of literary bondage; do not repress originality and individuality either of style or of opinion. It may be said on this point that while the world will always have its share of the long-eared race, fortunately the number of the over-anxious and the super-sensitive seems to be growing yearly less considerable; and the idea is rapidly passing away that editors are bound to the infinite task of themselves entertaining every shade of opinion and belief expressed by the various writers for the periodical with which they are connected. Readers afford help to editors by being tolerant, open-minded, and sympathetic, with "many moods of many minds," as editors themselves must be.

In a country like this, of enormous extent, and wide divergences in local opinions, customs, and legislation, the modern "popular magazine"—with its fresh and graphic records of the various geographical, social, industrial, educational, scientific, artistic, and religious phenomena and enterprises of our great democratic empire—is a national factor of no little importance. If self-knowledge is of the highest consequence to the man, it is no less so to the empire of men; and what agency can be more powerful to this end than those periodicals which are written, not by local coteries of writers, however able, or however sincere in their convictions, but that draw from every quarter the best that can be found,—periodicals which look to no locality for support and audience, but rather to the intelligence of the entire country and continent?

The truth of these remarks is borne in upon us in contemplation of the discussion now going on in THE CENTURY with regard to the pressing question as to the reorganization of society in the Southern States of our Union—one of the gravest and most difficult with which humanity in any age has had to deal. On this question, owing, in some degree, to the blinding effect of inherited views and party bitterness, the North needs information as to facts; the South needs to put itself more and more in a position where it can observe facts with a calmer and deeper vision. The

Northern freeman needs to put himself in the place of the Southern; the Southern freeman in the place of the Southern *freedman*. Mutual respect, sympathy, knowledge—these are indispensable. It is of the highest importance that the Southern majority should consent to consider the opinions advanced by Mr. Cable in the name of the Southern minority. It is of the highest importance that the Northern majority should consider such a representative Southern statement as that of Mr. Grady in the last number of the magazine. The next thing we shall do is to ask our Northern and Southern readers to consider another convinced, outspoken, and eloquent statement on this pressing subject, this time from the (Episcopal) bishop of one of our lately slave-holding states.

In the war now being chronicled in *THE CENTURY* by many of its leading figures, the North and South each discovered the mettle of the other. It is a help to mutual understanding and good-will that the North should know all that is admirable and desirable in Southern life and character, and much of this has been and will be recorded in these pages. It is important that the South should lay aside its prejudice, hold itself in the literary and human frame of mind, and—read, for instance (as it may in our present number), of the life-work of the great lyrical prophet of emancipation, told by the author of the never-to-be-forgotten ballad of Ossawatimie Brown. Later on, we shall ask the South, along with the North, to study the character and motives of one whom even the North itself does not yet fully know, and whom the South long hated with a bitterness born of inherited devotion to an anomalous social system now forever destroyed.

The country, the section, or the man that is not infidel to truth, will never fear honest freedom of debate.

In looking back over what is written above, we fear we have magnified our office. And yet, were not the first illustrated-magazinists kings of the earth? The great Egyptian sovereign, Thothmes III., one of whose obelisks to-day adorns New York's Central Park, was a distinguished member of the ancient and honorable craft. There were no printing-presses in those times, so his pictures and articles were graven upon rock, and may be seen and read of all men to this day. The old Egyptian magazines contained poems, historical articles, accounts of travel, and descriptions of various industries and enterprises,—with, by way of illustration, portraits, scenes of battle, of the chase, of agriculture, etc., pictures of plants and of animals at home and abroad, and engravings of architecture and objects of minuter art. In one of these illustrated articles, published by Thothmes, it is said: "Here are all sorts of plants and all sorts of flowers of the Holy Land, which the king discovered when he went to the land of Ruten to conquer it." The king swears by the sun "that all is plain truth; there is no trace of deception in that which I relate. What the splendid soil brings forth in the way of productions, I have had portrayed in these pictures."

Let us hope that the work of the writers and artists of our own *CENTURY* shall have as long life, and prove as valuable to mankind, as that of the writers and artists of those centuries of long ago, by the storied and eternal Nile.

#### The Future Life.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" To that question the mind returns in every generation, with an exhaustless and deepening interest. Any worthy discussion of it is sure to attract the thoughtful reader with a fascination such as hardly any other theme possesses. It is discussed in this number of *THE CENTURY* by a writer who rises to the height of the great argument. We believe that Mr. Munger's article is unique, in the combination of powers which it applies to the great problem,—the familiarity with the principles alike of science and philosophy, the firm logic and the spiritual feeling, the open-mindedness and the seriousness. For the adequate study of questions like this there are needed the spirit of science, the spirit of poetry, and the spirit of religion; and Mr. Munger has all three.

We do not attempt to add here a single word to the philosophical discussion, desiring only to set, as it were, a finger-post toward the article, for all readers who care for noble reasoning on the ultimate problems of life. But our thoughts turn toward the many who have a personal and intense interest in the question of immortality, yet feel themselves unable to thoroughly follow such arguments, or to judge whether the welcome conclusion has been fairly reached. Let us remind all such of the truth which Mr. Munger intimates in his opening,—that, in the end, it is not a process of intellect, but a process of life, which best supplies the hope and confidence of immortality. That we may face our future destiny undismayed and joyful, the chief requisite is not that a man be able to reason logically, but that he be faithful, patient, and brave.

The march of the mind in its great quest for truth is like a work of tunneling through a mountain. Marvelous is the engineer's sagacity that directs the advance; mighty are the forces that slowly blast the rock; strong are the arms and resolute the hearts that push their way on through the darkness toward the light beyond. But out on the mountain-side the glad sunlight is poured; every dew-drop glistens in it, every flower drinks it, birds sing and children play in its embrace. So, while thinkers are working their way, there are countless folk, simple or learned, who daily live in untroubled and happy sense of a divine love, from which they can never escape.

It is Life itself which with its various voices teaches us the things best worth knowing. And the voices which come home to us with sovereign authority are those of Love and Death,—and, for the mother's sake, shall we add, Birth? Let one of the chief of women interpret for the mothers,—it is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, speaking to two parents who mourn their child as lost:

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh:  
Nay, there let me break with your pain:  
God's generous in giving, say I;  
And the thing which He gives, I deny  
That He ever can take back again.

"He gives what He gives. I appeal  
To all who bear babes. In the hour  
When the veil of the body we feel  
Rent round us,—while torments reveal  
The motherhood's advent in power,

"And the babe cries!—has each of us known  
By apocalypse (God being there

Full in nature) the child is our own,  
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,  
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

"He lends not; but gives to the end,  
As He loves to the end. If it seem  
That He draws back a gift, comprehend  
'Tis to add to it rather,—amend,  
And finish it up to your dream,—

"Or keep, as a mother may toys  
Too costly, though given by herself,  
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,  
And the children more fit for such joys  
Kept over their heads on the shelf."

So speaks the woman. And what has the man to say? Here is he whom we boast as the wisest and highest among our American authors,—a man, too, so wrapt in philosophic thought, so happy in his lonely contemplation, that he seems generally to stand apart from the struggling, work-a-day world, where most of us live. But the man is a father, like other men; his boy dies, and how does he bear it? He puts his heart into the tenderest poem he ever wrote, the "Threnody." He looks longingly back on just such pictures as other parents do,—the throng of children about the baby in his willow wagon, led by the boy "with sunny face of sweet repose,"—the painted sled, the snow fort, the sand castle, the garden of which his "blessed feet" had trod every step,—and now the boy is gone. The lonely father thinks of it, and will not drown or forget his grief; and slowly there comes to him the sense that love can never lose its own. The rainbow, the sunset, all beauty, all experiences of the soul, teach him a new lesson:

"What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,  
Heart's love will meet thee again."

The moments when such convictions flash in—such insights, rather—are an assurance deeper than belief; but how much can be carried forth from them into the common levels of every-day life? How much will stay after the first exalted hours? There are not many of whom the world can take testimony on these questions; but occasionally there is some one in whom a typical experience is wrought out, and who has the gift of expressing it, like Tennyson in "In Memoriam." It is almost twenty-five years since Mrs. Browning died. Here is a little volume of new poems by her husband, "Frishtah's Fancies." There run through it—as there have run through all his best works—the notes of the same constant love-song. It is as tender as it was of old, and it merges now in a sympathy,—the love of the one blending with the love of

all; the immortality of one union prefiguring a universal joy. In the verses that close the book, the poet tells his companion spirit how all the sadness and trouble of the world cries out to him, and he listens; but, as he hears, a vision rises, and he sees, as if in a rift made by the moon through clouds, the heroes and saviors of past ages;—they bid him fight and trust as they fought and trusted.

"Was it for mere fool's play, make-believe and mumming,  
So we battled it like men, not boy-like sulked or whined?  
Each of us heard clang God's 'Come!' and each was coming:  
Soldiers all, to forward face, not sneaks to lag behind!

"How of the field's fortune! That concerned our Leader!  
Led, we struck our stroke, nor cared for doings left and right:  
Each as on his sole head, failer or succeder,  
Lay the blame, or lit the praise; no care for cowards: fight!

"Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,  
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's  
success:  
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,  
Till my heart and soul appeared perfection, nothing less."

True hearts make answer to each other in all ages. Just as Browning from the joy of a personal undying love goes out with fresh heart for the common battle, so Paul, after his exultant cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" rallies for the present work: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Time would fail us to call in other witnesses, of our own day—such as Bryant, Whittier, and the American author of that little poem which is like a sun-burst: "On one who died in May." This last touches the deepest truth,—that it is only the presence of death which teaches the full significance of the present life:

"Dark Death let fall a tear  
Why am I here?  
O heart ungrateful! will man never know  
I am his friend, nor ever was his foe!  
All Hope, all Memory,  
Have their deep springs in me;  
And Love, that else might fade,  
By me immortal made.  
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,  
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes!"

These voices speak home to the common heart because they speak out of the common heart at its noblest. They are not individual experiences merely; they are typical. It is motherhood and fatherhood, friendship and love that speak; it is the voice of humanity; it is the music drawn from the heart of man when touched by the hand and filled by the breath of God.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### An Interview with General Robert E. Lee.

A YEAR or more before the death of General Lee, he came to Baltimore as one of a committee to enlist the authorities of the city and the president and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the project for a railroad down the Valley of Virginia.

I had met General Lee but once, and then only for a few minutes; and though his home during his last years was in my native place, I did not intend calling on him in Baltimore; but a Southerner of wealth, then in New York, Cyrus H. McCormick, having telegraphed me to see the General and invite him to come on and be his guest, I called upon him to deliver

the invitation. The General said he was here on a hurried visit, that his duties to the College required his presence at home, and that with many thanks for the courtesy, and the hope that he would be able to enjoy the proffered hospitalities some other time, he must decline. I urged him not to carry out that decision, assuring him that the College would probably gain substantial benefit from his visiting my friend. He at length agreed to hold the question under consideration during a day or two he was to be absent in the country, and made an appointment for my meeting him on his return.

The two days having expired, I called again and found him expecting me. He stated that, having fully considered the subject, he had decided that he must return home. After again presenting reasons why he should make the visit to my friend, I said:

"I think I see, General, that the real difficulty lies in your shrinking from the conspicuity of a visit to New York. I can readily understand that this would be unpleasant. But you need not be exposed to any publicity whatever; my friend has given me *carte blanche* to make all arrangements for your coming. I will engage a compartment in the palace car of the night train, and will telegraph my friend to meet you with his carriage on your arrival in New York."

I shall never forget the deep feeling manifested in the tones of his voice, as he replied:

"Oh, Doctor, I couldn't go sneaking into New York in that way. When I do go there, I'll go in daylight, and go like a man."

I felt rebuked at having made the suggestion; and finding he was fixed in his determination, the subject was dropped. But he seemed in a talkative mood,—remarkably so, considering his reputation for taciturnity,—and immediately began to speak of the issues and results of the war. The topic which seemed to lie uppermost and heaviest on his heart was the vast number of noble young men who had fallen in the bloody strife. In this particular he regarded the struggle as having been most unequal. The North, he said, had, indeed, sent many of her valuable young men to the field; but as in all large cities there is a population which can well be spared, she had from this source and from immigrants from abroad unfailing additional supplies. The South, on the other hand, had none but her own sons, and she sent and sacrificed the flower of her land.

After dwelling with emphasis and with feeling on this point, the General then introduced another topic which also moved him deeply, viz., the persistent manner in which the leading Northern journals, and the Northern people generally, insisted that the object of the war had been to secure the perpetuation of slavery. On this point he seemed not only indignant, but hurt. He said it was not true. He declared that, for himself, he had never been an advocate of slavery; that he had emancipated most of his slaves years before the war, and had sent to Liberia those who were willing to go; that the latter were writing back most affectionate letters to him, some of which he received through the lines during the war. He said, also, as an evidence that the colored people did not consider him hostile to their race, that during this visit to Baltimore some of them who had known him when he was stationed here had come up in the most affectionate manner and

put their hands into the carriage-window to shake hands with him. They would hardly have received him in this way, he thought, had they looked upon him as fresh from a war intended for their oppression and injury. One expression I must give in his own words.

"So far," said General Lee, "from engaging in a war to perpetuate slavery, I am rejoiced that slavery is abolished. I believe it will be greatly for the interests of the South. So fully am I satisfied of this, as regards Virginia especially, that I would cheerfully have lost all I have lost by the war, and have suffered all I have suffered, to have this object attained." This he said with much earnestness.

After expressing himself on this point, as well as others in which he felt that Northern writers were greatly misrepresenting the South, he looked at me and, with emphasis, said:

"Doctor, I think some of you gentlemen that use the pen should see that justice is done us."

I replied that the feeling engendered by the war was too fresh and too intense for anything emanating from a Southern pen to affect Northern opinion; but that time was a great rectifier of human judgments, and hereafter the true history would be written; and that he need not fear that then injustice would be done him.

As the General was in a talking mood, he would have gone on much further, no doubt, but that at this point his son, General W. H. F. Lee, whom he had not seen for some time, and who had just arrived in Baltimore, entered the room.

John Leyburn.

#### BALTIMORE.

#### Bishop Bryennios and the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.

THERE is a quarter of Constantinople called Phanar, inhabited almost exclusively by Greeks. Here the houses are larger and cleaner, and an appearance of greater thrift and comfort exists, than in the Turkish parts of the city. Here is the residence of the Greek Patriarch and of the more celebrated Greek bishops. Here is the patriarchal church, where the great festivals of Christmas and Easter are celebrated with the utmost pomp. Here, too, is the confused and irregular mass of buildings belonging to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and forming what is called the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. Hardly more than a stone's-throw to the east, opposite the entrance of the great patriarchal church, is a narrow, unpainted wooden house, four stories high. This house has been for years the residence of Philotheos Bryennios, metropolitan of Diocletian's ancient capital, Nicomedia, and, of late, specially famous for his discovery of the manuscript volume containing what is called the *Δοχαι*, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. In the library of the Jerusalem Monastery that manuscript is still kept which has been more discussed, and has attracted more attention, than any other ancient manuscript since Tischendorf discovered the Codex Sinaiticus.

It has been my good fortune to meet Bishop Bryennios on several occasions. Twice I have had the rare privilege of seeing and glancing over the manuscript—a privilege only one other American gentle-

man has enjoyed. I am sure a few details concerning the book and its discoverer will be of interest to the reader.

The exterior of the Bishop's house is unpretentious and of gloomy appearance. Double doors opening in response to the resounding iron knocker—a broken bell-handle at the side speaks of what has long since ceased to ring—disclose a long, narrow passage, paved with marble. A blank wall stretches on the right. An Oriental kitchen, with servants at work, appears in the distant vista at the end. On the left are numerous doors, giving access, doubtless, to servants' apartments. In the very middle of this left-hand side is the winding wooden staircase, up which the visitor is to go. Two flights bring him to the third story, which is peculiarly the Bishop's dominion. The courteous servant leads the way past a half-open door, which discloses a little chamber with holy pictures on the wall, and burning lamps before them, all marking the tiny sanctuary which, in every Greek house, large or small, patrician or plebeian, is set apart for purposes of devotion. Thence one passes through a spacious hall to a large room facing on the street. This is at once the Bishop's parlor and his private study. No flowers, no pictures, no ornaments adorn the walls. Bare asceticism stamps the place as the residence of a wifeless ecclesiastic, of an Eastern monk. A low, broad divan or sofa bounds one side of the apartment. Eighteen or twenty chairs are drawn up in military precision along the two other sides. Add a table covered and littered with books and pamphlets and papers, and the furniture is complete. Simple and unassuming as is the room, it is nevertheless the audience chamber of a man in ecclesiastical rank second only to the Patriarch and the Bishop of Ephesus, unequaled among his own countrymen for learning.

A tall gentleman rises from his seat behind the table and comes forward rapidly to meet his guest. The warm welcome of his manner is pleasant, and makes the stranger feel at home; but this graceful, gracious cordiality does not characterize Bryennios alone. It is the welcome which the foreigner almost invariably receives from every dignitary in the East.

Now for his personal appearance. Imagine a Greek ecclesiastic in the very prime of life; his head covered by the black, brimless, high-crowned cap which is worn indoors as well as in the street; possessing the long, never-shaven mustache and beard; his black hair unclipped by scissors, braided and gathered in a knot; over his shoulders the black robe entirely enveloping his person and falling to the bottom of his feet; and you have a picture not only of him, but of every orthodox Greek priest, whatever his degree. But the face is Bishop Bryennios's own private possession. A large dark eye, full of expression, looks kindly at you from the handsome oval face, over which a smile is constantly playing or ready to play, but an eye that can flash forth fire when its owner is excited. A white, high, broad forehead is half concealed by the priestly cap. In the ambuscade of mustache and beard, a small mouth is hidden which can pour forth words in a hot, impetuous torrent, with no regard to pauses or periods, but which will make no slips, will utter no more than its master wishes, and will commit no blunders to apologize for or recall.

The whole face is remarkably intelligent and winning. A personal magnetism characterizes the man. While one is with him he thinks as he thinks, feels as he feels, receives every word he utters as unquestionable and sincere. The impression he makes is that of personal power and force of character. You feel whatever he chooses to attempt he will accomplish; whatever he sets before him he will attain. You say, this man will become Patriarch if he desires it, and deigns to accept the office; this man can shake his church and nation with reform, and not die, like Kyril Lucar or the Russian Nikon, defeated and disgraced at the end. Or, if by a calmer field his ambitions are bounded, there is no limit to which he may not successfully go. There is nothing more curious than the difference of impression one experiences when with him and away from him. In his presence surmise, doubt, suspicion, grounded or groundless, all are hushed. You are with him heart and soul. His eye holds you, something as the eye of the ancient mariner held the wedding guest. Half an hour after one has left him the personal magnetism has spent its force. One remembers a charming host, a brilliant entertainer for whose courtesies he is grateful; but somehow, I know not how, other feelings have succeeded those experienced in his presence. But Bishop Bryennios must not keep us from the book with which his fame is identified.

I need not tell my readers that the *Δεσυχὴ*, or "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," is the name given to a treatise which was composed in or shortly after the Apostolic age. The *Διδαχαὶ* or *Διδασκαλίας* or *Δεσυχὴ*, something apparently distinct from the Apostolic Constitutions, is often referred to by the early Christian writers, but doubt has been expressed whether they spoke of a work then existing and afterward lost, or generally of the doctrine or instruction of the Lord through his Apostles. Very many arguments were adduced to prove that such a treatise of about two hundred lines did once exist; that this was the fountain whence seeming quotations were drawn, and that on this was based part of the venerable rules or regulations called the Apostolic Constitutions. But in any case no extant copy of it was known. How, when, where, why it had disappeared no one could tell.

In 1873 Bishop Bryennios was busily looking over the manuscripts in the Jerusalem Monastery at Constantinople. His eye fell upon a small, bulky volume he had never seen before. Indifferently he took it up to glance at its contents. It was not a manuscript on a single subject, but rather a number of manuscripts brought together in one volume, and apparently all written by the same hand. Among them were two treatises of exceedingly great value, or rather three, these being the first and second Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians and the Epistle of Barnabas. In his joy at this discovery he barely noticed and gave only an absent-minded glance at an unpretending treatise occupying the very middle of the book. This was comprised in a little less than ten pages. It was introduced with two inscriptions, one of which was "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and the other "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Nations." Not till seven years after, in 1880, when the Bishop, freer from cares, again perused the

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little treatise, did he realize what he had found. From 1880 he spent upon it every moment he could spare, until it was published with introduction and copious notes in 1883. All this account which I am giving is the Bishop's most interesting story of his discovery, and is derived from his own lips.

The library of the Jerusalem Monastery is contained in a small stone chamber, erected for this purpose, and detached from the other monastic buildings. Its walls are two and a half feet thick. Scanty light struggles in through two strongly barred windows. The massive iron door, when its bolts and chains are removed, on opening, discloses a second and inner door thicker and heavier than that outside. The entrance is piously adorned with many holy pictures, and with the never-failing and always lighted lamps of olive oil. Upon the dingy shelves are arranged perhaps one thousand volumes in an orderly neatness which apparently is seldom disturbed. Moreover, there are found within, as the archimandrite Polycarp, the superior of the monastery, informed me with characteristic indefiniteness, from four hundred to six hundred manuscripts. The collection of manuscripts bound in one volume, and containing the "Teaching," is numbered 456. This is a small thick book, covered with black leather. It is 7.4 inches long and 5.8 inches wide. Altogether it comprises one hundred and twenty leaves of vellum, or two hundred and forty pages. The contents of these one hundred and twenty leaves are most precious to lovers and students of patristic theology. As given by Bryennios in his commentary upon the Epistles of Clement, they are the following:

(I.) The synopsis of the Old Testament by St. Chrysostom, contained between leaves 1 and 32, or until the 65th page.

(II.) The Epistle of Barnabas, leaves 33 to 51b,  
or to the 102d page.

(III. and IV.) The two Epistles of Clement to the Corinthians, leaves 51b to 76a, or to page 151.

(V.) Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, leaves 76a to 80, or to page 160.

(VI.) Epistle of Mary of Cassoboli to the saint and martyr Ignatius, Archbishop of Theopolis, or Antioch, leaves 81-82a, or to page 163.

(VII.) Twelve Epistles of St. Ignatius of Antioch, leaves 82 to 120a, or to page 239.

Finally is the colophon, or signature of Leo the transcriber, in these words:

"It was finished in the month of June the 11th day Tuesday the ninth year of the Indiction in the year 6564 by the hand of Leo notary and sinner."

In ecclesiastical documents the Greeks reckon still by the indiction, or period of fifteen years, commencing in 312 A. D.

As the Constantinople Greek calendar estimates our Saviour's birth to have taken place 5508 years after the creation, 6564 corresponds to 1056 of the Christian era. 1056 is ten years before the Norman conquest of England, and forty years before the first crusade. It is only two years after the great schism between the Eastern and Western churches, which has never been closed over and never will be, and seventeen years before Hildebrand the son of the carpenter ascended the papal throne as Gregory VII.

It is an interesting fact that the manuscript written out by the humble notary is to-day demanding and receiving a larger share of learned consideration than the struggles of Hildebrand, or the crusades, or the Norman conquest. Little did Leo imagine how intently barbarous and unknown lands were to discuss his work 800 years after he died. The handwriting is small and cramped, but wonderfully distinct. A photographic facsimile of the signature of Leo and of the first four lines of the *Διδοχή* accompanies this article. Both photographs have been obtained with the utmost difficulty. In fact, the authorities of the monastery are for some reason most reluctant to allow

THE SUBSCRIPTION AND DATE OF THE DIDACHE.

ἡ ἀποστολὴ τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος ἐστὶν ἡ ἀποστολὴ τοῦ ἁγίου πνεύματος

## TRANSLATION.

"Finished Tuesday, June 11, A. M. 6564, by Leon, notary and sinner." This date is equivalent to A. D. 1056.

FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE DIDACHE.

[illegible]

TRANSLATION.

There are Two Ways: one of Life, and one of Death; but there is a great difference between the two ways. The way of Life is this: first, Thou shalt love."

any person to even see the manuscript. On two occasions I have held it in my hand. Each second of those two golden opportunities I improved as best I could. The archimandrite Polycarp and the librarian Sophronios both assure me that no other Frank has seen so much of it as myself. But my own inspection of it has been most hurried, incomplete, and unsatisfactory. A hundred questions arise concerning it which I cannot answer; questions, some of them, which no man can solve until after careful and rigid examination. The text, as published by Bishop Bryennios in 1883, has been translated and commented largely in Germany, France, and England, but probably it has received more attention in America than in all the three other countries combined. This study has been concentrated, however, only on Bishop Bryennios's rendering or transcription of the text. Leo's yellow bundle of manuscript these learned scholars have never seen. Doubts and uncertainties must exist concerning the manuscript of the "Teaching" which can be set at rest only by patient and competent investigation. May the time speedily come when this manuscript shall be as open to research and inspection as are the like treasures of almost every other monastery in the East.

Edmund A. Grosvener.

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

#### THE CONTENTS AND VALUE OF THE TEACHING.

TO THE foregoing interesting account of Bryennios and his important discovery, we add a brief estimate of the contents and practical value of the document which professes to contain the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," or the "Teaching of the Lord through the Twelve Apostles to the Gentiles."

The "Didache," as it is briefly called, consists of about ten octavo pages, which Bryennios has divided into sixteen chapters. It is a sort of Church Manual, or Directory of Catechetical Instruction, Public Worship, and Church Discipline. It is the oldest and simplest work of that kind, and was afterwards superseded by more extensive works which go under the names of "Ecclesiastical Canons," "Apostolical Constitutions," etc.

The "Didache" naturally divides itself into four parts: I. DOCTRINAL or CATECHETICAL part, chs. 1-6. This contains a summary of practical duties to be taught to such Gentiles as apply for admission to baptism and church membership. The duties resolve themselves into the royal command of love to God and love to our neighbor. The whole is set forth in the parabolic form of Two Ways, a Way of Life and a Way of Death. This was a favorite form of primitive instruction, suggested by Matt. vii. 13, 14; Jer. xxi. 8 ("Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death"); Deut. xxx. 15 ("I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil"). Nor was it unknown among the heathen, as the myth of Hercules shows, who in his youth stood hesitating between the easy way of pleasure and disgrace, and the arduous way of virtue and glory. This part of the "Didache" is an echo of the Sermon on the Mount, as reported in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Matthew. It shows how simple and prevailingly moral the first Christian preaching and teaching was

in that part of the church (probably Syria or Palestine) where the "Didache" was composed.

II. RITUALISTIC or DEVOTIONAL, chs. 7-10. This part treats of the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper, in connection with the love-feasts. Here occurs the passage which has given rise to so much lively discussion between Baptists and Pedobaptists, as it sanctions both immersion and affusion or sprinkling, but makes no allusion to infant baptism. It reads thus (ch. 7):

"As regards baptism, baptize as follows: Having first taught all the preceding instruction [on the Way of Life and the Way of Death, chs. 1-6], baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, in living [*i. e.*, running] water. But if thou hast not living water, baptize into other water [*e. g.*, standing water]; and if thou canst not in cold, then in warm [*i. e.*, water]. And if thou hast neither the one nor the other [*i. e.*, in sufficient quantity for immersion], pour water on the head three times, into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. But before the baptism let the baptizer and the candidate for baptism fast, and any others who can; and thou shalt command the candidate to fast one or two days previously."

This passage shows clearly that preference was given to immersion (total or partial) in running water (as the Jordan where John baptized, and where Christ was baptized, and, as in the oldest catacomb pictures, where the candidate stands knee-deep or waist-deep in the water), but that in exceptional cases pouring or affusion was likewise regarded as valid baptism. This we knew already from Cyprian, but the "Didache" gives us a testimony which is at least a hundred and probably a hundred and fifty years older.

In the same section occur also the oldest and simplest eucharistic prayers (chs. 9 and 10), namely:

"As regards the Eucharist [this was the usual Greek name for the Lord's Supper], give thanks as follows: First for the cup: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David thy servant, which thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever.' And for the broken bread: 'We thank Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou hast made known to us by Jesus thy servant. To Thee be the glory for ever. As this broken bread was scattered over the mountains, and being brought together became one, so let thy church be brought together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom; for thine is the glory and the power, through Jesus Christ, forever.'"

To this is added the warning:

"But let no one eat or drink of your Eucharist, except those baptized into the name of the Lord, for respecting this the Lord has said (Matt. vi. 6), 'Give not that which is holy to the dogs.'"

Then follows a simple and sublime prayer of thanksgiving. It would be difficult to draw out of this passage any of the particular theories of the Lord's Supper—whether transubstantiation, or consubstantiation, or symbolic or dynamic presence—which, in later ages, have so sadly divided the Christian Church. The Lord's Supper was evidently a joyous feast of thanksgiving for the edification of believers, and not a subject of curious speculation and doctrinal controversy.

III. The third part relates to CHURCH POLITY (chs. 11-15). It contains curious information about apostles, *i. e.*, traveling evangelists and prophets, with warnings against mercenary teachers and clerical

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tramps who seem to have disturbed and misled congregations in those days. Of congregational officers, bishops (*i. e.*, presbyters) and deacons are mentioned, but no deaconesses. They were elected by the congregation and received an adequate support.

IV. The fourth and last part (ch. 16) is ESCHATOLOGICAL, and warns the congregations to be in readiness for the second coming, the resurrection, and the final judgment. This chapter consists of reminiscences of the discourses of our Lord on the last things, Matt. xxiv., and perhaps also of the passage of Paul, 1 Thess. ii. 13-18. The writer speaks of the coming of Antichrist, or, as he is called, "the world-deceiver," who shall appear "as the son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be given into his hands, and he shall commit iniquities such as have never yet been done since the beginning."

From this analysis the reader may measure the value of this remarkable document. It takes its place among the writings of the so-called Apostolic Fathers,—Clement of Rome, Polycarp, Barnabas, Ignatius, and Hermas,—which fall far below the inspired height of the Apostles and Evangelists, yet breathe the spirit of the apostolic age and fill up the gap between the New Testament and the latter half of the second century; as the Apocrypha of the Old Testament fill up the gap between Malachi and John the Baptist. The "Didache" is no authority whatever in matters of doctrine or discipline, and does not claim to be the work of the Apostles. Its peculiarities do not exactly fit into any church or party. It is neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but both; it is neither sacramentarian nor antisacramentarian, neither sacerdotal nor antisacerdotal, neither Baptist nor Pedobaptist, though favoring both sides in part. We may safely use it as a witness of catechetical teaching and ecclesiastical usages at the close of the first or the beginning of the second century of that country where the book originated, *i. e.*, probably Palestine or Syria. It is the record by some unknown writer of what he ascertained either from personal instruction or oral tradition and honestly regarded as the teaching and practice of the Twelve Apostles. Its value is historical, and historical only; but as such it is a very important contribution to our knowledge. For this contribution the Christian church will always feel indebted to the Metropolitan of Nicomedia who drew the "Didache" from the obscurity of the Jerusalem Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, where it had been buried for centuries.

Philip Schaff.

Mark Twain.\*

MARK TWAIN'S "Tom Sawyer" is an interesting record of boyish adventure; but, amusing as it is, it may yet be fair to ask whether its most marked fault is not too strong adherence to conventional literary models? A glance at the book certainly does not confirm this opinion, but those who recall the precocious affection of Tom Sawyer, at the age when he is losing his first teeth, for a little girl whom he has seen once or twice, will confess that the modern novel exercises a very great influence. What is best in the book,

what one remembers, is the light we get into the boy's heart. The romantic devotion to the little girl, the terrible adventures with murderers and in huge caves, have the air of concessions to jaded readers. But when Tom gives the cat Pain-Killer, is restless in church, and is recklessly and eternally deceiving his aunt, we are on firm ground—the author is doing sincere work.

This later book, "Huckleberry Finn," has the great advantage of being written in autobiographical form. This secures a unity in the narration that is most valuable; every scene is given, not described; and the result is a vivid picture of Western life forty or fifty years ago. While "Tom Sawyer" is scarcely more than an apparently fortuitous collection of incidents, and its thread is one that has to do with murders, this story has a more intelligible plot. Huckleberry, its immortal hero, runs away from his worthless father, and floats down the Mississippi on a raft, in company with Jim, a runaway negro. This plot gives great opportunity for varying incidents. The travelers spend some time on an island; they outwit every one they meet; they acquire full knowledge of the hideous fringe of civilization that then adorned that valley; and the book is a most valuable record of an important part of our motley American civilization.

What makes it valuable is the evident truthfulness of the narrative, and where this is lacking and its place is taken by ingenious invention, the book suffers. What is inimitable, however, is the reflection of the whole varied series of adventures in the mind of the young scapegrace of a hero. His undying fertility of invention, his courage, his manliness in every trial, are an incarnation of the better side of the ruffianism that is one result of the independence of Americans, just as hypocrisy is one result of the English respect for civilization. The total absence of morbidness in the book—for the *mal du siècle* has not yet reached Arkansas—gives it a genuine charm; and it is interesting to notice the art with which this is brought out. The best instance is perhaps to be found in the account of the feud between the Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords, which is described only as it would appear to a semi-civilized boy of fourteen, without the slightest condemnation or surprise,—either of which would be bad art,—and yet nothing more vivid can be imagined. That is the way that a story is best told, by telling it, and letting it go to the reader unaccompanied by sign-posts or directions how he shall understand it and profit by it. Life teaches its lessons by implication, not by didactic preaching; and literature is at its best when it is an imitation of life and not an excuse for instruction.

As to the humor of Mark Twain, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It lends vividness to every page. The little touch in "Tom Sawyer," page 105, where, after the murder of which Tom was an eye-witness, it seemed "that his school-mates would never get done holding inquests on dead cats and thus keeping the trouble present to his mind," and that in the account of the spidery six-armed girl of Emmeline's picture in "Huckleberry Finn," are in the author's happiest vein. Another admirable instance is to be seen in Huckleberry Finn's mixed feelings about rescuing Jim, the negro, from slavery. His perverted views regarding the unholiness of his actions are most instructive and

\*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Tom Sawyer's Comrade). By Mark Twain. With one hundred and seventy-four illustrations. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1885.

amusing. It is possible to feel, however, that the fun in the long account of Tom Sawyer's artificial imitation of escapes from prison is somewhat forced; everywhere simplicity is a good rule, and while the account of the Southern *vendetta* is a masterpiece, the caricature of books of adventure leaves us cold. In one we have a bit of life; in the other Mark Twain is demolishing something that has no place in the book.

Yet the story is capital reading, and the reason of its great superiority to "Tom Sawyer" is that it is, for the most part, a consistent whole. If Mark Twain would follow his hero through manhood, he would condense a side of American life that, in a few years, will have to be delved out of newspapers, government reports, county histories, and misleading traditions by unsympathetic sociologists.

T. S. Perry.

#### Our National Defenses.

##### A SUGGESTION.

It has been generally assumed that we derive immunity from foreign attack, from:

*First*, our remoteness from any probable enemy;

*Second*, the habitually peaceful nature of our relations with other powers;

*Third*, our enormous resources, our acknowledged fertility of invention, and our huge population, leavened with the soldiers and traditions of the civil war.

Taking these in order, the first assumption is speedily disposed of.

We were distant from Europe half a century ago. To-day we are separated from it by a journey of a week; no longer time than would ordinarily be consumed by an army in marching from New York to Albany. In 1776 the citizens of the latter place could hardly have felt secure from attack because remote from the British force at New York. Why, then, the people of the country in general and the citizens of our commercial metropolis in particular should now rely upon a mere geographical bulwark is a mystery past finding out. They do not realize that the time spent in breaking off diplomatic relations and in reaching the actual declaration of war (which, by the way, usually follows hostilities) would be utilized in preparing a fleet of ocean greyhounds as transports that, under cover of iron-clads we are powerless to resist, could each land her regiment of men on any point of our feeble coast. They do not know that England, at least, has the transport fittings for scores of merchant steamers constantly on hand and that but a few days are needed to erect them on board. Nor do they know that every war office in Europe contains accurate plans of our harbors and alleged fortifications, complete statistics of our actual force and the number of troops, both regular and militia, which could be massed at any place in a given time, the extent and condition of our moribund floating defense, together with well-matured plans of an offensive campaign on our very soil.

Yet these gentlemen accumulate their millions, pay their taxes, and calmly look on while money that ought to be spent in insuring protection against a foe is deliberately thrown away.

To-day Spain and France reach across the Atlantic to bases of attack in Cuba and Martinique; Germany's colonial aspirations may make her a near neighbor; while England lies along our northern and lake fron-

tier, and has threatening coigns of vantage at our very door, in Halifax, Bermuda, and Nassau.

Do our Western citizens appreciate the facts that Chili could with impunity pounce on San Francisco, that at Vancouver England is building the largest dock-yard on the continent, that by the Welland Canal she could turn a fleet of gun-boats loose on Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, or that we possess absolutely no navigable water-way between the ocean and the great lakes, upon which we are forbidden by treaty to keep more than one armed vessel?

It is idle to trust to the negative defense of distance; we are, to-day, dangerously near the coasts of Europe.

Our international relations have always been shaped with a view to peace. We have never sought a quarrel in the past, and I hope we shall never seek one in the future.

I am not sure, however, that it is not well, once in a while, to assert ourselves as standing on a right, because it is right, and as prepared to maintain it at any cost. Until human nature changes, the respect which the right would secure in the eyes of the world is and will be largely measured by the force with which it is backed.

A ship-owner, known to all the commercial world, tells me that he never sends his ships on a foreign cruise under the American flag. He tried the experiment faithfully for a time, but found that they were subjected to so many petty annoyances and trivial expenses at the hands of officials who care nothing for America's enormous strength at home (to them a vague tradition, not embodied in the tangible shape of an ever-ready war vessel), that, in despair, he was forced to secure them British colors and a British registry. Now they never fail to receive civility and attention, because it is known that any offense will be followed by an immediate demand for explanation, apology, or indemnity, the demand being supported by the presence of a British man-of-war.

Would this have been necessary in the days when the United States, unaided by European powers, resisted the exactions of the Barbary States, and suppressed the piracy which had levied toll on all Christendom?

Or would it have occurred in 1859, when the American flag was as common on the seas as it is now rare, and when our navy, though small in numbers, contained, class for class, the finest ships in the world?

Without discussing the merits of the case, let me ask whether Prince Bismarck would have ventured to intercept and return to the British House of Commons a resolution of sympathy addressed to the Reichstag?

Granted that our own behavior on a well-known occasion was in the highest degree dignified, it is humiliating to confess that no other course could have been open to us even had the chancellor's ill-breeding committed his country to a positive affront directed against the whole American people.

Those who give the subject thought cannot fail to recognize the influence which the Panama Canal, or any other water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, must exert upon our international relations. If England, under the peace-loving rule of Mr. Gladstone, was forced to sacrifice life and treasure in preserving the integrity of the Suez Canal (for, after all said and done, there lies the gist of prolonged British intervention in Egypt), can the United

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States hope to shirk the obligation of maintaining the neutrality of that part of her water-front which in the near future shall stretch across the great American Isthmus?

We are living in a fool's paradise. The rude awakening must come. Already we have been longer at peace than is our wont. It behooves us to make ready, so that if called upon to stand up for justice and right, we shall respond like men, and not hang our heads like cowards, buying a servile peace with hard dollars.

No, we cannot trust to the even tenor of our diplomatic relations to escape troubles, at least until the millennium comes.

It is taken for granted that in some mysterious, if not providential, manner we shall be able to raise and equip armies, forge guns, build forts, and launch iron-clads.

Let us not be deceived. Matters have changed since 1861.

Although more is exacted of him now than then, the foot-soldier is soon manufactured; the cavalryman less speedily; field artillery slowly, while cannon fit to defend our harbors cannot be made in very many months. There is hardly a power, European or South American, with which we might be embroiled, that could not send here one or more armored ships whose sides would shed our puny projectiles as easily as they would peas. Guns which they would have cause to dread take over a twelvemonth in building, while modern ships are years on the stocks.

To construct guns of to-day, vastly more is needed than an iron furnace and a casting-pit. Plant is demanded for the production of steel of suitable texture and, in adequate masses, hydraulic presses or heavy steam-hammers for shaping it (one of a hundred tons would be required for some pieces, and the whole country contains none heavier than seventeen tons), etc., etc.—a host of appliances which simply *do not exist* on this side of the Atlantic.

Our fertility of resource is phenomenal, but we cannot construct formidable guns as pins and screws are made, nor can effective ships be built as gun-boats were built during the war of secession, in ninety days; yet upon guns, ashore in forts and afloat in armored ships, will the issue of the next conflict depend.

Thanks to the tremendous development of implements of war, the fate of a campaign is now decided almost at its outset. If to-day we neglect our duty to ourselves, we must expect to pay dearly when the day of reckoning comes. Money judiciously spent at present will be but a small premium to pay for security, and will save itself a thousand-fold.

I am not urging such colossal armaments as have crippled three European states financially. Ours is not a military bully among the nations. I only plead for the lock and bolt with which every man provides his house and the revolver with which he purposes defending his family and his household goods when the thief tries to break in.

It is unnecessary to bring proofs as to the condition of our defenses. Every one knows that our forts are obsolete in design and useless in the few cases where money has been forthcoming for their maintenance; that we have no proper guns ashore or afloat, no torpedo boats, and no ships. Surely a lower ebb is out of the question. Let us hope the tide will turn ere long.

In providing a remedy where everything is lacking, it is hard to say which want is most pressing. It would appear, however, as if the fortifications were in the least hopeful condition.

In this respect I speak with much diffidence, but my observation and reading impel me to believe that for ordinary sites properly designed earthworks afford ample protection.\* If their walls are not less than from thirty to forty feet thick, stand fifty feet or more above the water's edge (the more the better), and have high parapet crests, then the ship may expend all the ammunition she can carry without much hope of destroying their defensive integrity. Of course in certain places, armored forts will be indispensable. Types of these are without end: casemates, turrets, cupolas, disappearing guns, etc., etc., a real embarrassment of riches.

The majority of our forts will, it may be assumed, be earthworks, and neither complex nor costly. But forts do not consist of mounds of earth alone. They must be armed with the best guns obtainable if they are to have the breath of life. And the best guns will involve a host of adequate appliances in the shape of approved gun-carriages, shot-lifts, loading machinery, etc., that must be seen to be realized. Here true economy lies in the direction of a wise liberality. As the manufacture of the largest guns (if made of American metal, a consummation devoutly to be wished for) could hardly begin within two years were the word given to-day, longer delay is simply suicidal.

Stationary torpedoes will be needed to keep an enemy from pushing by, but torpedoes are passive in their nature and limited in their range. By themselves they are valueless. They could not, for example, prevent a ship from approaching Coney Island and tossing her shell over into New York. Moreover, I doubt whether we have on hand enough cables and cases to control the channels past Sandy Hook alone.

If any one element of coast defense stands approved by more universal acceptance abroad than another without having been subjected to the crucial test of war, it is the fast torpedo boat. While not sharing personally the general belief that its attack is neither to be repelled nor avoided, I am strongly of opinion that herein the defense may find a very deadly and indispensable weapon. The Germans, who treat military subjects from a purely business stand-point, are creating a torpedo navy of one hundred and fifty boats for their short stretch of coast. And we—have absolutely nothing.

Given forts and torpedoes of the best kinds, they must be supplemented by mobile floating batteries, to act as scouts and skirmishers, undertaking hostile operations in conjunction with shore batteries, reinforcing a hardly pressed point, or covering the weak places between strong strategic centers; in other words, fortifications and ships, both in design and numbers, must be built with a view to effective coöperation.

The proper composition and disposition of our joint land and sea defenses form a question not yet solved—scarcely even thought of. Yet none is of more vital importance to-day. It cannot be decided by one man,

\* The question has been discussed *à propos* of the bombardment of Alexandria in a public document accessible to all interested in the technical details.

for it extends beyond the range of a single mind. The naval officer is apt to exaggerate the weight of his branch of the profession of arms, while the soldier in turn looks upon his share in the task as paramount. The truth probably lies between these extremes. Each may, therefore, properly bring his quota of experience to the common fund of knowledge, but neither is fitted to act as the final judge, awarding to every element its due place and value.

Until the subject of our necessities is treated in a broad, catholic manner, and authoritatively revealed in all its shocking magnitude, public opinion must remain vague and ineffectual, through lack of a well-defined end in view. Therefore, besides the immediate establishment of the gun-factories recommended by the "Gun Foundry Board," I urge, as of pressing moment, the forming, under act of Congress, of a commission to inquire into our wants and to suggest the remedy. This commission should be composed of distinguished citizens and officers of the army and navy. To such a board the nation would look for guidance out of its perils, nor would it look in vain.

We may buy peace as butter and cheese are bought, or we may preserve it through being able and ready to fight for it. The choice lies with the people. They shall decide.\*

C. F. Goodrich,  
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.

#### General Sam Houston: A Correction.

CERTAIN statements of mine concerning what is called the archives war in Texas, which appeared in an article entitled "General Sam Houston" (*THE CENTURY* for August, 1884), having been challenged, I desire as a matter of justice to myself, to *THE CENTURY*, and to those who took part in the so-called war, to make a correction.

I was forced to draw my material from various sources, and I find to my regret that I have allowed some errors to creep into my statements. I should have given my authority or else have sought to verify the newspaper story upon which some of them were founded.

The statement I desire to correct, being the only one to which my attention has been called, may be found on

\* Since the above was written I have read a British War-office pamphlet on "The Protection of Heavy Guns for Coast Defense," issued by General Sir Andrew Clarke, Royal Engineers, Inspector General of Fortifications. In his preface Sir Andrew says:

"In my opinion it is undesirable in the highest interests of the country that questions of defense should be dealt with as the special prerogative of a handful of officers in a single office, and I strongly hold that the more minds are brought to bear upon them the better. It is, I consider, of special importance that naval and artillery officers should have an opportunity of hearing and expressing opinions upon matters relating to coast defense. These views cannot fail to act as a wholesome corrective to those of engineers. The opinions advanced in this paper may not, therefore, receive universal acceptance. They are merely put forward as suggestions open to discussion and criticism."

I hope, sincerely, that so laudable an example of the sinking of personal ambitions and class jealousies for the good of the country, may be followed on this side of the Atlantic, and be applied to the larger problem awaiting our solution.

page 503 (*August CENTURY*), and refers to an attempt made by President Houston to remove the state archives from Austin, where they were in danger from the constant incursions of the Mexicans and Indians, to a place of safety in the temporary capital; also to a duel between a certain Colonel Morton and a scout called Deaf Smith. I gleaned the details of these events from a letter appearing in a leading New York paper purporting to have been written from Austin, Texas.

To be brief, no such man as Morton lived about Austin at that time, and no such duel took place. Deaf Smith had been dead at the date given for five years. The story is a fabrication of a well-known spinner of historical yarns of those days, Judge A. W. Arrington, of Texas. Early in March, 1842, General Vasquez at the head of twelve hundred Mexicans, sacked San Antonio. The citizens of Austin and the vicinity armed for resistance. The President, with the heads of departments, rode out of the place. The seat of government was removed from Austin to Houston, and afterward to Washington on the Brazos. Certain of the public records had been taken away, but a large portion still remained in Austin.

In a few weeks the citizens of Austin returned, and finding their town, which they looked upon as the legal capital, almost deserted, organized themselves into committees to see to it that no further removal of public records took place. During the unsettled and precarious condition of the country in the summer and fall of 1842, President Houston made several attempts to obtain the archives by persuasion, but failed. In December of the same year, after new perils from the Mexicans under General Wool, Houston sent Captain Thomas Smith (confounded with Deaf Smith in Arrington's story) and Captain Chandler to proceed to Austin and remove the papers of the Land Office. The attempt came very near proving successful; the archives were packed and loaded on wagons, ready for removal, before the citizens took in the situation and rallied in sufficient force to resist the measure. A small cannon was trained and fired upon the party at the Land Office, but Captain Smith, protected in the rear by the building, began his march toward Brushy Creek. The citizens followed, continually strengthened by accessions, and compelled the restoration of the archives. Captain Smith's posse, under plea of going to the creek to water their horses, quietly escaped, and the archives remained in Austin until annexation restored the whole government to that place. For a time bitter animosities existed, till annexation left them in the rear.

I am indebted to Judge Joseph Lee, of Austin, and Hon. John Henry Brown, of Dallas, actors in these events, for the account here presented, the facts having come to my knowledge since the *August CENTURY* was issued.

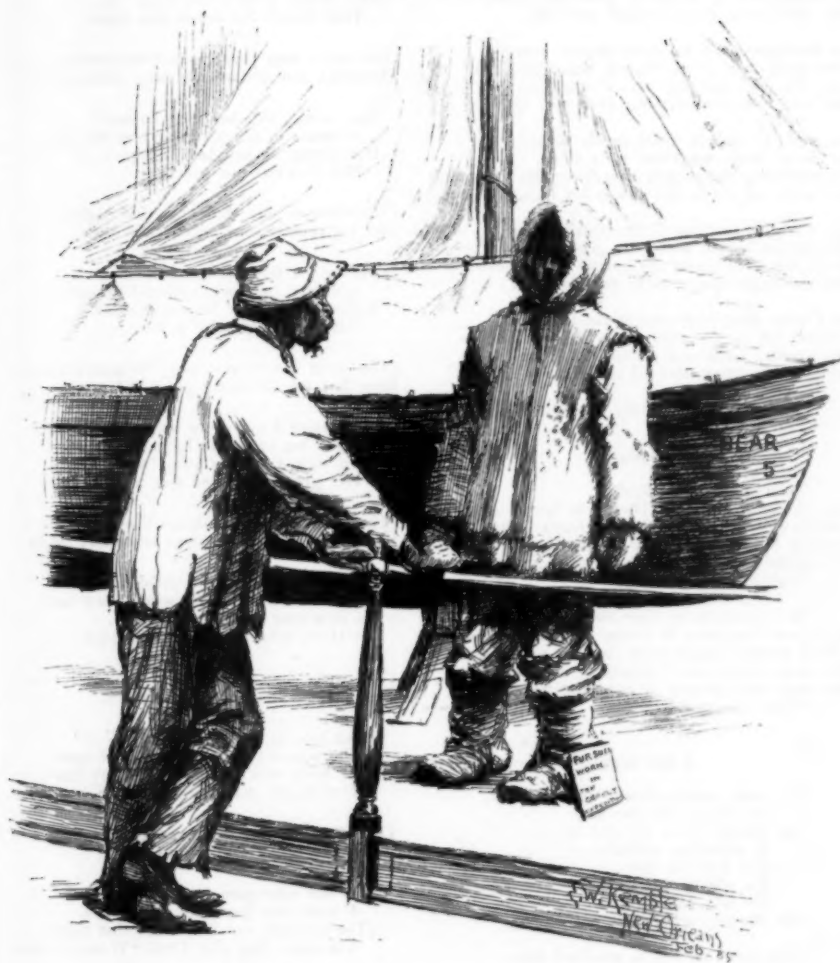
This correction is intended to be as frank as it is full.

Alexander Hynd.

DANDRIDGE, TENN., December 10, 1884.

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## BRIC-À-BRAC.



AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION — EXTREMES MEET.

### Uncle Esch's Wisdom.

WE have no account of anything older than the vices, and we have no account that a single one of them has ever been lost or mislaid.

THERE is perhaps one excuse for telling our sorrows: it makes others better satisfied with their own.

CONSERVATISM is a kind of half-way house between right and wrong, where people meet and talk, and settle nothing.

IMITATION is all that moderns can do, but it is possible for an imitation to surpass an original.

THE man who is first to give his opinion on any subject is equally ready to back out of it whenever it is questioned.

FEAR as often springs from knowledge as from ignorance.

VERY great talkers must lie more or less, for there isn't truth enough in existence to keep their tongues wagging.

IT doesn't require any genius or talent to abuse or insult a man; but it does to give him credit for what he is actually worth.

Uncle Esch.

## Cameron's Herd.

ACROSS the prairie, thinking it is theirs,  
The foolish sheep go wandering at will;  
Or, shepherded by tempting grass that snares  
Their idle fancy, stand content and still.

The herdsman with his collie lingers near:—  
"The laird owns a' the bonnie brae; but, Flo,  
I ken it's mair our ain, who a' the year  
Bide here, whatever airt the wind may blow."

The while an unseen artist subtly caught  
The tawny fields unspotted by a stone,  
The wandering sheep, nay, even the herder's thought,  
And made the fields, the sheep, the man, his own.

And she who saw the picture in the town  
Thought for herself alone the gracious dower;—  
The sheep were there, the prairie was so brown,  
That she might charm away an idle hour.

But I who write have caught the lady, too—  
Prisoned her in my verse; now all are mine!—  
Dear reader, for whose patient ear I sue,  
Read but my verse, and all of these are thine.

*Alice Wellington Rollins.*

## To Spring.

THOU fairy-footed Spring,  
Lead on the brown-eyed Houris in bright array,  
While elfin hands thy floral tributes bring;  
For now I hear, like music far away,  
Thy tuneful herald on the pendent spray,  
With idly folded wing.

Now maidens in their teens  
And youths that love to dream on flowering banks,  
With fancies caught from pleasing rural scenes,  
Will swell the horde of versifying cranks  
And reap rich harvests of returning "thanks"  
From standard magazines.

*J. A. Macon.*

## A Sea Song.

THE ship swings slowly up and down,  
No ripple stirs the sea,  
The hardy sailor, tall and brown,  
Is whistling wistfully,  
E-e E-e E-e E-e!  
He whistles shrill,  
He whistles high,  
But the lazy wind does not reply.

With faces turned to wind'ard then  
The sailors stand in row,  
In tuneful concert all the men  
Pipe for the wind to blow,  
O-o O-o O-o O-o!  
They whistle shrill,  
They whistle high,  
But the lazy wind does not reply.

Now if my sailor, by this sign,  
Should softly, sweetly say,  
"Oh, pretty lassie, Susan mine,  
I pray you come this way,  
A-a A-a A-a A-a!"  
He'd whistle clear,  
He'd whistle low,  
And swifter than the winds I'd go.

*Stanley Wood.*

## In the German.

SHE stood upon the polished floor,  
Amid the ball-room's blazing light,  
And slowly scann'd the circle o'er,  
That form'd the dance that night.

(The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")  
She stood and stroked her long white glove.

The creamy silk her form caress'd,  
A bunch of plumes hung o'er her heart,  
Her bosom by soft lace was press'd,  
Her rich red lips apart.

(The German was the dance that night.)  
One high-heel'd shoe was just in sight.

She held a favor in her hand—  
A dainty, perfumed, painted thing,  
A tiny heart—yet he would stand,  
Who won that prize, a king.

(The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")  
How fast my throbbing pulse did move!

Men watch'd her there with eager eyes,  
Upon her curls the light did shine;  
Then with a look of sweet surprise  
Her great gray eyes met mine.

(The German was the dance that night.)  
She smiled—her smile was wondrous bright.

She waved her fan coquettishly,  
And half inclined her well-poised head,  
As in a tone part coy, part shy,  
"Here, take my heart," she said.

(The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")  
Her hand in mine lay like a dove.

I felt love in my pulses start—  
She was my own for that brief space;  
Her heart was beating 'gainst my heart,  
Her breath play'd o'er my face.

(The German was the dance that night.)  
The dawn broke slowly into light.

Has she who gave forgotten quite?  
I wear that heart my own above.  
(The German was the dance that night;  
The waltz they play'd was "Woman's Love.")

*Chas. W. Coleman, Jr.*

## Unspoken.

THERE are rich springs underground,  
Flowing still, yet never free;  
And we never hear their sound,  
Nor their waters ever see.

There are thoughts deep in my heart,  
Longing for a living tongue;  
Yet their secrets ne'er depart,  
Never spoken, never sung.

*George Birdsey.*

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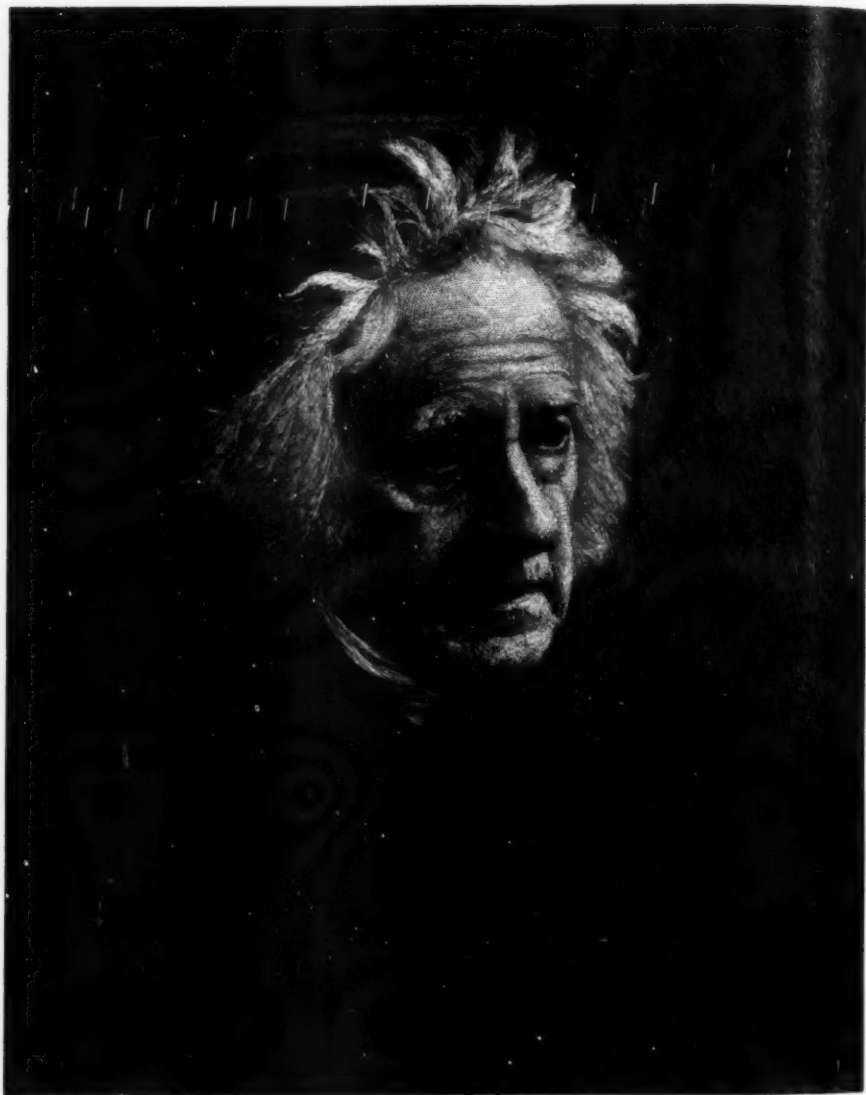
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SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MRS. CAMERON.]

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